

The Starry Crown

OF

Sunday School Melodies.

By

W. O. PERKINS.

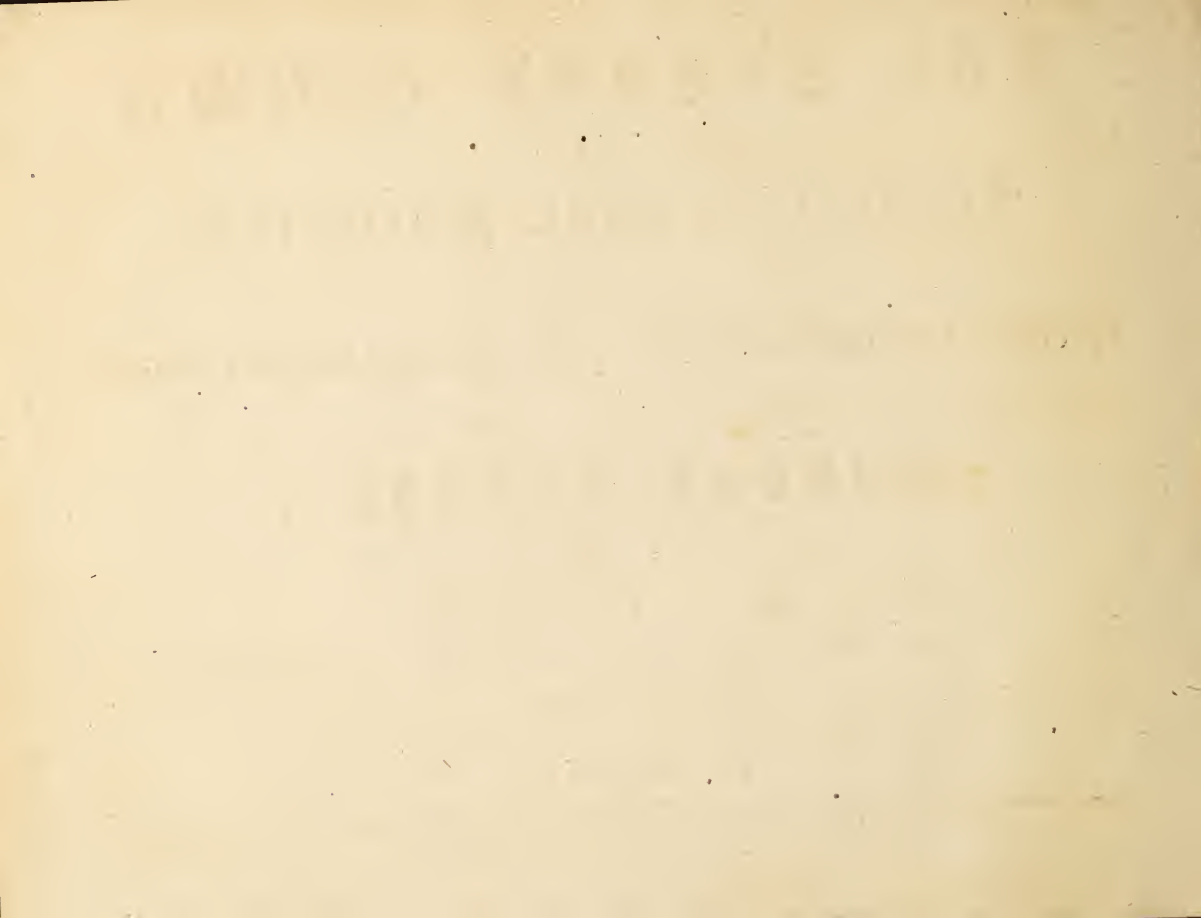
NEW YORK:

WILLIAM A. POND & CO.

547 BROADWAY.

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THE STARRY CROWN

OF

SUNDAY SCHOOL MELODIES:

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS, ANTHEMS, CHANTS, AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS,

By

W. O. PERKINS,

AUTHOR OF THE "CHURCH BELL," "S. S. TRUMPET," "NIGHTINGALE," "GOLDEN ROBIN," &c.

NEW YORK:

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PREFACE.

“Let me write the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes her laws,” says Fletcher of Saltoun. Music is the handmaid of religion, and to it religious sentiment owes its holiest inspiration. A truth is more deeply impressed upon the mind through music, than by any other means, and especially is this true of the young whose minds are keenly susceptible to musical impressions. “To teach early is to engrave on marble; to teach late is to write on the sand.” Hence much may be done towards moulding the character of the young people of the Sunday School, by furnishing them with suitable music—fresh and sparkling, like the nature of youth—adapted to religious words. The most of the words in the “Starry Crown,” are new, having been written expressly for this work by some of the most talented Sunday School writers in the country. The most of the music is, also, new.

There will be found a large number of anthems, chants, and miscellaneous pieces, suitable for concerts, anniversaries, and other occasions. While there is a great variety of simple, easy pieces, perhaps some of the music is a little more difficult than that usually found in similar works; but it will prove interesting to the older members of the Sunday School, and a little extra labor in its preparation will be amply repaid. To make a greater variety, solos and repeats can be introduced where not indicated, or those already indicated can be omitted.

W. O. PERKINS.

THE STARRY CROWN.

3

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

W. O. P.

1. I must not walk in the way of sin, I must nev-er be led a - stray, A crown is the prize I
 2. I must not heed what the world may say, And I nev-er must dread its frown, For thro' the same path my
 3. I must not think I can waste my time, Or in pleasure my conscience drown, The fear of the Lord must
 4. I'll pray for strength in my hour of need, And my Saviour my strength will be, He helps me to bear each

Chorus.

hope to win, And I'll strive for it eve - ry day. O that beau-ti - ful crown, That
 Sa - viour trod, I must go to ob - tain my crown.
 rule my heart, Or I nev - er can wear a crown.
 earth - ly cross, And He of - fers a crown to me.

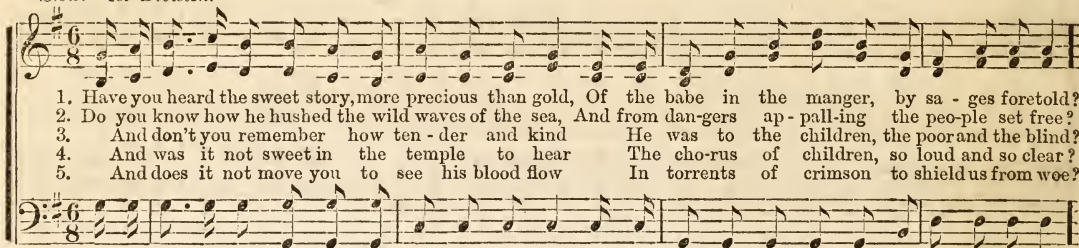
Beautiful crown,

beau-ti-ful Star-ry crown, If I am willing to bear the cross, My Sa-viour will give me a crown.

THE ROYAL DIADEM.

Words by REV. E. NASON.

W. O. PERKINS.

Slow. 1st Division.


1. Have you heard the sweet story, more precious than gold, Of the babe in the manger, by sa - ges foretold?
 2. Do you know how he hushed the wild waves of the sea, And from dan-gers ap - pall-ing the peo-ple set free?
 3. And don't you remember how ten - der and kind He was to the children, the poor and the blind?
 4. And was it not sweet in the temple to hear The cho-rus of children, so loud and so clear?
 5. And does it not move you to see his blood flow In torrents of crimson to shield us from woe?

2d Division.


We have heard the sweet sto - ry, and joy - ous we sing, Ho - san - na to Je - sus, Re-deem - er and king!
 Yes, we know the great sto - ry, and joy - ous we sing, Ho - san - na to Je - sus, Re-deem - er and king!
 O yes, we, remem - ber, and joy - ous we sing, Ho - san - na to Je - sus, Re-deem - er and king!
 Aye, sweet was the cho - rus, and with them we sing, Ho - san - na to Je - sus, Re-deem - er and king!
 O great the sal - va - tion and joy - ous we sing, Ho - san - na to Je - sus, Re-deem - er and king!

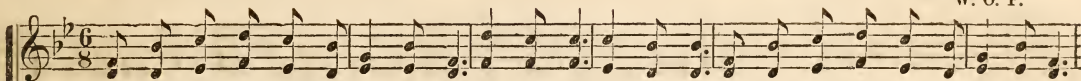
All.


The babe that lay in Beth - le - hem, Must wear the roy - al di - a - dem, Must wear the roy - al di - a - dem.
 The man who sorrow's flood could stem, Must wear the roy - al di - a - dem, Must wear the roy - al di - a - dem.
 The Friend that was so dear to them, Must wear the roy - al di - a - dem, Must wear the roy - al di - a - dem.
 Let heaven and earth bring rarest gem To deck his roy - al di - a - dem, To deck his roy - al di - a - dem.
 The Prince that saves Jeru - sa - lem Must wear the roy - al di - a - dem, Must wear the roy - al di - a - dem.

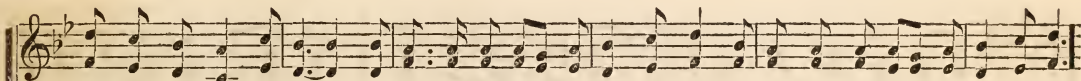
ONE BY ONE.

5

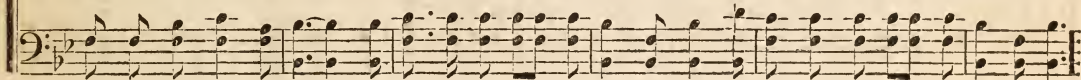
W. O. P.



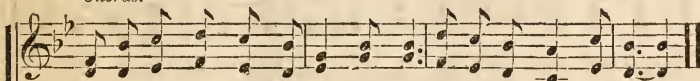
1. Gath - er - ing homeward from every land, One by one, One by one! Pilgrims are joining the heav'nly band,
2. Loved ones have gone to that distant shore, One by one, One by one! Others are go - ing for - ev - er - more,
3. We, too, shall come to the riv - er - side, One by one, One by one! Nearer its wa - ters each ev - en - tide,



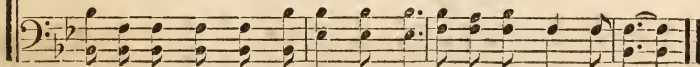
Gath - er - ing one by one! Their brows are enclosed in gold - en crowns, Their travel-worn robes are all laid down;
 Gath - er - ing one by one! Our sis - ters so gentle, our brothers brave, The beau - ti - ful children! o'er the wave,
 Gath - er - ing one by one! O Je - sus, our fainting strength uphold, The waves of that river are dark and cold:



Chorus.



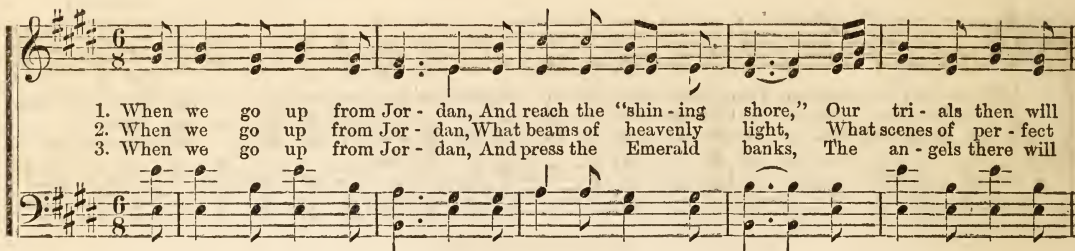
Gathering homeward from ev'ry land, Gathering one by one.



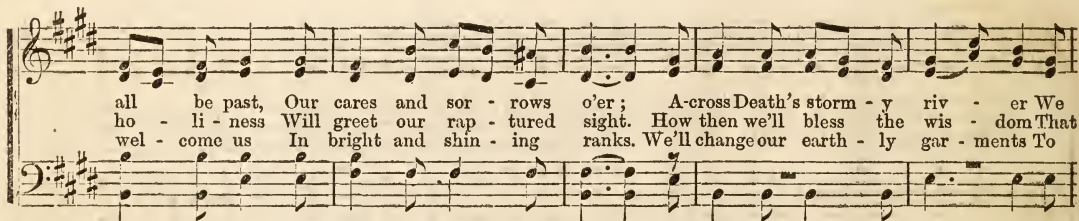
4. Jesus, Redeemer, be thou our stay!
 One by one, one by one!
 Cross the dark river with us, we pray,
 Gathering one by one!
 Then boldly we'll come to Jordan's
 side,
 And fearlessly enter its swelling tide!
 (CHO.) Gathering homeward, &c.

WHEN WE GO UP FROM JORDAN.


Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.



1. When we go up from Jor - dan, And reach the "shin - ing shore," Our tri - als then will
 2. When we go up from Jor - dan, What beams of heavenly light, What scenes of per - fect
 3. When we go up from Jor - dan, And press the Emerald banks, The an - gels there will



all be past, Our cares and sor - rows o'er; A - cross Death's storm - y riv - er We
 ho - li - ness Will greet our rap - tured sight. How then we'll bless the wis - dom That
 wel - come us In bright and shin - ing ranks. We'll change our earth - ly gar - ments To

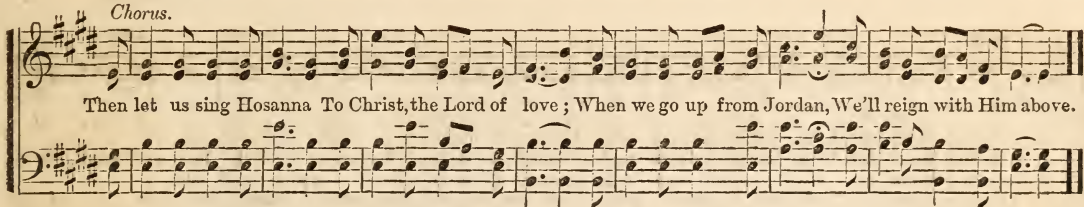


ne'er shall pass a - gain, But with our God for - ev - er more In end - less glo - ry reign.
 planned the nar - row way Wherein the pil - grim's feet might tread, And never go a - stray.
 robes the ran - somed wear, Our cross - es for im - mor - tal crowns—Oh, when shall we be there?

WHEN WE GO UP FROM JORDAN. Concluded.

7

Chorus.

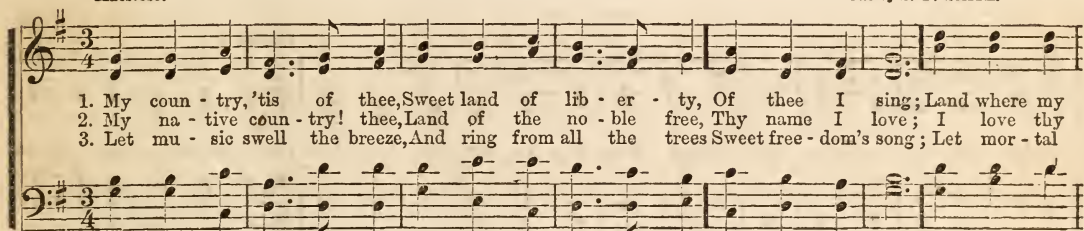


Then let us sing Hosanna To Christ, the Lord of love; When we go up from Jordan, We'll reign with Him above.

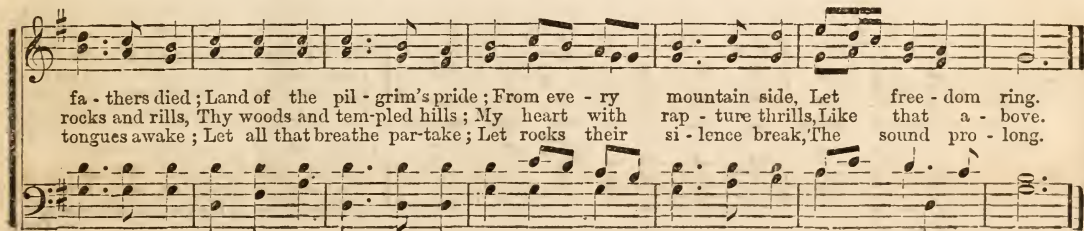
AMERICA.

Maestoso.

Words by S. F. SMITH.



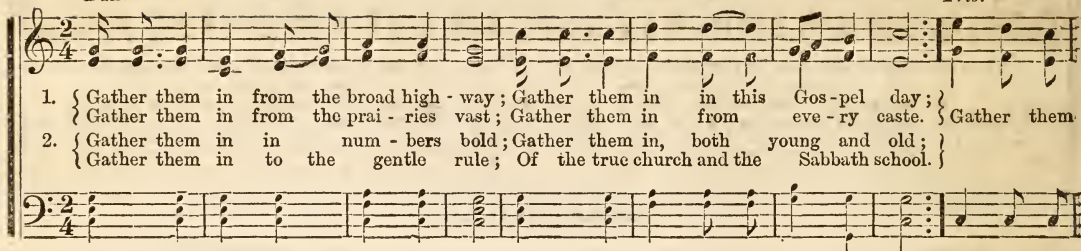
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun - try! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal



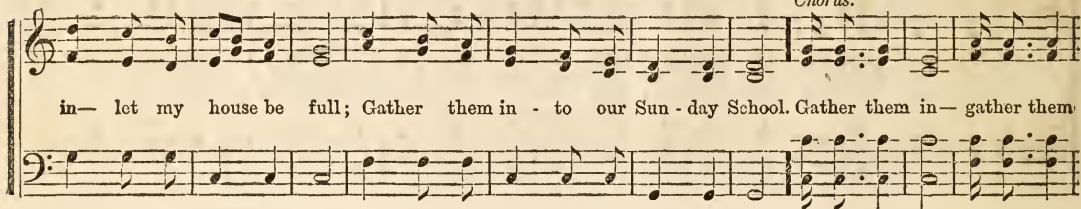
fa - thers died; Land of the pil - grim's pride; From eve - ry mountain side, Let free - dom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.

GATHER THEM IN.

J. P. SAMUEL.

*Duet.**Trio.*


1. { Gather them in from the broad high - way ; Gather them in in this Gos - pel day ; }
 { Gather them in from the prai - ries vast ; Gather them in from eve - ry caste. } Gather them
 2. { Gather them in in num - bers bold ; Gather them in, both young and old ; }
 { Gather them in to the gentle rule ; Of the true church and the Sabbath school. }

Chorus.


in— let my house be full ; Gather them in - to our Sun - day School. Gather them in— gather them



in ; Gather them in - to our Sun - day School.

3 Gather them in, that seek my rest—
 Gather them in from East and West ;
 Gather them in—let the word go forth—
 Gather them in from the South and North.

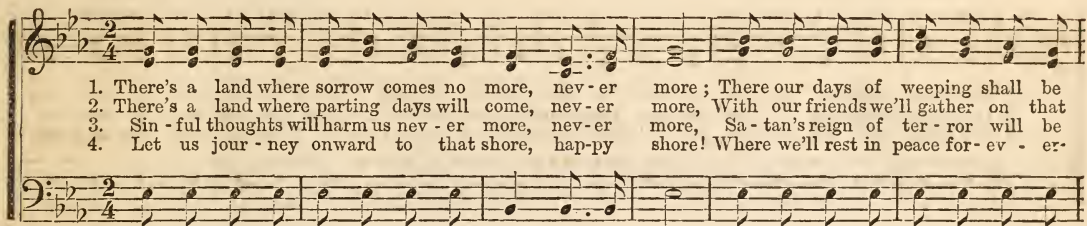
4 Gather them in from all the land—
 Gather them into our noble band ;
 Gather them in with Christian love—
 Gather them in for the church above.

CHO.

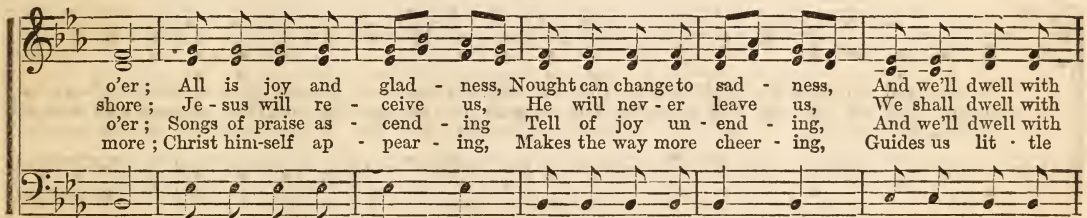
WE SHALL DWELL WITH JESUS EVERMORE. 9

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

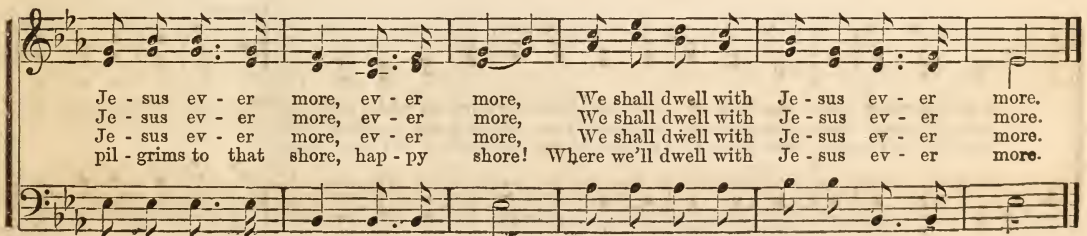
W. O. P.



1. There's a land where sorrow comes no more, nev - er more ; There our days of weeping shall be
 2. There's a land where parting days will come, nev - er more, With our friends we'll gather on that
 3. Sin - ful thoughts will harm us nev - er more, nev - er more, Sa - tan's reign of ter - ror will be
 4. Let us jour - ney onward to that shore, hap - py shore! Where we'll rest in peace for - ev - er



o'er ; All is joy and glad - ness, Nought can changeto sad - ness, And we'll dwell with
 shore ; Je - sus will re - ceive us, He will nev - er leave us, We shall dwell with
 o'er ; Songs of praise as - cend - ing Tell of joy un - end - ing, And we'll dwell with
 more ; Christ him-self ap - pear - ing, Makes the way more cheer - ing, Guides us lit - tle



Je - sus ev - er more, ev - er more, We shall dwell with Je - sus ev - er more.
 Je - sus ev - er more, ev - er more, We shall dwell with Je - sus ev - er more.
 Je - sus ev - er more, ev - er more, We shall dwell with Je - sus ev - er more.
 pil - grims to that shore, hap - py shore! Where we'll dwell with Je - sus ev - er more.

WELCOME! WELCOME!

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

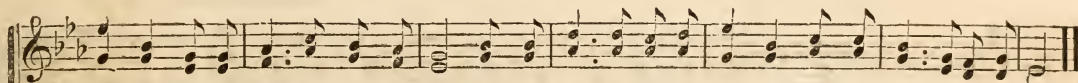
W. O. P.

1. Welcome, welcome, ev - er welcome To our precious Sunday school, Where we learn to love the
 2. Gladsome, gladsome, is our greeting, Dear compan - ions we in - vite, To our ho - ly place of
 3. Joy - ful, joy - ful, ev - er joy - ful Shall our songs of rap - ture be, Mingling with the an - gel

Sa-viour, And to keep the Golden Rule. Here we sing our songs of praises, Here we bring our hearts to-
 meeting, And the an - gels hail the sight. Here we meet in lov - ing un - ion, Here we meet with sweet ac-
 cho-rus, Fill - ing all e - ter - ni - ty. Pure and ho - ly are the les-sons, Taught to us with faithful

Chorus.

day; Learning of the love of Je - sus, Learning how to praise and pray. Welcome, welcome, ev - er
 cord, Striving for the low - ly meekness, That adorned our gracious Lord.
 care, Eve - ry page with glo - ry shining, Shows the name of Je - sus there.

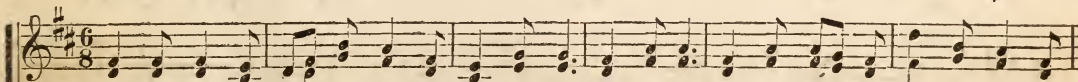


welcome To our precious Sun-day School, Where we learn to love the Saviour, Learn to keep the Golden Rule.

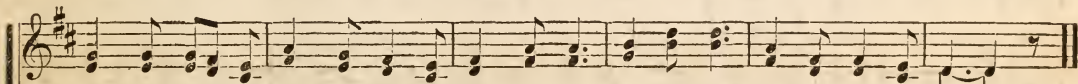
"COME TO ME, LITTLE ONE."

Words from "THE CHILD AT HOME."

*



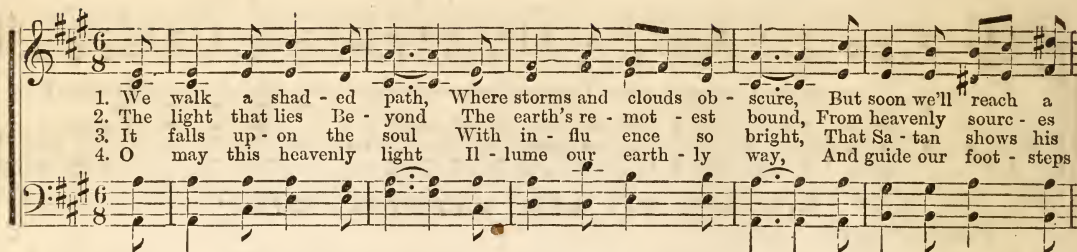
1. Soft - ly, soft - ly, Christ is call - ing, "Come to me, lit - tle one;" Hear the sil - v'ry ech - oes fall - ing,
 2. Come when life's fair morn is brightest; Linger not, lit - tle one; Come while thy young heart is light - est,
 3. They that ear - ly seek, shall find me: Oh! come now, lit - tle one; Let not sin - ful pleasures blind thee;
 4. For thy precious soul I of - fer Rich exchange, lit - tle one; Purest gems from Heaven's coffer,



Mu - sic sweet the soul enthralling, "Come to me, lit - tle one, Come, O come to me."
 Come ere thou thy spir - it blightest; Lin - ger not, lit - tle one, Come, O come to me.
 Haste ere Sa - tan's tempter bind thee; O! come now, lit - tle one, Come, O come to me.
 E'en the pearl of price, I prof - fer; Rare exchange, lit - tle one, Come, O come to me.

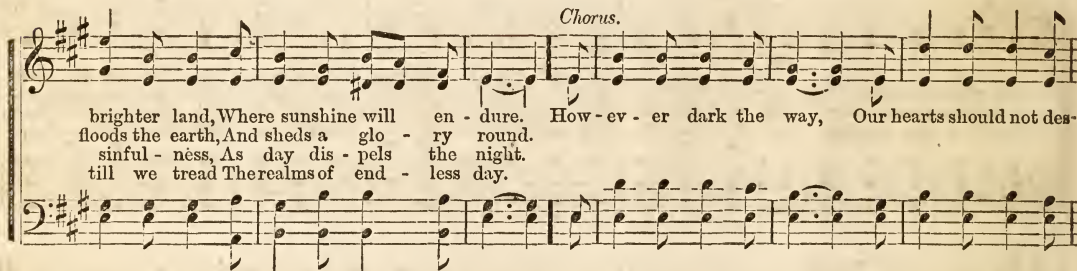
THE LIGHT THAT LIES BEYOND.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

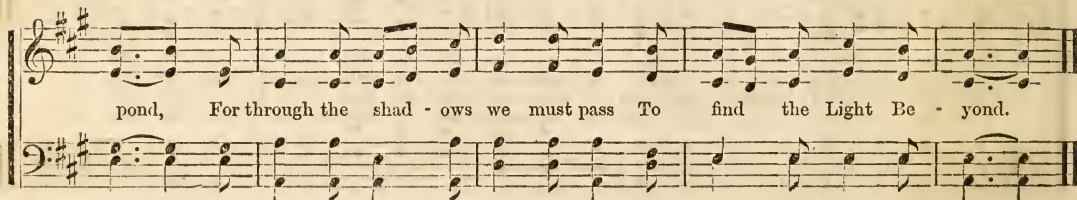


1. We walk a shad - ed path, Where storms and clouds ob - scure, But soon we'll reach a
 2. The light that lies Be - yond The earth's re - mot - est bound, From heavenly sourc - es
 3. It falls up - on the soul With in - flu ence so bright, That Sa - tan shows his
 4. O may this heavenly light Il - lume our earth - ly way, And guide our foot - steps

Chorus.



brighter land, Where sunshine will en - dure. How - ev - er dark the way, Our hearts should not des -
 floods the earth, And sheds a glo - ry round.
 sinful - ness, As day dis - pels the night.
 till we tread There realms of end - less day.

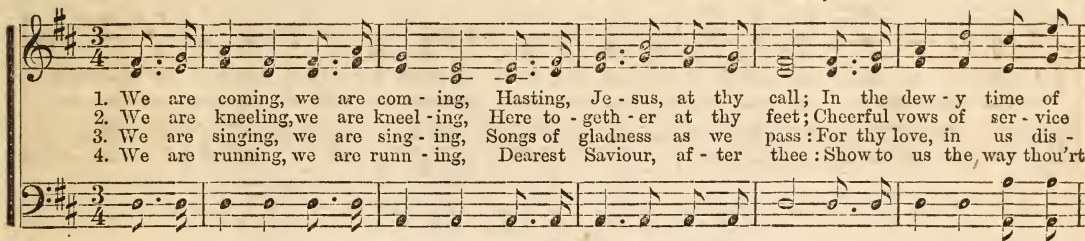


pond, For through the shad - ows we must pass To find the Light Be - yond.

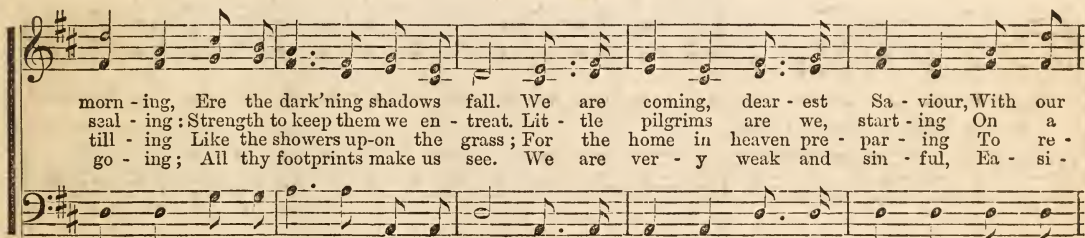
COME UNTO ME.

13

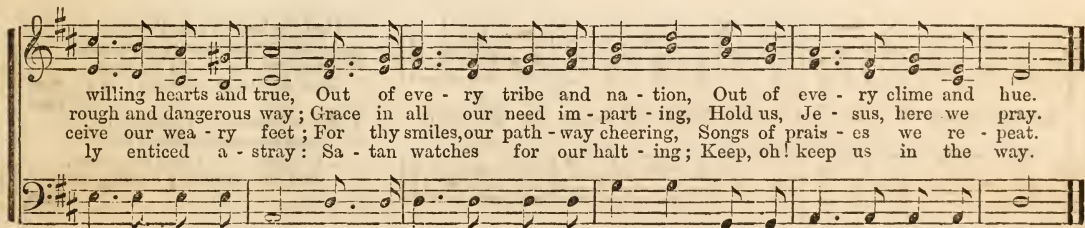
Words by MRS. H. E. BROWN.



1. We are coming, we are com - ing, Hast - ing, Je - sus, at thy call; In the dew - y time of
 2. We are kneeling, we are kneel - ing, Here to - geth - er at thy feet; Cheerful vows of ser - vice
 3. We are singing, we are sing - ing, Songs of gladness as we pass: For thy love, in us dis -
 4. We are running, we are runn - ing, Dearest Saviour, af - ter thee: Show to us the way thou'rt



morn - ing, Ere the dark'ning shadows fall. We are coming, dear - est Sa - viour, With our
 zeal - ing: Strength to keep them we en - treat. Lit - tle pilgrims are we, start - ing On a
 till - ing Like the showers up-on the grass; For the home in heaven pre - par - ing To re -
 go - ing; All thy footprints make us sec. We are ver - y weak and sin - ful, Ea - si -



willing hearts and true, Out of eve - ry tribe and na - tion, Out of eve - ry clime and hue.
 rough and dangerous way; Grace in all our need im - part - ing, Hold us, Je - sus, here we pray.
 ceive our wea - ry feet; For thy smiles, our path - way cheering, Songs of prais - es we re - peat.
 ly enticed a - stray: Sa - tan watches for our halt - ing; Keep, oh! keep us in the way.

HOLY ANGELS.

1. Ho - ly an - gels, in their flight, Traverse o - ver earth and sky, Acts of kindness their delight,
 2. Tho' their forms we can - not see, They at - tend and guard our way, Till we join their com - pa - ny,

Chorus.

Wing'd with mer - cy as they fly. Don't you hear the an - gels coming? Sweetly singing, as they come,
 In the fields of heavenly day.

Spreading wide their heav'nly mu - sic, From their happy an - gel home.

3 Had we but an angel's wing,
 And an angel's heart of flame,
 O, how sweetly would we ring
 Thro' the world the Saviour's name.

CHO.

4 Yet methinks if I should die,
 And become an angel too,
 I, perhaps, like them might fly,
 And the Saviour's bidding do.

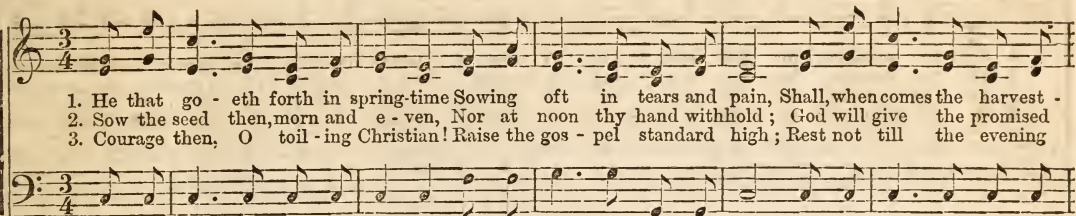
CHO.

SOW THE SEED.

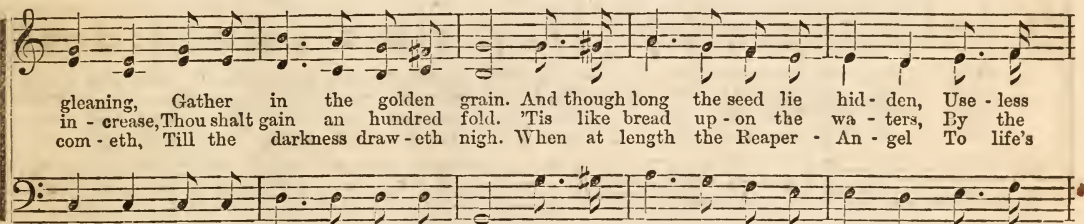
15

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

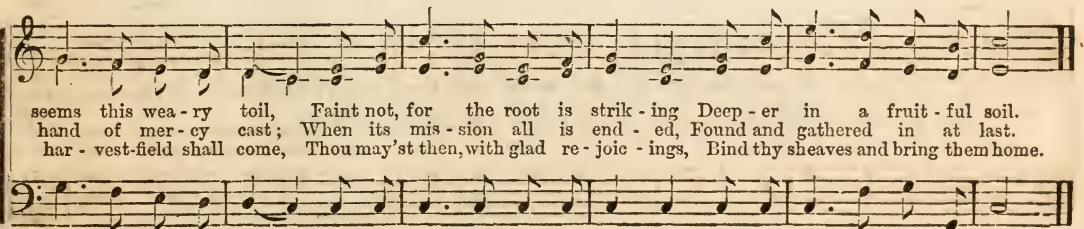
PSALM cxxvi: 6.



1. He that go - eth forth in spring-time Sowing oft in tears and pain, Shall, when comes the harvest -
 2. Sow the seed then, morn and e - ven, Nor at noon thy hand withhold; God will give the promised
 3. Courage then, O toil - ing Christian! Raise the gos - pel standard high; Rest not till the evening



gleaning, Gather in the golden grain. And though long the seed lie hid - den, Use - less
 in - crease, Thou shalt gain an hundred fold. 'Tis like bread up - on the wa - ters, By the
 com - eth, Till the darkness draw - eth nigh. When at length the Reaper - An - gel To life's



seems this wea - ry toil, Faint not, for the root is strik - ing Deep - er in a fruit - ful soil.
 hand of mer - cy cast; When its mis - sion all is end - ed, Found and gathered in at last.
 har - vest-field shall come, Thou may'st then, with glad re - joic - ings, Bind thy sheaves and bring them home.

ARE YOU WATCHING?

1. Are you watching for his com - ing, O wea - ry, wait - ing bride? Are your garments white and
 2. Are you watching for his com - ing, O watchman on the walls? Do your voic - es grow more
 3. Are you watching for his com - ing, O converts, young and fair? Are you now prepared to
 4. O ye bride and pil - grim watch - ing! O convert, young and fair! O ye faithful watchmen

stain - less, In Christ's blood pu - ri - fied? Will your lamps be trimmed and burn - ing When
 carn - est As mer - cy's cur - tain falls? Oh! then, are you still pro - claim - ing The
 meet him? Would you his glo - ry share? Have you laid a - side the fet - ters That
 plead - ing With sin - ners eve - ry - where! O ye vet - ran worn and wea - ry! O

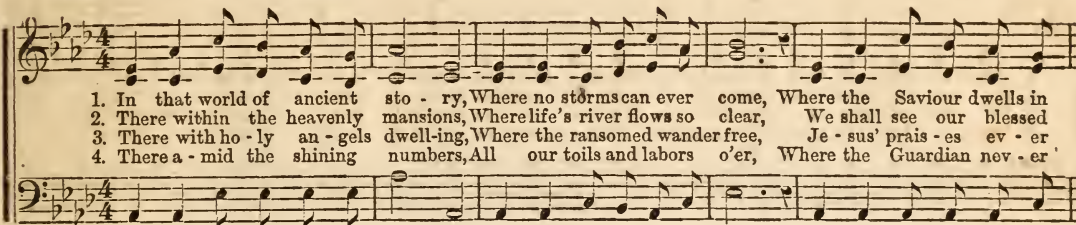
He shall next appear? Do you hear his sound - ing foot - steps, With myriads draw - ing ' near?
 won - ders of his love, Now that bright "the glow is deep - 'ning On all the hills a - bove?"
 bound you to the world? Are you keeping his com - mandments? Your banners all un - furled?
 sol - diers of the King! Yet a few more hours of wait - ing Will that glad morn - ing bring!

HAPPY HOME.

17

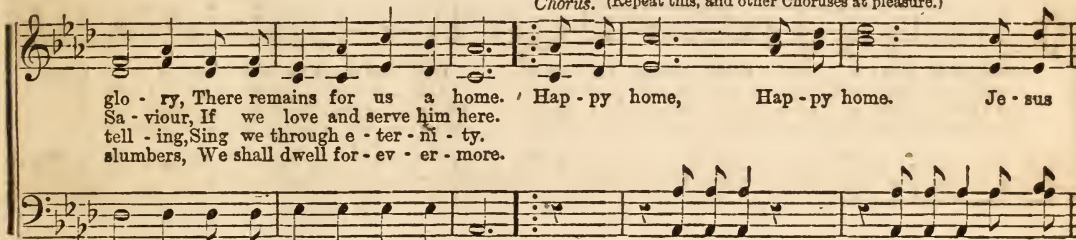
From "S. S. TRUMPET," by permission.

W. O. PERKINS.

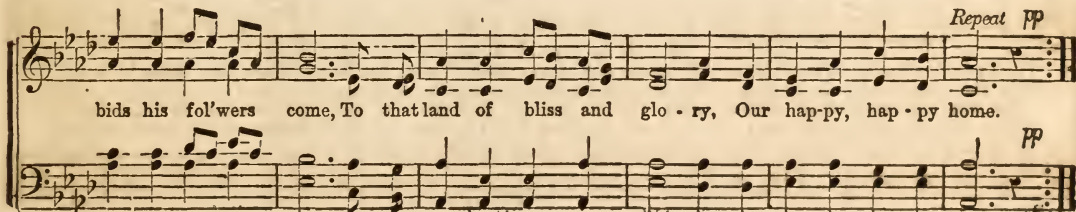


1. In that world of ancient sto - ry, Where no storms can ever come, Where the Saviour dwells in
 2. There within the heavenly mansions, Where life's river flows so clear, We shall see our blessed
 3. There with ho - ly an - gels dwell - ing, Where the ransomed wander free, Je - sus' prais - es ev - er
 4. There a - mid the shining numbers, All our toils and labors o'er, Where the Guardian nev - er

Chorus. (Repeat this, and other Choruses at pleasure.)

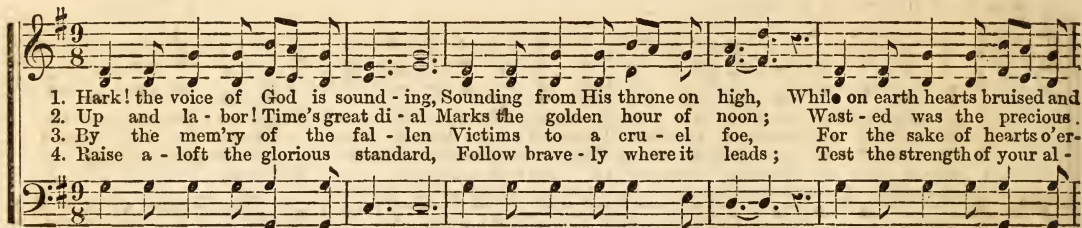


glo - ry, There remains for us a home. Hap - py home, Hap - py home. Je - sus
 Sa - viour, If we love and serve him here.
 tell - ing, Sing we through e - ter - ni - ty.
 slumbers, We shall dwell for - ev - er - more.

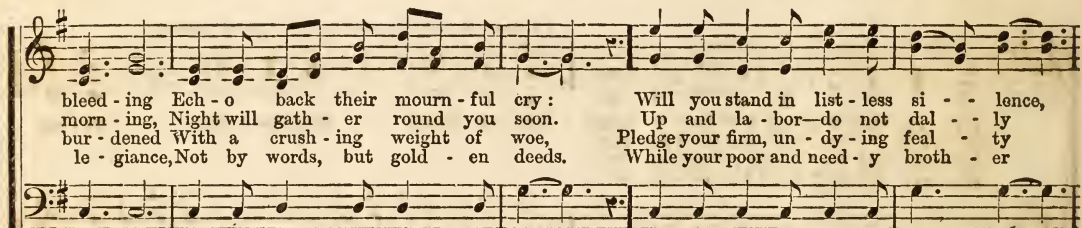


Repeat pp
 bids his fol - wers come, To that land of bliss and glo - ry, Our hap - py, hap - py home. *pp*

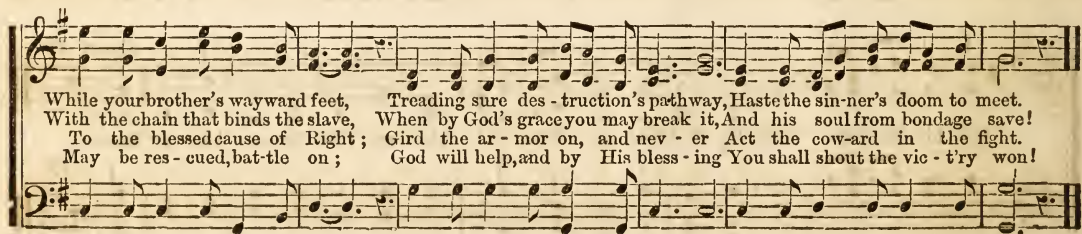
H. F. WIGHT.



1. Hark! the voice of God is sound - ing, Sounding from His throne on high, While on earth hearts bruised and
 2. Up and la - bor! Time's great di - al Marks the golden hour of noon; Wast - ed was the precious
 3. By the mem'ry of the fal - len Victims to a cru - el foe, For the sake of hearts o'er
 4. Raise a - loft the glorious standard, Follow brave - ly where it leads; Test the strength of your al -



bleed - ing Ech - o back their mourn - ful cry: Will you stand in list - less si - - lence,
 morn - ing, Night will gath - er round you soon. Up and la - bor - do not dal - - ly
 bur - dened With a crush - ing weight of woe, Pledge your firm, un - dy - ing feal - ty
 le - giance, Not by words, but gold - en deeds. While your poor and need - y broth - er

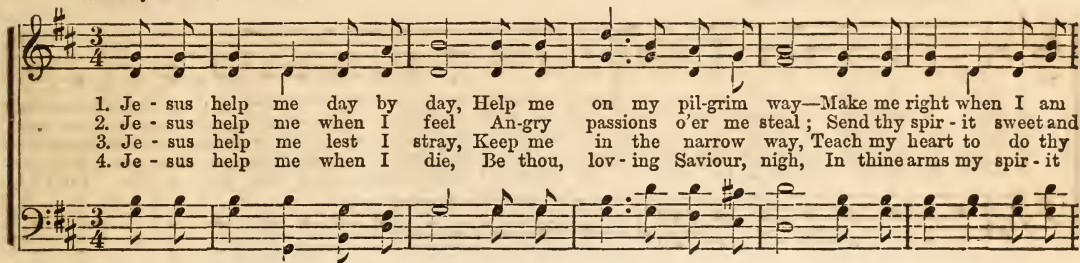


While your brother's wayward feet, Treading sure des - truction's pathway, Hasten the sin - ner's doom to meet.
 With the chain that binds the slave, When by God's grace you may break it, And his soul from bondage save!
 To the blessed cause of Right; Gird the ar - mor on, and nev - er Act the cow - ard in the fight.
 May be res - cued, bat - tle on; God will help, and by His bless - ing You shall shout the vic - t'ry won!

JESUS HELP ME.

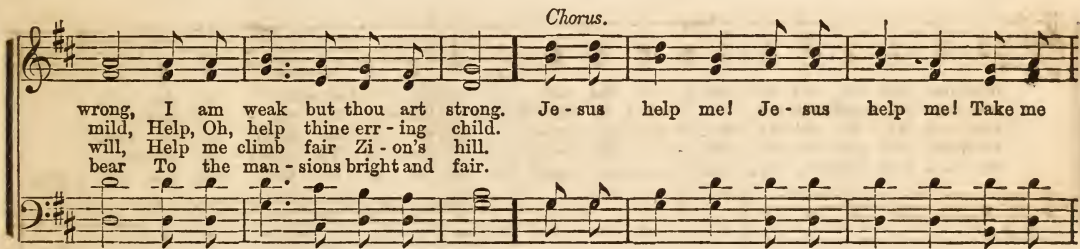
19

Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

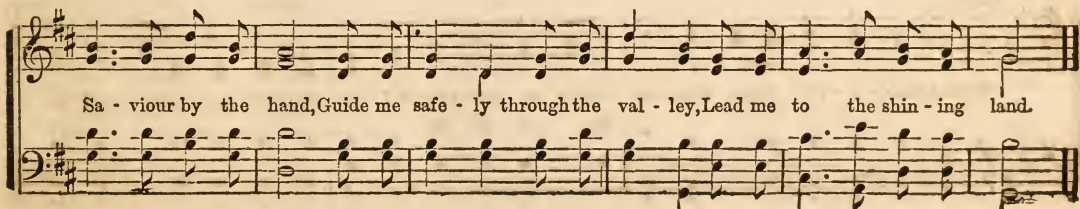


1. Je - sus help me day by day, Help me on my pil-grim way—Make me right when I am
 2. Je - sus help me when I feel An-gry passions o'er me steal; Send thy spir - it sweet and
 3. Je - sus help me lest I stray, Keep me in the narrow way, Teach my heart to do thy
 4. Je - sus help me when I die, Be thou, lov - ing Saviour, nigh, In thine arms my spir - it

Chorus.



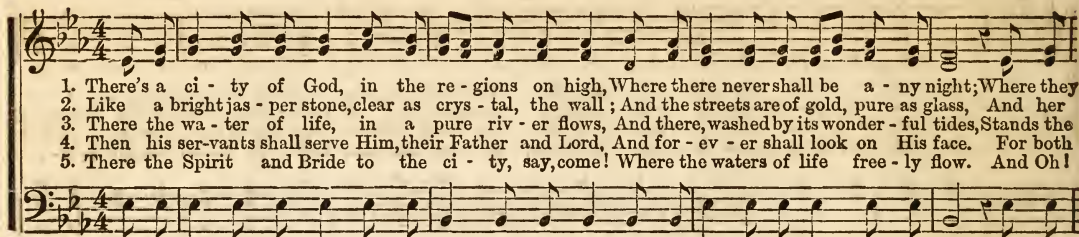
wrong, I am weak but thou art strong. Je - sus help me! Je - sus help me! Take me
 mild, Help, Oh, help thine err - ing child.
 will, Help me climb fair Zi - on's hill.
 bear To the man - sions bright and fair.



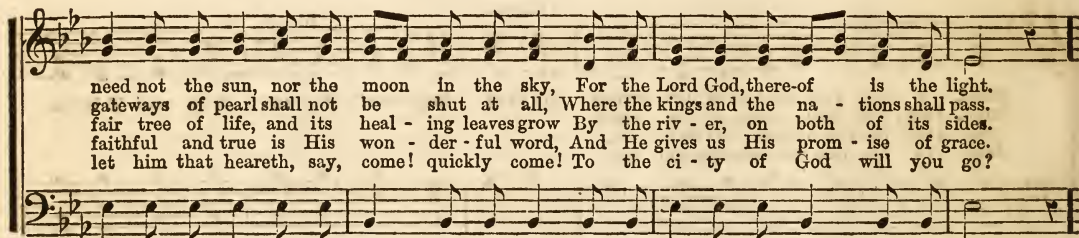
Sa - viour by the hand, Guide me safe - ly through the val - ley, Lead me to the shin - ing land.

BEAUTIFUL CITY.

Words by MARY B. C. SLADE.



1. There's a ci - ty of God, in the re - gions on high, Where there never shall be a - ny night; Where they
 2. Like a bright jas - per stone, clear as crys - tal, the wall; And the streets are of gold, pure as glass, And her
 3. There the wa - ter of life, in a pure riv - er flows, And there, washed by its wonder - ful tides, Stands the
 4. Then his ser - vants shall serve Him, their Father and Lord, And for - ev - er shall look on His face. For both
 5. There the Spirit and Bride to the ci - ty, say, come! Where the waters of life free - ly flow. And Oh!



need not the sun, nor the moon in the sky, For the Lord God, there - of is the light.
 gateways of pearl shall not be shut at all, Where the kings and the na - tions shall pass.
 fair tree of life, and its heal - ing leaves grow By the riv - er, on both of its sides.
 faithful and true is His won - der - ful word, And He gives us His prom - ise of grace.
 let him that heareth, say, come! quickly come! To the ci - ty of God will you go?

Chorus.


In that beau - ti - ful home, where the bright an - gels stay, All our sor - rows and pain shall be

o'er. There all tears from our eyes shall the Lord wipe a-way ; And death shall afflict us no more.

This block contains the musical notation for the first system of the song. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

RING THE BELLS!

Words by MRS. P. A. HANAFORD.

From the "Student and Schoolmate."

Music by T. P. I. MAGOUN.

1. Ring the bells! the golden hours Of the Sabbath day, With their pleasant call to prayer, Gently glide away,
 2. Ring the bells! the sultry noon Is no time for toil ; Call from garden and from field, Him who tills the soil,
 3. Ring the bells! the twilight hour, With its heav'nly peace, Calls the wayward sons of earth, From all strife to cease,
 4. Ring the bells! the Sabbath bells, On this ho - ly day, Call the worshippers to praise, Near and far a - way.

O'er the tow'ring granite steeps, O'er the wooded dells, Let the tones the ech - oes wake, Ring the Sabbath bells.
 Welcome to the ar - ti - san, Is the sound which tells, That a res - pite he may know, Ring the noontide bells.
 Sweet the soothing mel - o - dy, On the air which swells, While the stars are gleaming forth, Ring the ves - per bells.
 Heads are bowed and prayers ascend, All of worship tells : Blessings, in our Saviour's name, For the Sabbath bells!

This block contains the musical notation for the second system of the song. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

D. T. TAYLOR.

H. F. WIGHT.

1. I can see beyond the riv - er, O - ver Jordan's dashing tide ; There I'll be with Christ for -
 2. O - ver there is no more weeping, O - ver there all pain is o'er ; I shall rest in Jesus'
 3. O - ver there is no more sin - ning, O - ver there are sun - ny skies ; Crowns of fade - less beau - ty
 4. O - ver there I'll find my treasure, Jew - els lost, long, long a - go ; Love and bliss in fullest
 5. O - ver there all are im - mor - tal, O - ver there is no more night, And the ci - ty's pear - ly
 6. Will you go dear sin - ner with me, Where the Lamb will ev - er reign, Where the loved of earth will

Chorus.

ev - er, Close un - to his sa - cred side. O - ver there, o - ver there, Far be -
 keep - ing, There to droop and die no more.
 win - ning, And the flowers of Par - a - dise.
 meas - ure, There my heart shall ev - er know.
 por - tal, Is with - in my fee - ble sight.
 greet thee, Nev - er more to part a - gain?

yond the dash - ing tide ; O - ver there, O - ver there, Just o - ver there.

1. In the far bet - ter land of bright glo - ry and light, The ransomed are singing in garments of
 2. Like the sound of the sea swells their cho - rus of praise, Round the star - cir - cled crown of the Ancient of
 3. Dear Saviour, may we, with our voic - es so faint, Sing the chorus ce - les - tial with angel and
 4. Now, children and teachers and friends all u - nite In loud hal - lelujahs with the ransomed in

white, The harpers are harping, and all the bright train Sing the song of re - demption—"The Lamb that was slain."
 days, And thrones and dominions re - ech - o the strain, Of glo - ry e - ter - nal To Him that was slain.
 saint? Yes, yes, we will sing, and thine ear we will gain With the song of re - demption—"The Lamb that was slain."
 light; To Je - sus we'll sing that me - lo - di - ous strain, The song of re - demption—"The Lamb that was slain."

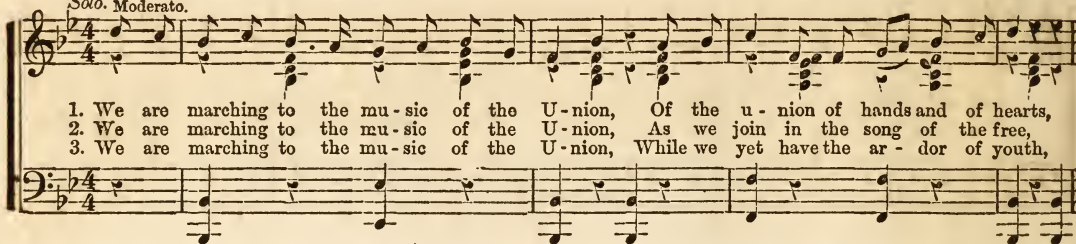
Chorus.

Halle - lujah to the Lamb, Halle-lujah to the Lamb, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lu - jah, A - men.

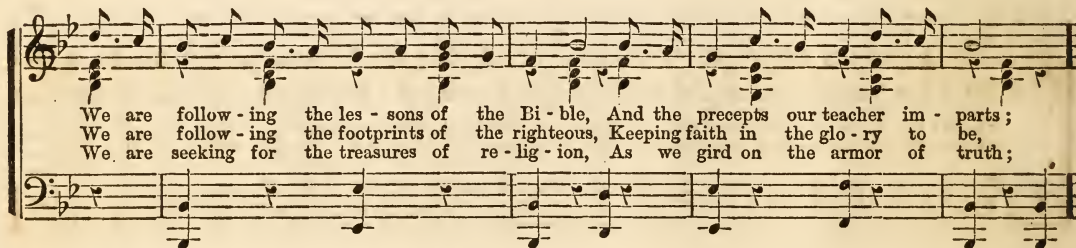
Halle - lujah to the Lamb, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, A - men.

Words by DEXTER SMITH.

Music by EDWARD N. CATLIN.

Solo. Moderato.


1. We are marching to the mu-sic of the U-nion, Of the u-nion of hands and of hearts,
 2. We are marching to the mu-sic of the U-nion, As we join in the song of the free,
 3. We are marching to the mu-sic of the U-nion, While we yet have the ar-dor of youth,

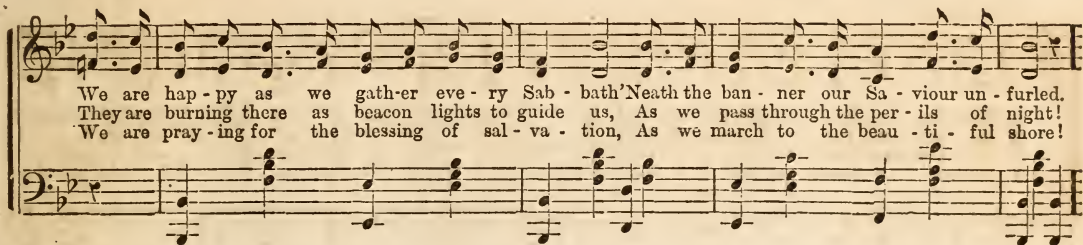


We are follow-ing the les-sons of the Bi-ble, And the precepts our teacher im-parts;
 We are follow-ing the footprints of the righteous, Keeping faith in the glo-ry to be,
 We are seeking for the treasures of re-lig-ion, As we gird on the armor of truth;

Duet.

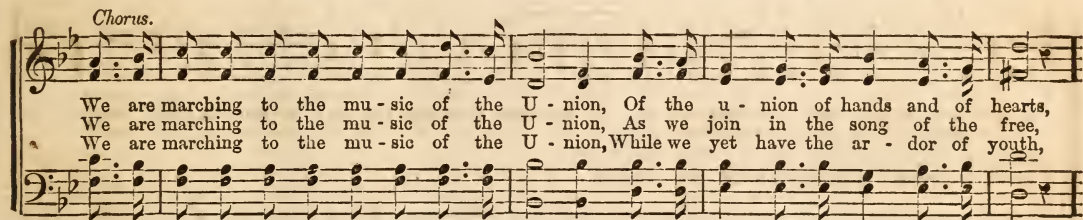

We are arming for the bat-tle of re-li-gion, As it wars with the sins of the world,
 There are shining thro' the darkness of temp-ta-tion Heaven's stars beaming steady and bright,
 We are marching to a life that is o-ter-nal, To a home that is ours ev-er-more,

THE UNION OF HANDS AND OF HEARTS. Concluded. 25

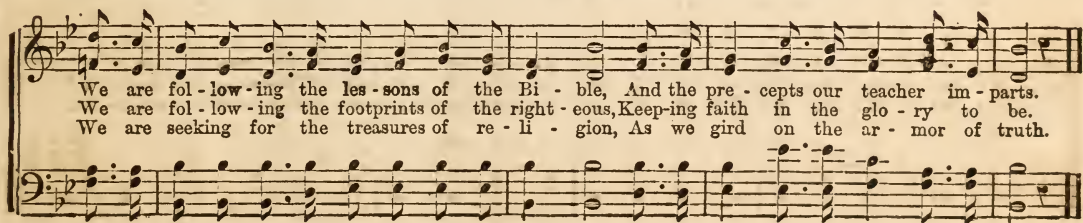


We are hap - py as we gath - er eve - ry Sab - bath' Neath the ban - ner our Sa - viour un - furled.
 They are burn - ing there as beacon lights to guide us, As we pass through the per - ils of night!
 We are pray - ing for the bless - ing of sal - va - tion, As we march to the beau - ti - ful shore!

Chorus.



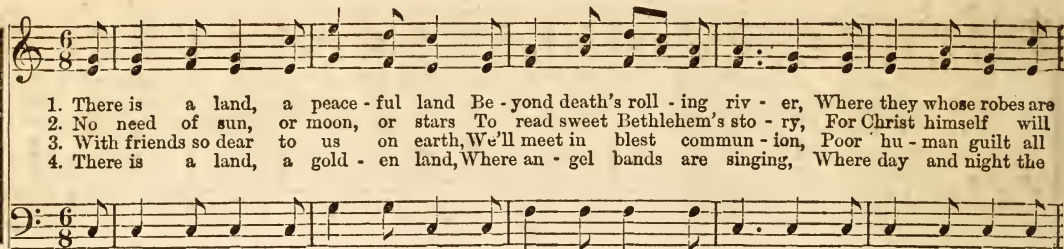
We are march - ing to the mu - sic of the U - nion, Of the u - nion of hands and of hearts,
 We are march - ing to the mu - sic of the U - nion, As we join in the song of the free,
 We are march - ing to the mu - sic of the U - nion, While we yet have the ar - dor of youth,



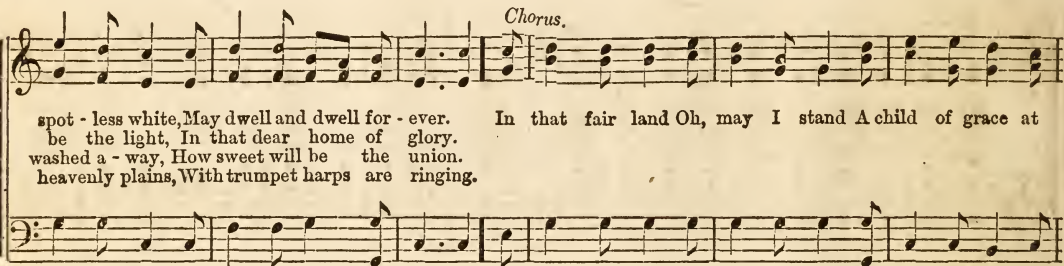
We are fol - low - ing the les - sons of the Bi - ble, And the pre - cepts our teacher im - parts.
 We are fol - low - ing the footprints of the right - eous, Keep - ing faith in the glo - ry to be.
 We are seek - ing for the treas - ures of re - li - gion, As we gird on the ar - mor of truth.

THE HEAVENLY LAND.

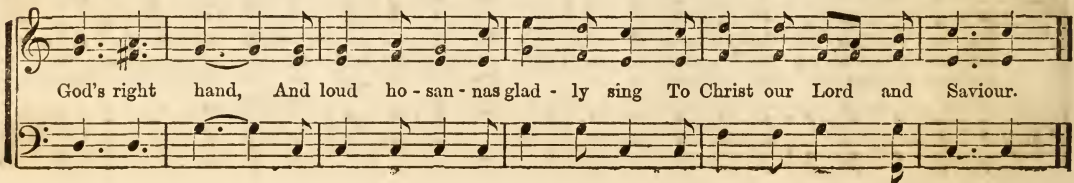
H. F. W.



1. There is a land, a peace - ful land Be - yond death's roll - ing, riv - er, Where they whose robes are
 2. No need of sun, or moon, or stars To read sweet Bethlehem's sto - ry, For Christ himself will
 3. With friends so dear to us on earth, We'll meet in blest commun - ion, Poor hu - man guilt all
 4. There is a land, a gold - en land, Where an - gel bands are singing, Where day and night the



Chorus.
 spot - less white, May dwell and dwell for - ever. In that fair land Oh, may I stand A child of grace at
 be the light, In that dear home of glory.
 washed a - way, How sweet will be the union.
 heavenly plains, With trumpet harps are ringing.



God's right hand, And loud ho - san - nas glad - ly sing To Christ our Lord and Saviour.

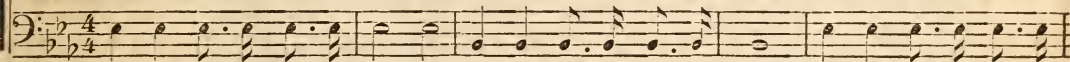
BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

27

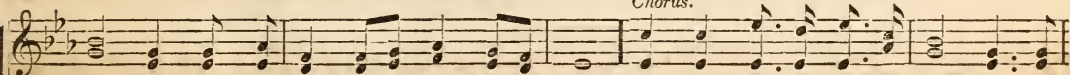
REV. R. LOWRY.



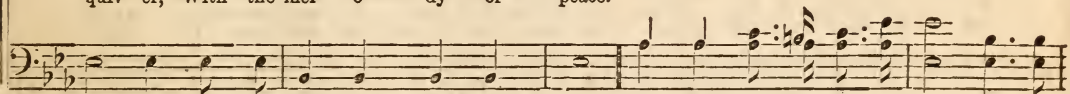
1. Shall we gather at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod; With its crys-tal tide for-
2. On the margin of the riv - er, Washing up its sil - ver spray, We will walk and worship
3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we every bur - den down; Grace our spir - its will de-
4. At the smiling of the riv - er, Mir - ror of the Saviour's face, Saints whom death will nev - er
5. Soon we'll reach the sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pilgrim - age will cease; Soon our hap - py hearts will



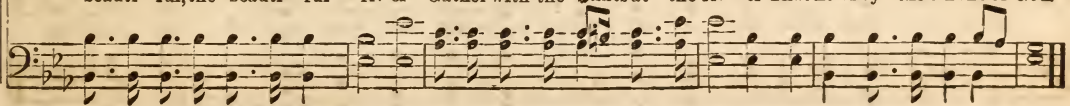
Chorus.



ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God? Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The
 ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
 liv - er, And provide a robe and crown.
 sev - er, Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
 quiv - er, With the mel - o - - dy of peace.



beauti - ful, the beauti - ful riv - er—Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.



BEAUTIFUL SPIRITS.

Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

W. O. P.

"They are ministering spirits, ministering unto us and our heirs."

1. Beau - ti - ful spirit of faith and prayer, Bright as the an - gels, so sweet and fair, On the
 2. Beau - ti - ful spirit of peace and joy, Bring me the gold that hath no al - loy, Let me
 3. Beau - ti - ful spirit of love and rest, Sent from the home of the pure and blest, Sing the
 4. Beau - ti - ful spirits that roam abroad, Do - ing the work of our bless - ed Lord, When my

wings of love, bear my soul a - bove This wil - der - ness world of care.
 grasp the prize from the up - per skies, The treasure that ne'er will cloy.
 heav - enly song of the saint - ed throng, And qui - et my troubled breast.
 day is done—when my race is run, Oh, car - ry me home to God.

Chorus.

Up! up! from this des - ert of woe, Pray - ing, still pray - ing, my soul would go,

Trust - ing in Je - sus, still looking to Je - sus, Leav - ing all sor - row be - low.

A SWEET HOME OF PEACE.

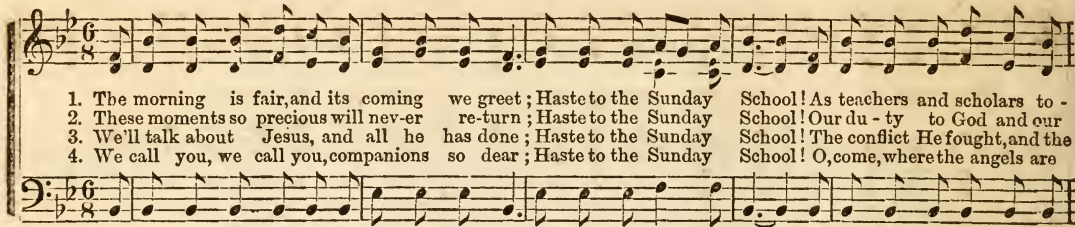
H. F. W.

1. There's a land of pure love, Where all sorrow shall cease—There are mansions above, And a sweet home of
 2. There are beau - ti - ful crowns, Set with diamonds all bright ; And an em - e - rald throne, For the saints robed in
 3. In that glo - ri - ous throng, Sainted mothers ap - pear ;—Hark ! that beautiful song ; Don't you wish you were

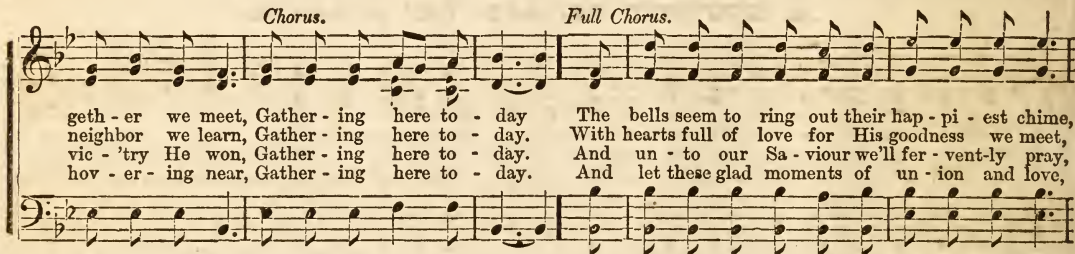
peace. There's the beautiful ci - ty, With streets of pure gold—There's rest for the wea - ry In its glittering fold.
 white. There's the beautiful riv - er, With bright silver spray, Making gladness for - ev - er In the fair realms of day.
 there, To join in the chorus Of the soul - thrilling strain ; Halle - lu - jah to Je - sus—The Lamb that was slain.

GATHERING SONG.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

*Duet or Semi-Chorus.**Chorus.**Duet or Semi-Chorus.*


1. The morning is fair, and its coming we greet; Hasten to the Sunday School! As teachers and scholars to -
 2. These moments so precious will never re-turn; Hasten to the Sunday School! Our du - ty to God and our
 3. We'll talk about Jesus, and all he has done; Hasten to the Sunday School! The conflict He fought, and the
 4. We call you, we call you, companions so dear; Hasten to the Sunday School! O, come, where the angels are



Chorus. *Full Chorus.*

geth - er we meet, Gather - ing here to - day The bells seem to ring out their hap - pi - est chime,
 neighbor we learn, Gather - ing here to - day. With hearts full of love for His goodness we meet,
 vic - 'try He won, Gather - ing here to - day. And un - to our Sa - viour we'll fer - vent-ly pray,
 hov - er - ing near, Gather - ing here to - day. And let these glad moments of un - ion and love,



Sweet-ly our hearts with their music keep time; Joyful - ly come! Joyful - ly come! Come to our Sunday School!
 Glad-ly our voices His praises re - peat, Joyful - ly come! Joyful - ly come! Come to our Sunday School!
 Lov - ing Redeem - er, be with us to - day! Joyful - ly come! Joyful - ly come! Come to our Sunday School!
 Sym - bol a brighter communion a - bove. Joyful - ly come! Joyful - ly come! Come to our Sunday School!

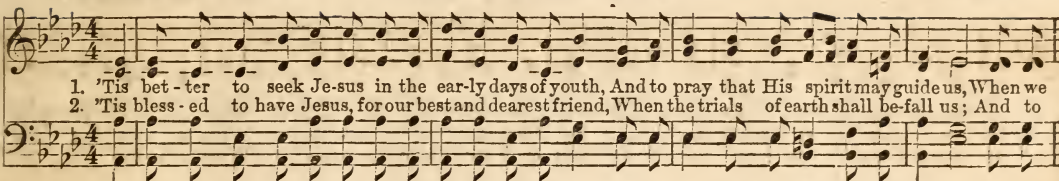
SEEK HIM EARLY.

31

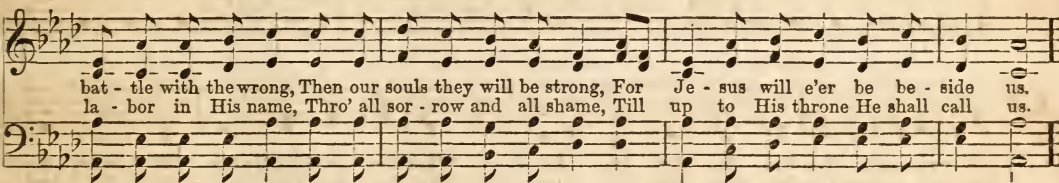
Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

"They that seek me early shall find me,"

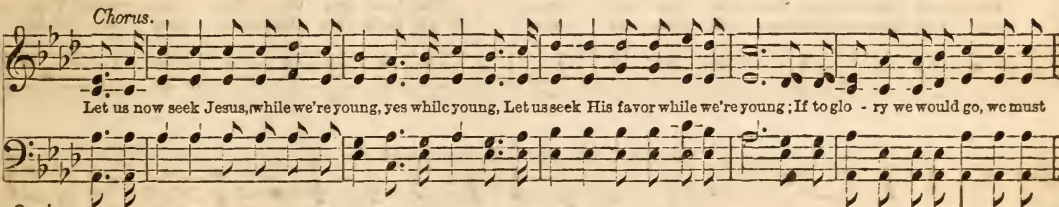
W. O. P.



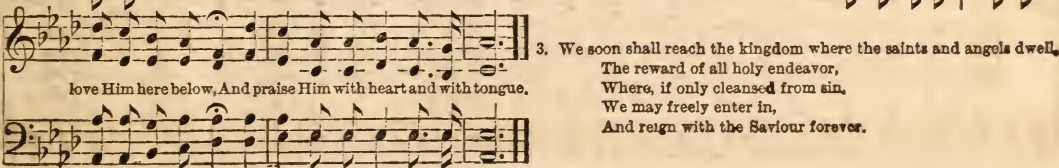
1. 'Tis bet-ter to seek Je-sus in the ear-ly days of youth, And to pray that His spirit may guide us, When we
2. 'Tis bless-ed to have Jesus, for our best and dearest friend, When the trials of earth shall be-fall us; And to



bat-tle with the wrong, Then our souls they will be strong, For Je-sus will e'er be be-side us.
la-bor in His name, Thro' all sor-row and all shame, Till up to His throne He shall call us.



Chorus.
Let us now seek Jesus, while we're young, yes while young, Let us seek His favor while we're young; If to glo-ry we would go, we must



love Him here below, And praise Him with heart and with tongue.
3. We soon shall reach the kingdom where the saints and angels dwell,
The reward of all holy endeavor,
Where, if only cleansed from sin,
We may freely enter in,
And reign with the Saviour forever.

Spirited.

EARNEST LESLIE

1. Where go these youthful sol - diers, With ban - ner and with sword? We're marching up to
 2. What ban - ner are you bear - ing, A - long the sea and shore? The same our fa - thers
 3. What song is this you're sing - ing? The same that Is - rael sang, When Mo - ses led the
 4. When Canaan's hosts are scat - tered, And all the land possessed, What waits for you, Oh!

Ca - na - an, To bat - tle for the Lord! What Cap - tain leads your ar - mies, A -
 lift - ed up, The flag they brave - ly bore. We fix our eyes up - on it, And
 migh - ty choir, And Miriam's tim - brel rang. The Lord our God has tri - umphed! The
 ar - my brave? The Lord will give us rest! We'll deck his ho - ly tem - ple With

long the des - ert coasts? The migh - ty one of Is - ra - el; His name is Lord of Hosts.
 fear not pain or loss, Asbriht it waves a - bove our heads, The ban - ner of the Cross.
 priests and maid - ens cried. The Lord he is our strength and song! The peo - ple all re - plied.
 many a shin - ing gem, And worship Him who brought us forth To build Je - ru - sa - lem.

TO CANAAN. Concluded.

33

Chorus.

To Ca-na-an, to Ca-na-an, the Lord will lead us on, We'll serve him till on Zi-on's hill the vict'ry we have won.

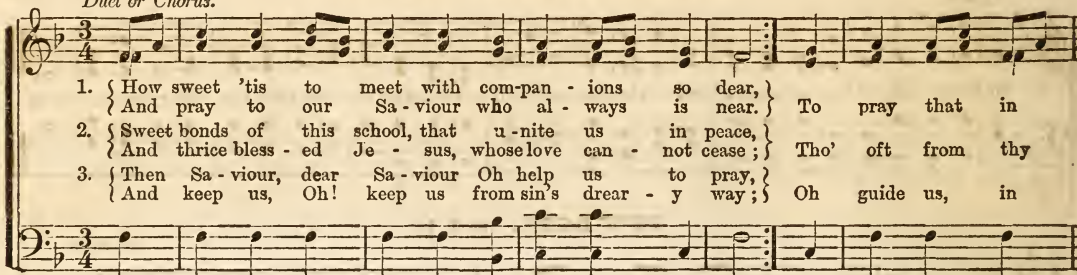
HYMN. 8s & 7s.

W. O. P.

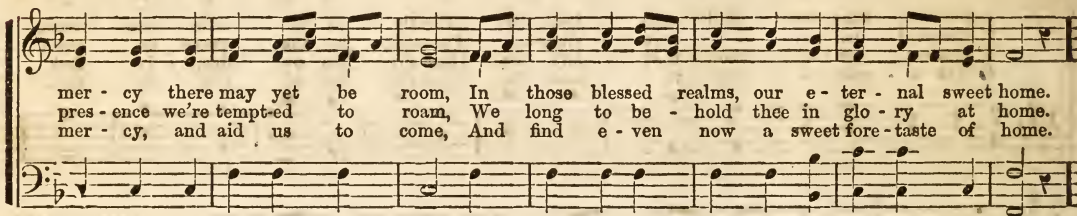
1. Sis-ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gentle as the sum-mer breeze,
 2. Peaceful be thy si-lent slum-ber, Peaceful, in the grave so low;
 3. Dearest sis-ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep-ly feel,
 4. Yet a-gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled.

Pleasant as the air of eve-ning When it floats a-mong the trees.
 Thou no more wilt join our num-ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.
 But 'tis God that hath be-reft us, He can all our sor-rows heal.
 Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee, Where no fare-well tear is shed.

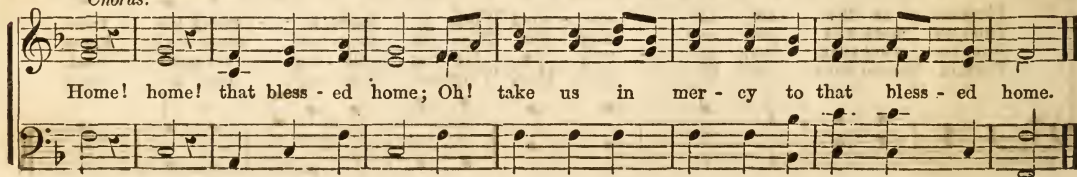
HOW SWEET 'TIS TO MEET.

Duet or Chorus.


1. { How sweet 'tis to meet with com-pan - ions so dear, } To pray that in
 { And pray to our Sa-viour who al - ways is near. }
 2. { Sweet bonds of this school, that u-nite us in peace, } Tho' oft from thy
 { And thrice bless - ed Je - sus, whose love can - not cease; }
 3. { Then Sa - viour, dear Sa - viour Oh help us to pray, } Oh guide us, in
 { And keep us, Oh! keep us from sin's drear - y way; }



mer - cy there may yet be room, In those blessed realms, our e - ter - nal sweet home.
 pres - ence we're tempt - ed to roam, We long to be - hold thee in glo - ry at home.
 mer - cy, and aid us to come, And find e - ven now a sweet fore - taste of home.

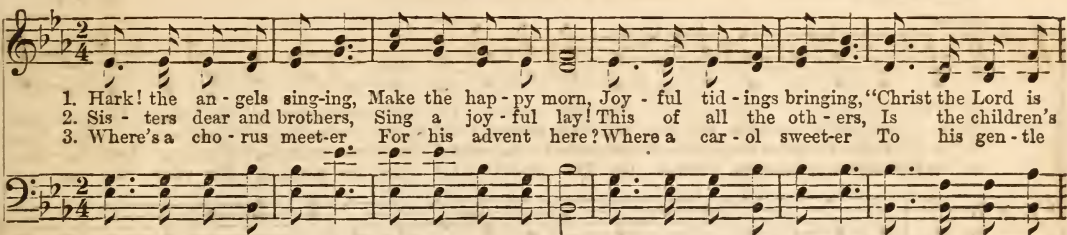
Chorus.


Home! home! that bless - ed home; Oh! take us in mer - cy to that bless - ed home.

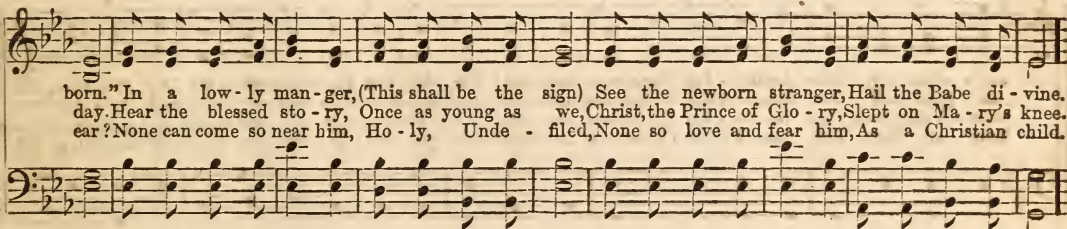
CHRISTMAS SONG.

88

J. WRIGHT.



1. Hark! the an - gels sing-ing, Make the hap - py morn, Joy - ful tid - ings bring-ing, "Christ the Lord is
 2. Sis - ters dear and brothers, Sing a joy - ful lay! This of all the oth - ers, Is the children's
 3. Where's a cho - rus meet-er, For his advent here? Where a car - ol sweet-er To his gen - tle



born." In a low - ly man - ger, (This shall be the sign) See the newborn stranger, Hail the Babe di - vine.
 day. Hear the blessed sto - ry, Once as young as we, Christ, the Prince of Glo - ry, Slept on Ma - ry's knee.
 ear? None can come so near him, Ho - ly, Unde - filed, None so love and fear him, As a Christian child.

Chorus.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, in the highest sing; Glo - ry, glo - ry to our heav'nly King.

Words by J. C. JOHNSON.

From "S. S. TRUMPET," by permission.

W. O. P.

Lively.

1. We wish you all a hap - py day, This beau - ti - ful Christmas morning! So bright - ly shines the
 2. A mer - ry Christmas to you all, This beau - ti - ful Christmas morning! "Good will to men," the
 3. On Bethlehem's plains the shepherds watched, One beauti - ful Christmas morning! Where si - lent' lay the
 4. On Bethlehem's plains we can - not lie, This beau - ti - ful Christmas morning! Nor view the an - gel

sun's clear ray, This beau - ti - ful Christmas morning! For this was the morn when the Day star rose, To
 an - gels' call One beau - ti - ful Christmas morning! And who should be mer - ry and glad to - day, But
 slum - b'ring flock, That beau - ti - ful Christmas morning! When sud - den - ly all the bright an - gel throng, Sang
 host on high, This beau - ti - ful Christmas morning! But joy - ful - ly we our sweet off - ring bring, Of

light the way from all our woes, And heav - en - ly light and joy dis - close, One beau - ti - ful Christmas morning.
 those whose guilt is washed away? With pleasure, we hail thy peaceful ray, O beau - ti - ful Christmas morning.
 in the sky, their Christmas song, Sang "Glory to God, good will to men!" That beau - ti - ful Christmas morning.
 praise, to hail the New - born King, In Beth - le - hem born, his praise we sing, This beau - ti - ful Christmas morning.

JESUS, ONLY JESUS.

37

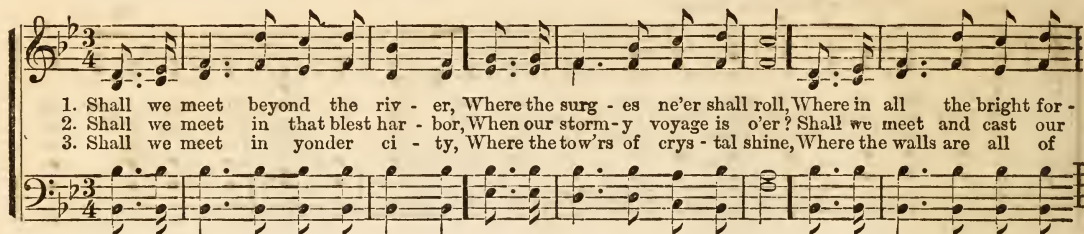
Not too fast. Words by Miss LEVA PEARCE.

*

1. Be our joy - ful song to - day, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus; He who takes our
 2. Once we wan - dered far from God, Know - ing not of Je - sus; Tread - ing still the
 3. Be our trust through years to come, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus; Pass - word to our

sins a - way, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus. Name with eve - ry bless - ing rife,
 down - ward road, Lead - ing far from Je - sus. Till the spir - it taught us how,
 heav'n - ly home, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus. When from sin and er - ror free,

Be our joy and hope thro' life, Be our strength in eve - ry strife, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
 'Neath the Sa - viour's yoke to bow, And we fain would fol - low now, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
 On through all e - ter - ni - ty, This our theme and song shall be, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.



1. Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the surg - es ne'er shall roll, Where in all the bright for -
 2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er? Shall we meet and cast our
 3. Shall we meet in yonder ci - ty, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine, Where the walls are all of

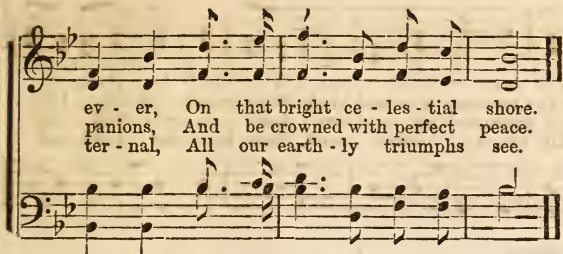


ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet? Shall we meet? Shall we meet?
 an - chor, By the fair ce - les - tial shore? Shall we meet? Shall we meet? Shall we meet?
 jas - per, Built by work - man-ship di - vine? Shall we meet? Shall we meet? Shall we meet?

Chorus and Answer.


Yes, we'll meet beyond the riv - er, When our conflicts all are o'er; And we'll spend the blest for -
 Yes, we'll meet in yonder mansions, Where our wand'rings all shall cease, There we'll meet our dear com -
 Yes, we'll meet, where bliss im - mor - tal Sweet - er far than rest can be; And before the throne e -

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER? Concluded. 39



4 Shall we meet with many a lov'd one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?
Shall we meet? &c.
Yes, we'll meet, where all is onward,
Every change new glories bring;
And the host still moving forward,
Glorify our heavenly King.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

Words by H. E. H.

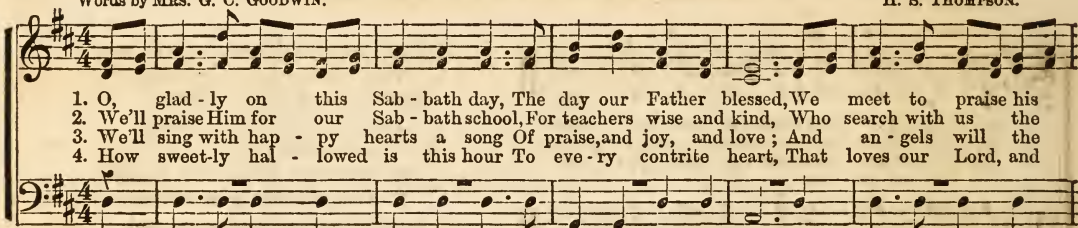
1. Hark! to the chimes of the merry bells! They welcome the opening year: Hark! as the mel - o - dy softly swells, I
2. Yea, with a tear for the old year gone, I weep o'er the record of sin: Duties neglect-ed, and follies done; O'er
3. Yea, with a smile for the new year come, A smile of my penitence born; Hope that in Him who averts my doom, My
4. Years of my weakness and sin roll on, — Roll on to e - ter - ni - ty's shore: There, in the perfected life be - gun, Temp-

list with a smile and a tear, — A tear for the old year dead and gone, A smile for the new year com - ing on.
selfishness hidden with - in. But tears cannot wash out guilt and shame: O, right hand of Je - sus! hide the claim.
sin of its power is shorn. So, pardoned and cleansed, my willing feet New days and new du - ties spring to meet.
ta - tion shall vex me no more; And time, which we count by days and years, Shall cease, with its struggles, sins and tears.

O, GLADLY ON THIS SABBATH DAY.

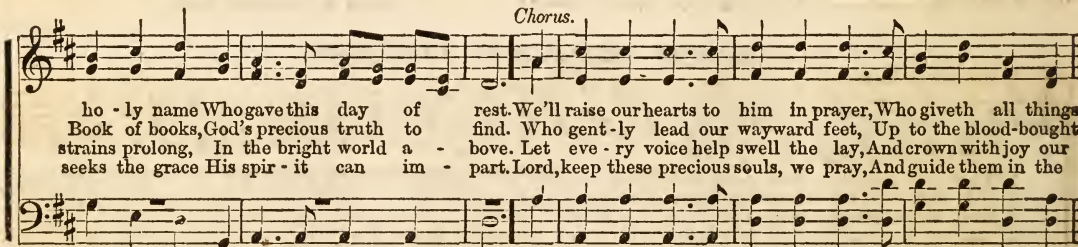
Words by Mrs. G. C. GOODWIN.

H. S. THOMPSON.

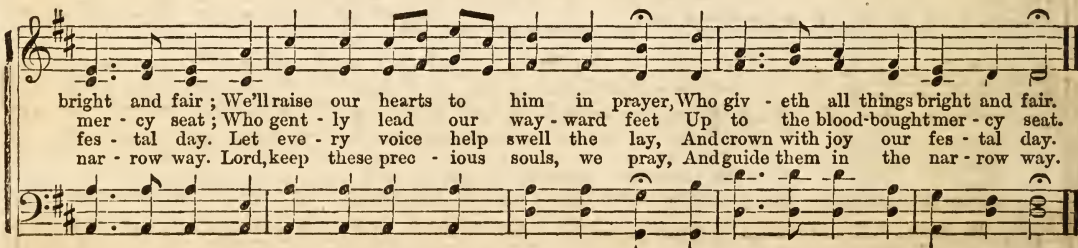


1. O, glad - ly on this Sab - bath day, The day our Father blessed, We meet to praise his
 2. We'll praise Him for our Sab - bath school, For teachers wise and kind, Who search with us the
 3. We'll sing with hap - py hearts a song Of praise, and joy, and love; And an - gels will the
 4. How sweet - ly hal - lowed is this hour To eve - ry contrite heart, That loves our Lord, and

Chorus.



ho - ly name Who gave this day of rest. We'll raise our hearts to him in prayer, Who giveth all things
 Book of books, God's precious truth to find. Who gent - ly lead our wayward feet, Up to the blood-bought
 strains prolong, In the bright world a - bove. Let eve - ry voice help swell the lay, And crown with joy our
 seeks the grace His spir - it can im - part. Lord, keep these precious souls, we pray, And guide them in the



bright and fair; We'll raise our hearts to him in prayer, Who giv - eth all things bright and fair.
 mer - cy seat; Who gent - ly lead our way - ward feet Up to the blood-bought mer - cy seat.
 fes - tal day. Let eve - ry voice help swell the lay, And crown with joy our fes - tal day.
 nar - row way. Lord, keep these pre - cious souls, we pray, And guide them in the nar - row way.

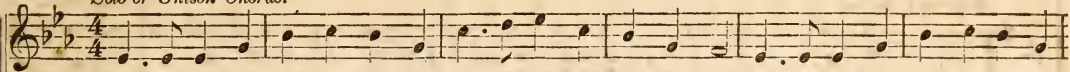
SIMON OF CYRENE.

41

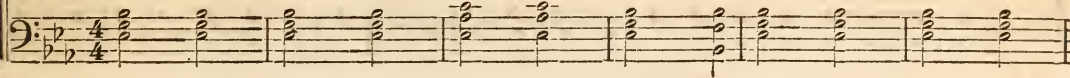
Words by REV. I. N. GARMAN.

W. O. P.

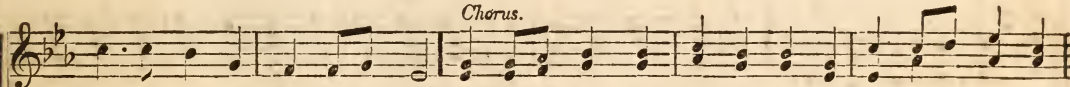
Solo or Unison Chorus.



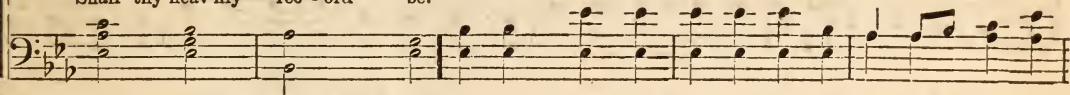
1. Pil-grim of the staff and san - dal, Of the bowed and wea - ry frame, Think what gave undy - ing record
2. When the Saviour, worn and fainting, Sank beneath the burden sore, Si - mon, by the soldiers ta - ken,
3. Lit - tle knew they of the hon - or Done to Si - mon of Cy - rene, In the hour he shared the scorning
4. And as lit - tle dreamt the scof - fer, When he heaps reproach on thee For the sake of Christ, how glorious



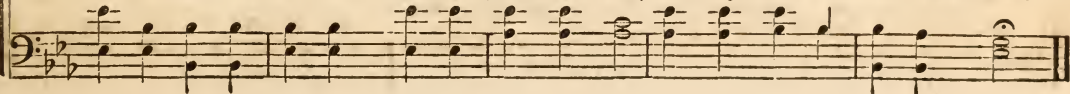
Chorus.



To the poor Cy - re - nian's name. Si - mon's name shall live for - ev - er; Je - sus can for -
 Thence the cross of Cal - vary bore.
 Of the fa - ted Naz - a - rene.
 Shall thy heav'nly rec - ord be.



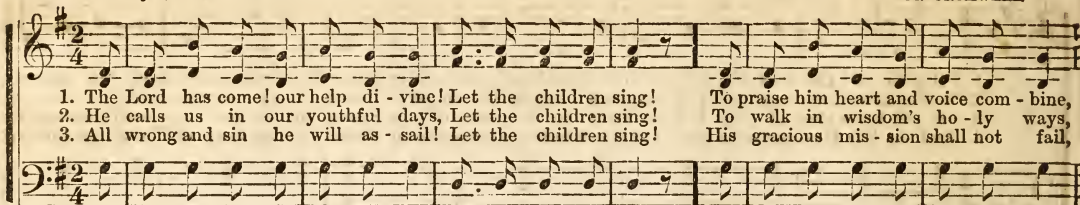
get him nev - er; So shalt thou his cross - es bear, And thy Lord's re - mem - brance share.



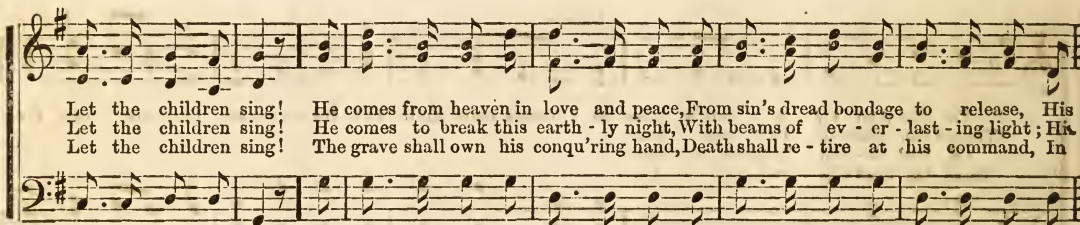
LET THE CHILDREN SING.

Words by J. G. A.

H. CROMWELL.



1. The Lord has come! our help di - vine! Let the children sing! To praise him heart and voice com - bine,
 2. He calls us in our youthful days, Let the children sing! To walk in wisdom's ho - ly ways,
 3. All wrong and sin he will as - sail! Let the children sing! His gracious mis - sion shall not fail,



Let the children sing! He comes from heaven in love and peace, From sin's dread bondage to release, His
 Let the children sing! He comes to break this earth - ly night, With beams of ev - er - last - ing light; His
 Let the children sing! The grave shall own his conqu'ring hand, Death shall re - tire at his command, In

Chorus.


word and kingdom shall in - crease, Let the children sing! Let the children sing; let them sing;
 ways are sure, his judgments right, Let the children sing!
 him, redeemed, our race shall stand! Let the children sing!

Let the children sing; let them sing! With gladness let the children sing; Let the children sing!

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass, in G major (one sharp). The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics written below the notes.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

R. BROOKS, JR.

1. The world looks very beautiful And full of joy to me! The sun shines out in glory On every thing I
 2. I'm but a lit-tle pil-grim, My journey's just be-gun; They say I shall meet sorrow Before my journey's
 3. Then like a lit-tle pil-grim, Whatever I may meet, I'll take it—joy or sorrow—And lay at Jesus'
 4. Then tri-als cannot vex me, And pain I need not fear; For when I'm close by Jesus Grief cannot come too

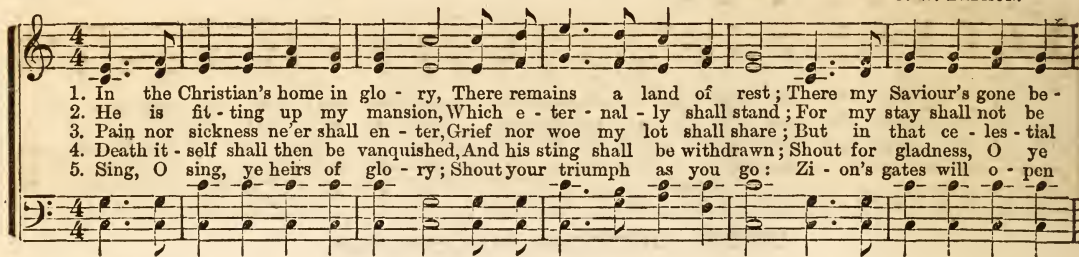
The musical score is in 4/4 time, G major. It features a simple melody with four lines of lyrics written below the notes.

see. I know I shall be hap-py While in the world I stay, For I will fol-low Je-sus All the way.
 done, The world is full of sor-row And suffer-ing, they say—But I will fol-low Je-sus All the way.
 feet. He'll comfort me in trouble, He'll wipe my tears a-way; With joy I'll fol-low Je-sus All the way.
 near. Not even death can harm me, When death I meet one day, To heav'n I'll fol-low Je-sus All the way.

The musical score continues on two staves, treble and bass, in G major. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics written below the notes.

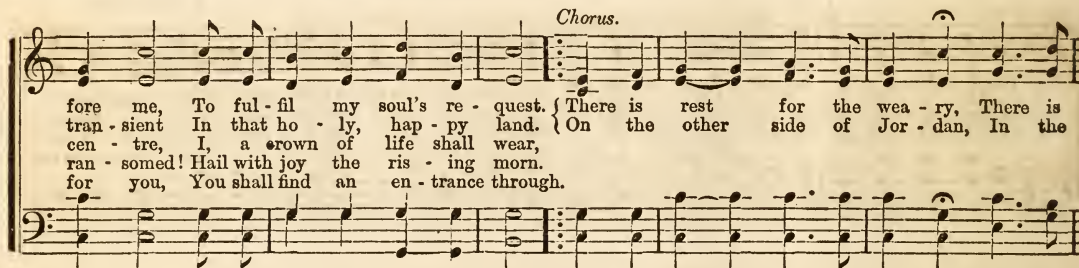
REST FOR THE WEARY.

J. W. DADMON.

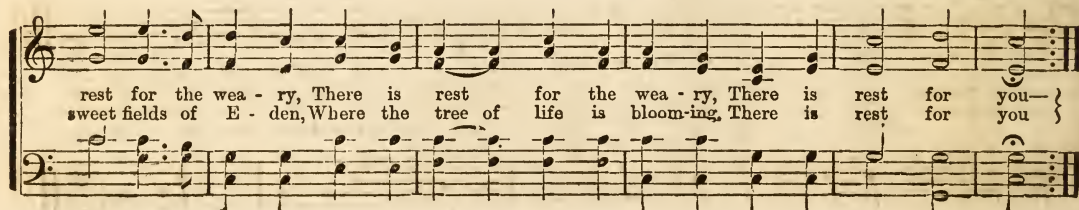


1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest; There my Saviour's gone be -
 2. He is fit - ting up my mansion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand; For my stay shall not be
 3. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But in that ce - les - tial
 4. Death it - self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn; Shout for gladness, O ye
 5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry; Shout your triumph as you go: Zi - on's gates will o - pen

Chorus.



fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest. { There is rest for the wea - ry, There is
 tran - sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land, { On the other side of Jor - dan, In the
 cen - tre, I, a crown of life shall wear,
 ran - somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
 for you, You shall find an en - trance through.



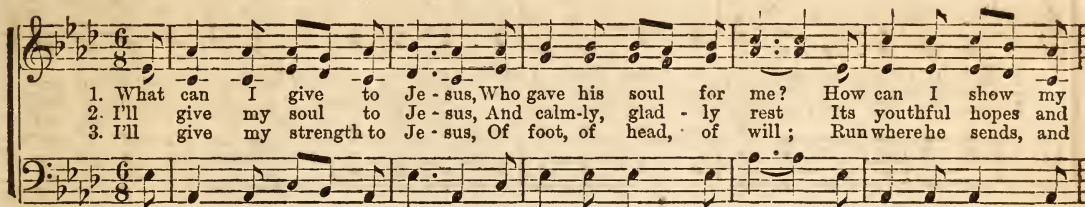
rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you - {
 sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, There is rest for you }

WHAT CAN I GIVE TO JESUS?

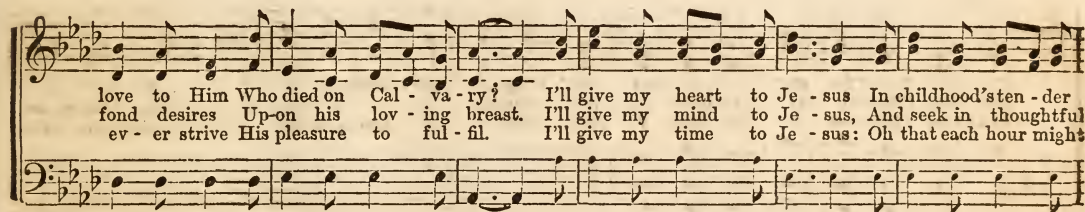
45

Words from "The Christian Herald."

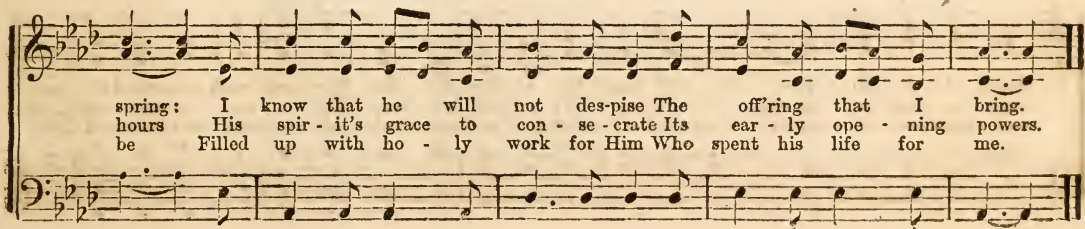
*



1. What can I give to Je - sus, Who gave his soul for me? How can I show my
 2. I'll give my soul to Je - sus, And calm-ly, glad - ly rest Its youthful hopes and
 3. I'll give my strength to Je - sus, Of foot, of head, of will; Run where he sends, and



love to Him Who died on Cal - va - ry? I'll give my heart to Je - sus In childhood's ten - der
 fond desires Up-on his lov - ing breast. I'll give my mind to Je - sus, And seek in thoughtful
 ev - er strive His pleasure to ful - fil. I'll give my time to Je - sus: Oh that each hour might



spring: I know that he will not des-pise The off'ring that I bring.
 hours His spir - it's grace to con - se - crate Its ear - ly ope - ning powers.
 be Filled up with ho - ly work for Him Who spent his life for me.

1. Spread, my soul, thy gold - en pin - ions, Bask in heaven's ce - les - tial ray; 'Tis a fore - taste of the
 2. Though the path be long and drear - y, And my way by thorns be - set, I will brave - ly onward
 3. Come then all who seek God's fa - vor, See the o - pen gos - pel door, From the highways and the

glo - ries Saved for that e - ter - nal day! When thy pil - grimage is o - ver, And the
 jour - ney, Hopeful of His bless - ing yet! Trusting in a lov - ing fa - ther, One whose
 hedg - es, Gath - er in the need - y poor, Gath - er in and taste the ban - quet, Spread by

clouds of sin are past, Then if faith - ful to thy mis - sion, Thou shalt reach that world at last.
 migh - ty arm is strong, I will brave life's surging bil - lows, 'Till I see the shin - ing throng.
 won - drous love di - vine; Then shall all things past and pres - ent, All in earth and heaven be thine.

HEAVENLY BREEZES. Concluded.

47

Chorus.

As the tide is ev - er flow - ing On - ward, to re - turn no more—So may

heav - 'nly breez - es blow - ing, Waft my soul to Ca - naan's shore.

MARTYN. 7s double.

Fine.

MARSH.

D.C.

1. { Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb, Hasted at the ear - ly dawn ; } { For a - while, she lingering stood, }
 { Spice she brought and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone ; } { Filled with sorrow and sur - prise ; }
 D.C. Trembling while a crystal flood Is - sued from her weeping eyes.

2. { But her sor - rows quickly fled When she heard his welcome voice : } { What a change his word can make, }
 { Christ has ris - en from the dead ; Now he bids her heart re - joice. } { Turning darkness in - to day ; }
 D.C. Ye who weep for Je - sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a - way.

MY HAPPY ANGEL HOME.

H. S. THOMPSON.

1. There's a place where the an - gels dwell! Home, home, hap - py an - gel home; Where the sweet notes ever
 2. There's a place where the wea - ry rest! Home, home, hap - py an - gel home; In the mansions of the

swell In har - mo - ny di - vine. To that hap - py, hap - py home, I am trav'ling a - long; And I
 blest, Around the heavenly throne. To that hap - py rest - ing place I am trav'ling a - long; And I

soon shall hear that ho - ly song. Will you go a - long with me, To the place where the an - gels
 soon shall join the an - gel song. Will you go a - long with me, To the place where the an - gels

dwel. Home, home, hap- py an- gel home; Where the sweet notes ever swell, In har- mo- ny di- vine.
 dwel. Home, home, hap- py an- gel home; Where the sweet notes ever swell, In har- mo- ny di- vine.

ROCK OF AGES.

DR. T. HASTINGS.

Fine.
 1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee! Let the water and the blood,
 D.C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.


D.C.

From his riv - en side which flowed,


- 2 Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to thee for dress;
 Helpless, look to thee for grace;
 Foul, I to thy fountain fly;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

SWEET DAY OF REST.

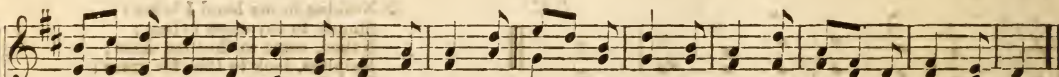
HENRY F. WIGHT.



1. Sweet day of rest, sweet day of rest! I long to see thee and be blest; I long to know thy
 2. Sweet promised land, sweet promised land! By faith I view thee near at hand; O may my anxious
 3. Lord Je - sus come, Lord Je - sus come, And take thy wait - ing peo - ple home! Let earth her sleeping



peace - ful light, And wear the robe of spotless white. When Je - sus comes on earth to reign, The wilder -
 spir - it burn With warm de - sires for thy re - turn. With joy I read thy ble - sed word, That hope shall
 jew - els yield; Let Sa - tan, vanquished, quit the field; O may we soon be - hold our King, And shout, O



ness shall bloom a - gain; The wea - ry saint will then be blest, When thou shalt come, sweet day of rest.
 not be long deferred, And glad - ly join the pil - grim band That long for thee, sweet promised land.
 Death, where is thy sting? Lord Jesus come, Lord Je - sus come, And take us to our promised home.

HERE AND YONDER.

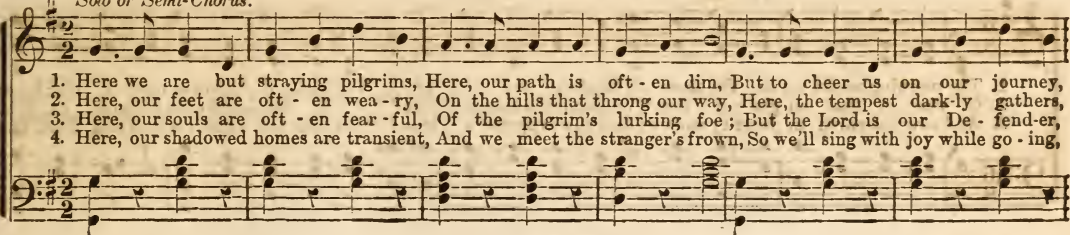
51

Words by REV. I. N. CARMAN.

From "Sabbath School Trumpet." By permission.

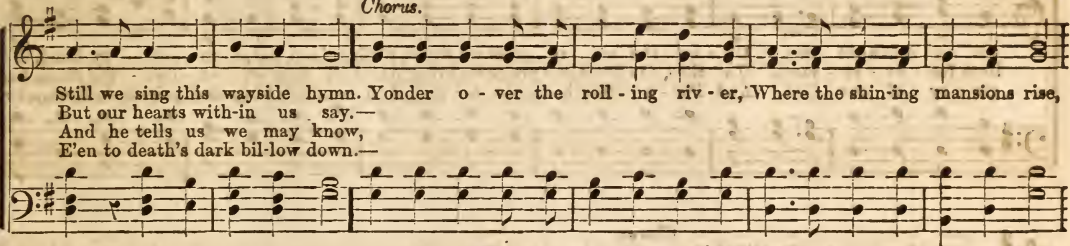
W. O. PERKINS.

Solo or Semi-Chorus.

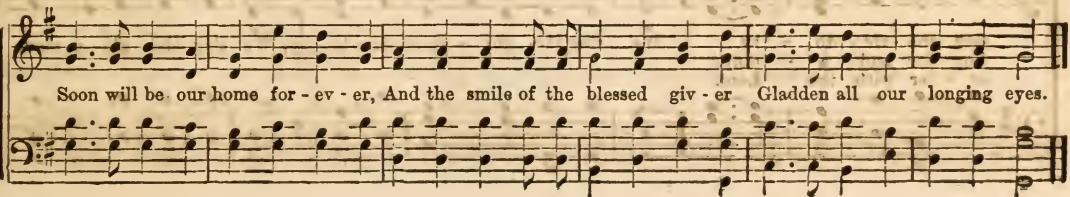


1. Here we are but straying pilgrims, Here, our path is oft - en dim, But to cheer us on our journey,
 2. Here, our feet are oft - en wea - ry, On the hills that throng our way, Here, the tempest dark - ly gathers,
 3. Here, our souls are oft - en fear - ful, Of the pilgrim's lurking foe; But the Lord is our De - fend - er,
 4. Here, our shadowed homes are transient, And we meet the stranger's frown, So we'll sing with joy while go - ing,

Chorus.

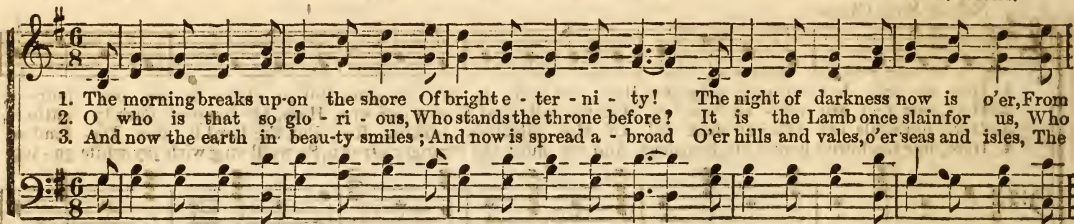


Still we sing this wayside hymn. Yonder o - ver the roll - ing riv - er, Where the shin - ing mansions rise,
 But our hearts with - in us say.—
 And he tells us we may know,
 E'en to death's dark bil - low down.—

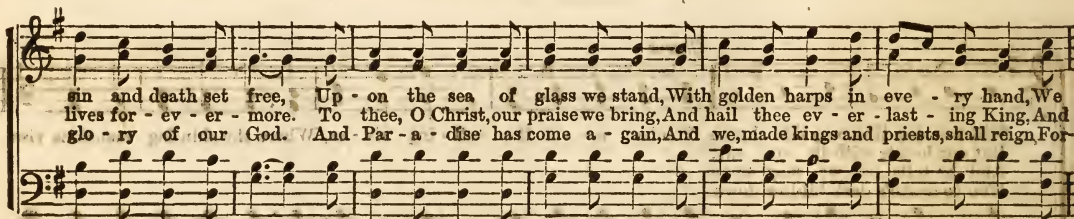


Soon will be our home for - ev - er, And the smile of the blessed giv - er Gladden all our longing eyes.

HENRY F. WIGHT.

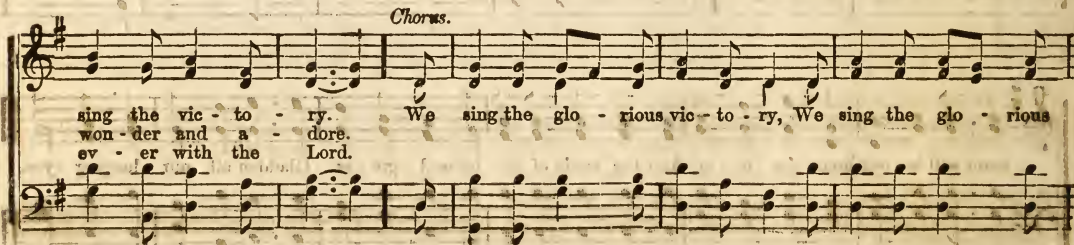


1. The morning breaks up on the shore Of bright - er - ni - ty! The night of darkness now is o'er, From
 2. O who is that so glo - ri - ous, Who stands the throne before? It is the Lamb once slain for us, Who
 3. And now the earth in beau - ty smiles; And now is spread a - broad O'er hills and vales, o'er seas and isles, The



sin and death get free, Up - on the sea of glass we stand, With golden harps in eve - ry hand, We
 lives for - ev - er - more. To thee, O Christ, our praise we bring, And hail thee ev - er - last - ing King, And
 glo - ry of our God. And Par - a - dise has come a - gain, And we, made kings and priests, shall reign For

Chorus.



sing the vic - to - ry. We sing the glo - rious vic - to - ry, We sing the glo - rious
 won - der and a - dor - e.
 ev - er with the Lord.

vic - to - ry; With gold - en harps in eve - ry hand, We sing the vic - to - ry.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Arranged from G. F. W.

Chorus.

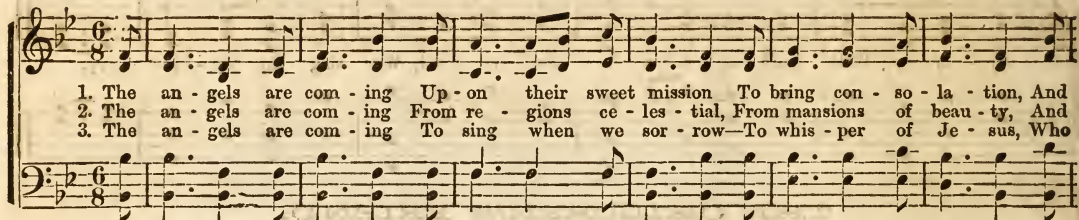
1. { Children lift your voic - es high, For Je - sus is the children's friend; } Suf - fer lit - tle children to
 { Now he dwells in yonder sky, For Je - sus is the children's friend. }
 2. { Je - sus here has lambs to feed, For Je - sus is the children's friend; }
 { He'll supply whate'er we need, For Je - sus is the children's friend. }
 3. { Je - sus lends a listening ear, For Je - sus is the children's friend; }
 { Children's songs and prayers to hear, For Je - sus is the children's friend. }
 4. { May we ev - er walk in love, For Je - sus is the children's friend; }
 { Till we join with saints a - bove, For Je - sus is the children's friend. }

come, said he, And to my words at - tend. Such shall in my kingdom be, For Je - sus is the children's friend.

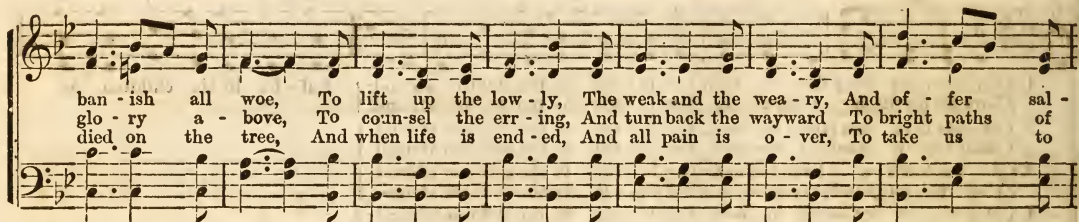
THE ANGELS ARE COMING.

Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

W. O. P.

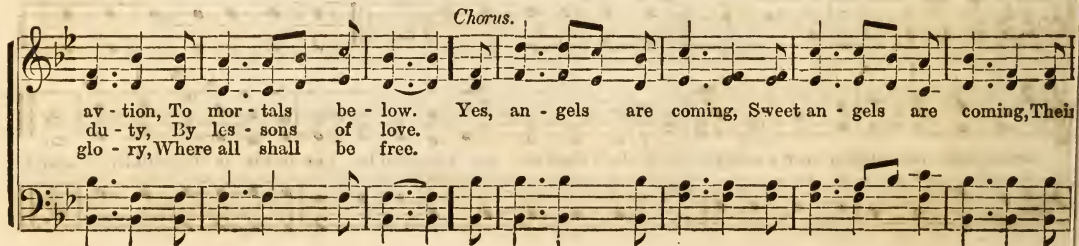


1. The an - gels are com - ing Up - on their sweet mission To bring con - so - la - tion, And
 2. The an - gels are com - ing From re - gions ce - les - tial, From mansions of beau - ty, And
 3. The an - gels are com - ing To sing when we sor - row - To whis - per of Je - sus, Who



ban - ish all woe, To lift up the low - ly, The weak and the wea - ry, And of - fer sal -
 glo - ry a - bove, To coun - sel the err - ing, And turn back the wayward To bright paths of
 died on the tree, And when life is end - ed, And all pain is o - ver, To take us to

Chorus.



av - tion, To mor - tals be - low. Yes, an - gels are coming, Sweet an - gels are coming, Their
 du - ty, By les - sons of love.
 glo - ry, Where all shall be free.

THE ANGELS ARE COMING.

Concluded.

55

white shin - ing pin - ions are flut - - ter - ing near. We feel their soft presence so
hushed and so ho - ly. The an - gels are com - ing, — The an - gels are here.

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HER GRAVE?

Words by MRS. HEMANS.

W. O. P.

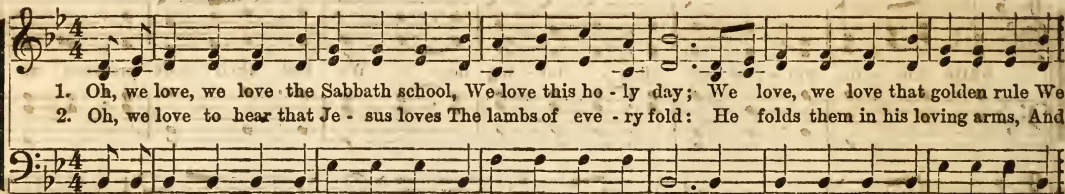
1. Where shall we make her grave? Oh! where the wild flow'rs wave In the free air! Where show'r and singing bird, 'Midst the young leaves are heard,
2
Harsh was the world to her,
Now may sleep minister,
Balm for each ill;
Low on sweet nature's breast,
Let the meek heart find rest,
Deep, deep and still!
Deep, deep, and still!

3
Oh! then where wild flow'rs wave,
Make ye her mossy grave
In the free air!
Where show'r and singing bird,
'Midst the young leaves are heard,
There, lay her there!
There, lay her there!

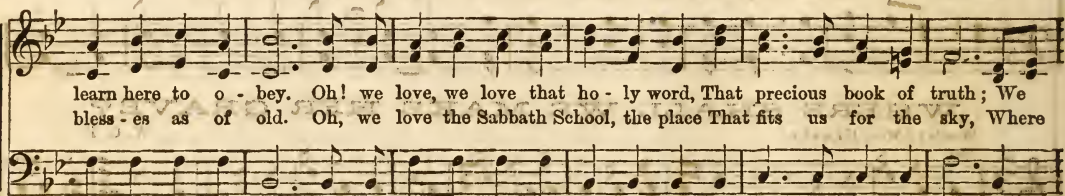
There, lay her there! There, lay her there!

Words by GEO. F. BASSETT. From "The Child at Home."

*

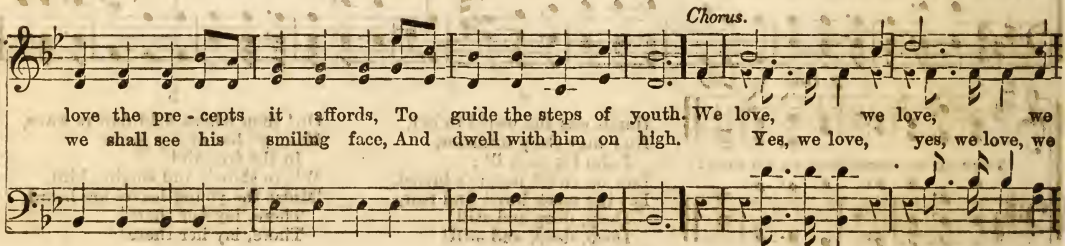


1. Oh, we love, we love the Sabbath school, We love this ho - ly day; We love, we love that golden rule We
2. Oh, we love to hear that Je - sus loves The lambs of eve - ry fold: He folds them in his loving arms, And



learn here to o - bey. Oh! we love, we love that ho - ly word, That precious book of truth; We
bless - es as of old. Oh, we love the Sabbath School, the place That fits us for the sky, Where

Chorus.



love the pre - cepts it affords, To guide the steps of youth. We love, we love, we
we shall see his smiling face, And dwell with him on high. Yes, we love, yes, we love, we

WE LOVE THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Concluded.

57

love the Sabbath school; We love, we love, We love the Sabbath school.
love the Sabbath school; Yes, we love, yes, we love, We love the Sabbath school.

COME, JOIN OUR CELEBRATION.

1. Come, join our cel - e - bration With hallowed songs of joy, And on this bright oc-casion Your sweetest notes em-
2. Thanks to the God of heaven, Kind guardian of our race; For all the fa - vors giv - en, Beneath his smiling
3. Thanks for the kind protection, God's arm has thrown around, And for that sweet affection He causes to a-
4. May God's a - bundant blessing Reward their toil and care, And hear them while addressing His throne in fervent

play, Our parents, friends in-vit - ed, And teachers all are here, In purpose all u - nited, Our youthful hearts to cheer.
face; For health, and strength, and reason, And friendship unalloyed, And every pleasant season By Sunday schools enjoyed.
bound In those who kindly watch us, And anxious hours employ, In seeking to restore us, To peace and heavenly joy.
prayer, And may his love constraining Our youthful spirits bow, And grace forever reigning, Our in-most souls endow.

1. Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, } We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Toss'd on the waves of a rough restless tide, }

2. Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, } We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Look! yon - der lie the bright heaven - ly shores, }

3. We live as pil - grims and strangers be - low, } We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Though oft - en tempted, yet onward we go.

4. We'll tell the world as we journey a - long, } We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Try to per - suade them to en - ter our throng.

Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we've rode, Seeking our Father's ce - les - tial a - bode,
Stead - y, O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel, Steady! we soon shall out - weather the gale,
Toils and temp - ta - tions ex - pect - ing to share, We hast - en forward, con - tent with the fare,
Join in our number. O come and be blest, Journey with us to the mansion of rest,

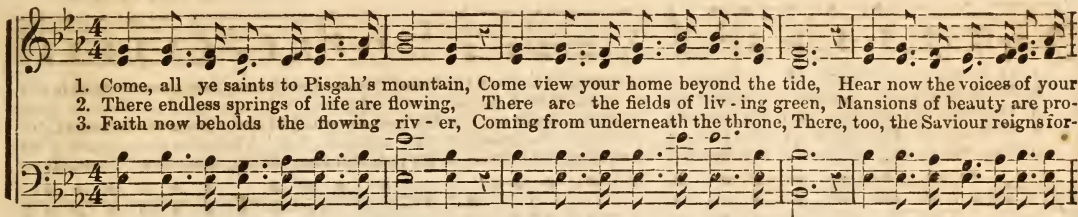
Prom - ise of which on us each he bestowed. We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
O, how we fly 'neath the loud - creaking sail.
Tri - als and cross - es we cheer - ful - ly bear -
Come, trembling sin - ner, for - lorn and op - prest.

OUR LOVED ONES IN HEAVEN.

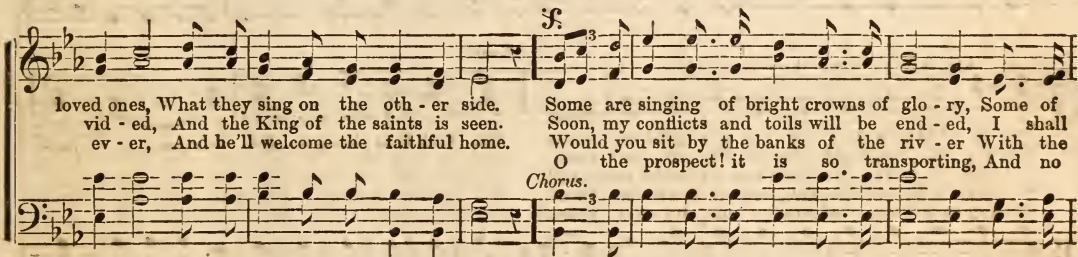
59

Words by REV. J. W. DADMÚN.

LESSUR.

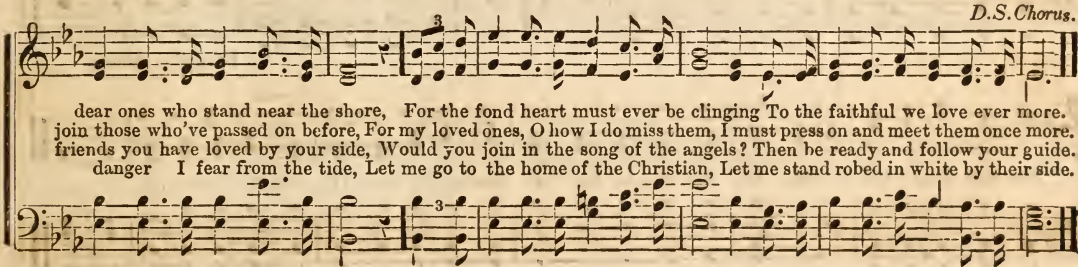


1. Come, all ye saints to Pisgah's mountain, Come view your home beyond the tide, Hear now the voices of your
 2. There endless springs of life are flowing, There are the fields of liv - ing green, Mansions of beauty are pro-
 3. Faith now beholds the flowing riv - er, Coming from underneath the throne, There, too, the Saviour reigns for-



loved ones, What they sing on the oth - er side. Some are singing of bright crowns of glo - ry, Some of
 vid - ed, And the King of the saints is seen. Soon, my conflicts and toils will be end - ed, I shall
 ev - er, And he'll welcome the faithful home. Would you sit by the banks of the riv - er With the
 O the prospect! it is so transporting, And no

Chorus.



D.S. Chorus.

dear ones who stand near the shore, For the fond heart must ever be clinging To the faithful we love ever more.
 join those who've passed on before, For my loved ones, O how I do miss them, I must press on and meet them once more.
 friends you have loved by your side, Would you join in the song of the angels? Then be ready and follow your guide.
 danger I fear from the tide, Let me go to the home of the Christian, Let me stand robed in white by their side.

OH, SEEK THAT BEAUTIFUL STREAM.

Music by Miss VINNA CONNOR.

1. O have you not heard of a beauti-ful stream, That flows thro' our Father's land? Its waters gleam bright in the
 2. With murmuring sound doth it murmur a-long, thro' fields of e-ternal green; Where songs of the blest, in their
 3. Its fountains are deep, and its wa-ters are pure, And sweet to the weary soul; It flows from the throne of Je-
 4. This beauti-ful stream is the riv-er of life! It flows for all nations free! A balm for each wound in its
 5. Oh, will ye not drink of this beauti-ful stream, And dwell on its peaceful shore? The Spirit says, "Come, all ye

Chorus.

heav-en - ly light, And rip-ple o'er gold-en sand. Oh, seek that beau-ti-ful stream; Seek
 heav-en of rest Float soft on the air so-rene.
 ho - vah a-lone, Oh come where its bright waves roll.
 wa - ter is found! Oh, sin-ner, it flows for thee!
 wea-ry ones home, And wander in sin no more."

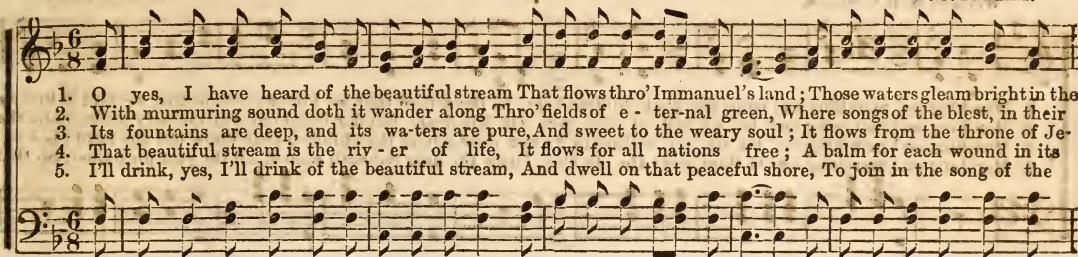
Beautiful stream.

now that beauti-ful stream; Its waters so free are flowing for thee; Oh, seek that beautiful stream.

I'LL SEEK THAT BAUTIFUL STREAM.

61

W. O. PERKINS.



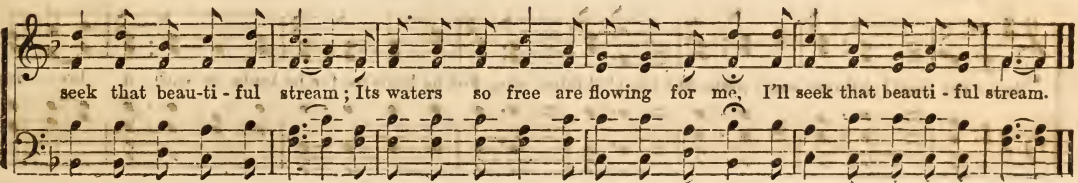
1. O yes, I have heard of the beautiful stream That flows thro' Immanuel's land; Those waters gleam bright in the
2. With murmuring sound doth it wander along Thro' fields of e - ter - nal green, Where songs of the blest, in their
3. Its fountains are deep, and its wa - ters are pure, And sweet to the weary soul; It flows from the throne of Je -
4. That beautiful stream is the riv - er of life, It flows for all nations free; A balm for each wound in its
5. I'll drink, yes, I'll drink of the beautiful stream, And dwell on that peaceful shore, To join in the song of the

Chorus.



heaven - ly light, And rip - ple o'er gold - en sand. I'll seek that beau - ti - ful stream, I'll
 haven of rest, Float soft on the air se - rene.
 ho - vah a - lone; I'll go where its bright waves roll.
 waters is found, In mer - cy it flows for me.
 glo - ri - fied throng, And wander in sin no more.

Beautiful stream.



seek that beau - ti - ful stream; Its waters so free are flowing for me, I'll seek that beauti - ful stream.

Words by M. B. C. SLADA

W. O. PERKINS.

1. Marching on! marching on! come the glad children here, In the school that we love we are meeting to-day; While we
 2. Marching on! marching on! let us tell of the care Of the dear, ten-der shepherd who lovingly leads, Thro' the
 3. Marching on! marching on! let us go calling in To our dear school the children that know not the Lord; Let us
 4. Marching on! marching on! O thou most Ho - ly One, Draw the dear Sabbath school, All the year unto thee; So that

sing of the blessing that crowns all the year, And the smile of the Lord, that hath shone on our way.
 green, pleasant pastures so still and so fair, Where the lambs of his love he so ten-der-ly feeds.
 turn them from sor-row, and darkness, and sin, To the joy of his love and the light of his word.
 when all the years of our ser-vice are done, We thy children, in heav-en, for-ev-er may be.

Chorus.

Praise the Lord! children sing! praise the Lord! children sing, For he leads us, for he leads us with a lov-ing

Hand, Praise the Lord! children sing! praise the Lord! children sing! Come and seek with us, O seek with us the heavenly land!

The musical score for 'Marching On' is written for a piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody in the treble staff includes triplets and ends with a double bar line. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

CHILD'S MORNING SONG.

1. The morning bright With ro - sy light, Has waked me up from sleep, Fa - ther, I own Thy
 2. All through the day, I humbly pray, Be thou my Guard and Guide; My sins forgive, And
 3. Oh, make me - rest With - in thy breast, Great Spir - it of all grace: Make me like thee, Then

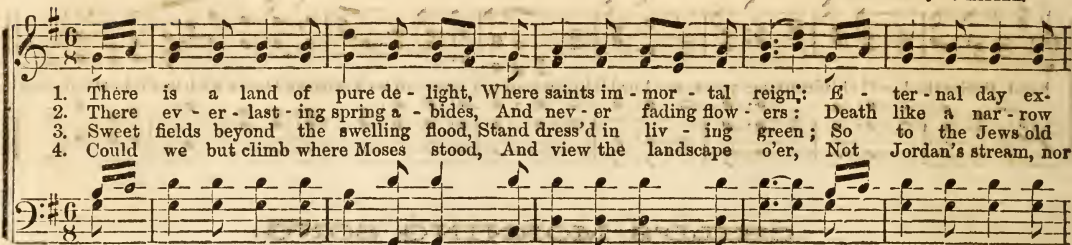
The musical score for 'Child's Morning Song' is written for a piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody in the treble staff is simple and repetitive. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

love a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.
 let me live, Blest Je - sus, by thy side.
 shall I be Prepared to see thy face.

This block contains the continuation of the musical score for 'Child's Morning Song'. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody in the treble staff continues the simple, repetitive theme. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

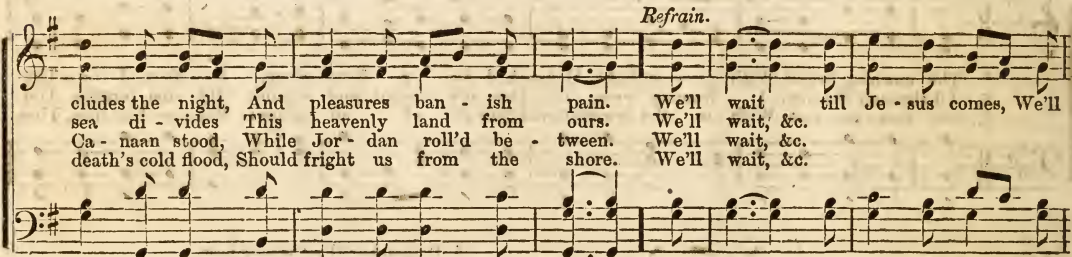
- 1 Remember thy Creator now,
 In these thy youthful days;
 He will accept thy earliest vow,
 And listen to thy praise.
- 2 Remember thy Creator now,
 And seek him while he's near;
 For evil days will come, when thou
 Shalt find no comfort near.
- 3 Remember thy Creator now;
 His willing servant be:
 Then when thy head in death shall bow,
 He will remember thee.

Furnished by A. LITTLE.

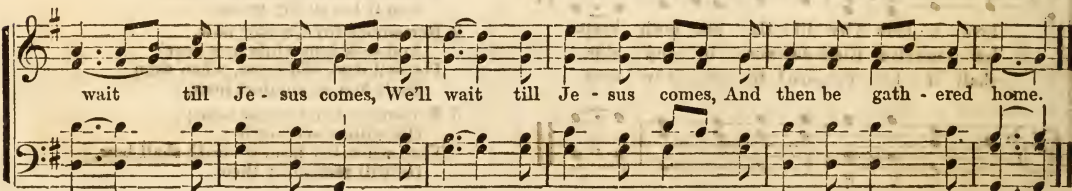


1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign; E - ter - nal day ex -
 2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er fading flow - ers; Death like a nar - row
 3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in liv - ing green; So to the Jews old
 4. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor

Refrain.



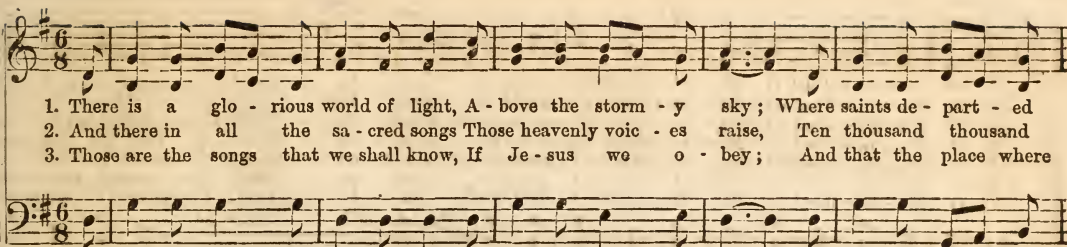
cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain. We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll
 sea di - vides This heavenly land from ours. We'll wait, &c.
 Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan roll'd be - tween. We'll wait, &c.
 death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore. We'll wait, &c.



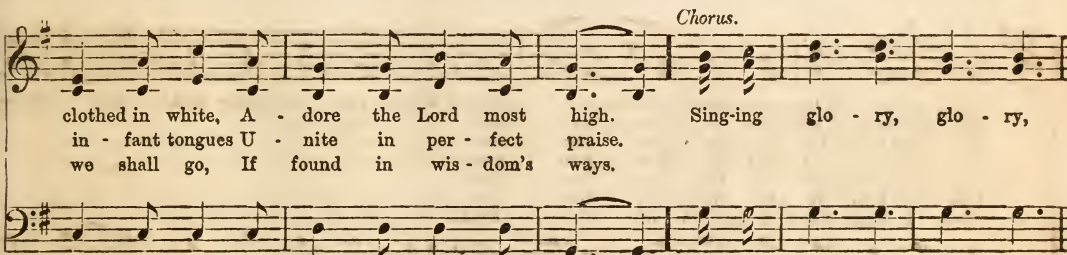
wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And then be gath - ered home.

HEAVENLY BLISS.

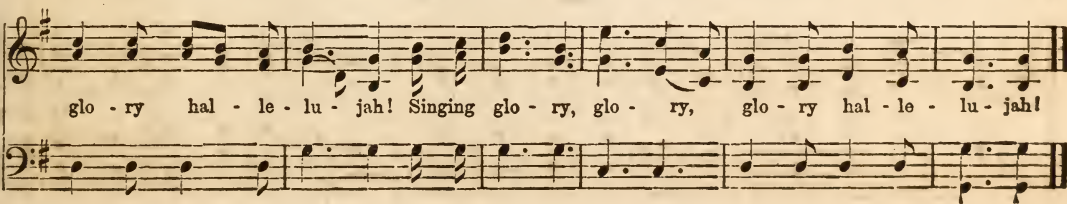
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1. There is a glo - rious world of light, A - bove the storm - y sky ; Where saints de - part - ed
 2. And there in all the sa - cred songs Those heavenly voic - es raise, Ten thousand thousand
 3. Those are the songs that we shall know, If Je - sus we o - bey ; And that the place where



Chorus.
 clothed in white, A - dore the Lord most high. Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry,
 in - fant tongues U - nite in per - fect praise.
 we shall go, If found in wis - dom's ways.



glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

Arranged by W. O. PERKINS. By permission.

1. O Pa - ra - dise! O Pa - ra - dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the
 2. O Pa - ra - dise! O Pa - ra - dise! The world is grow - ing old; Who would not be at
 3. O Pa - ra - dise! O Pa - ra - dise! Wherefore doth death de - lay? Bright death that is the
 4. O Pa - ra - dise! O Pa - ra - dise! 'Tis wea - ry wait - ing here; I long to be when
 5. O Pa - ra - dise! O Pa - ra - dise! I want to sin no more; I want to be as
 6. O Pa - ra - dise! O Pa - ra - dise! I great-ly long to see; The special place my
 7. O Pa - ra - dise! O Pa - ra - dise! I feel 'twill not be long; Patience,—I almost

hap - py land, Where they that loved are blest? Where loy - al hearts and true Stand
 rest and free, Where love is nev - er cold.
 wel - come down Of our e - ter - nal day.
 Je - sus is, To feel, to see him near.
 pure on earth, As on thy spot - less shore.
 dear - est Lord Is fur - nish - ing for me.
 think I hear Faint fragments of thy song.

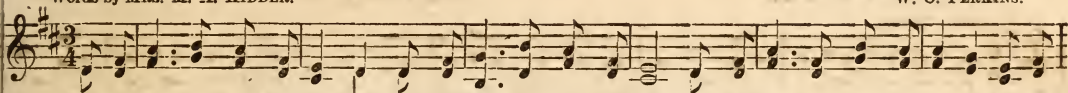
ev - er in the light, All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

JESUS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

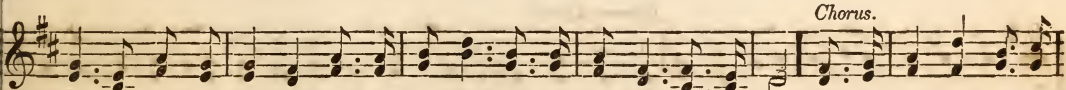
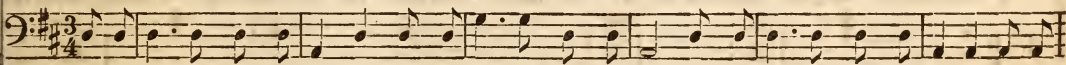
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Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

W. O. PERKINS.

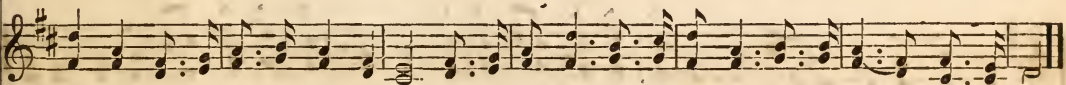
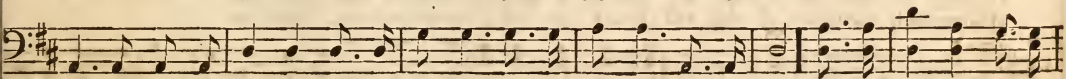


1. It is Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, We have heard His step before, He is coming now to meet us ; With his
2. Oh ! how gentle is the coming Of the Lamb for sinners slain ; How He pit - ies all our weakness, While He
3. Nev - er banquet hall or pal - ace En - tertained so sweet a guest, By his dy - ing grace and mer - it ; In the
4. Then, when done with earthly trials You shall seek the golden land, When you plead for peace immortal, When you



Chorus.

lov - ing words to greet us ; Hark, He's knocking, yes, He's knocking At the door ! It is Je - sus ! it is
counsels us in meekness, See ! He's waiting, shall His waiting Be in vain ?
chamber of your Spir - it ; In the chamber of your Spir - it Bid Him rest !
knock at Heaven's por - tal He shall welcome you to joys at His right hand.



Je - sus ! At the door of guilt and sin ! Hark, He's knocking, yes, He's knocking, Let Him in ! let Him in !



Words by MRS. H. E. BRADY.

Arranged by J. L. ENSIGN. From "The Child at Home."

Solo. Slowly.

1. Beau-ti-ful an-gels, where are ye? Thro' the still air now an - swer me; In the fair heavens far aw
 2. Beau-ti-ful an-gels, where are ye? Thro' the still air now an - swer me; Ev - er on ea - ger wing we m
 3. Beau-ti-ful an-gels, where are ye? Thro' the still air now an - swer me. Showing the lost the homeward v
 4. Beau-ti-ful an-gels, where are ye? Thro' the still air now an - swer me. Lo, at the precious Master's f
 5. Beau-ti-ful an-gels, we would be, Ev - er, dear Je - sus, prais - ing thee; Waiting or work - ing, doing s

Chorus. Lively.

Worshiping Je - sus night and day; Veiling our fa - ces, thus we sing, Glory to thee, our Saviour King
 Do - ing his work, his will to prove; La - bor is worship, thus we sing, Glory, &c.
 Touching the lips unused to pray; Teaching is worship: thus we sing, Glory, &c.
 Gaz - ing, a - dor - ing, rapt we sit, Loving is worship: thus we sing, Glory, &c.
 Heavenward, earthward, all thy will; Ready at last to mount and sing, Glory, &c.

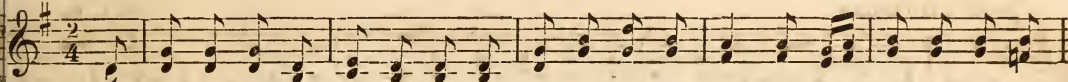
Glo - ry to thee, our Saviour, King, Glo - ry to thee, our Saviour, King, Glo - ry to thee, our Saviour, K

COME TAKE A STAND FOR JESUS.

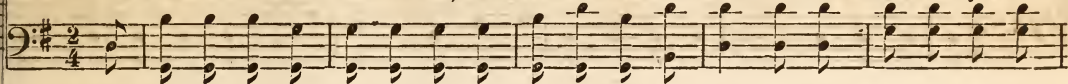
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Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

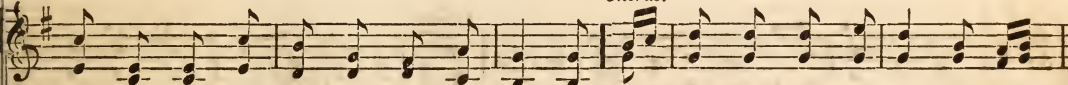
W. O. P.



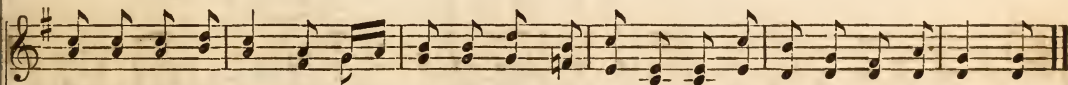
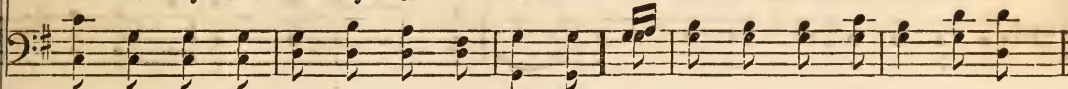
1. O leave the crowded ranks of sin, And heed our in - vi - ta - tion : Come out and join with -
2. We'll fight the bat-tles of the Lord, And nev - er weary, nev - er, Un - til vic - to - rious
3. We'll nev - er fear to meet the foe, Or face the raging li - on, U - nit - ed in our
4. With-in the borders of that land We hear the angels sing-ing Their hal - le - lu - jahs
5. Then leave the crowded ranks of sin, And heed our in - vi - ta - tion : Come out and join with -



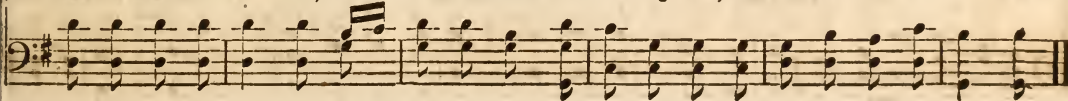
Chorus.



out de - lay The ar - my of sal - va - tion. Come take the ground for Je - sus, Oh!
 we go home To reign with him for - ev - er.
 glo - rious work, We're marching up to Zi - on.
 to the Lamb While gold - en harps are ring - ing.
 out de - lay The ar - my of sal - va - tion.

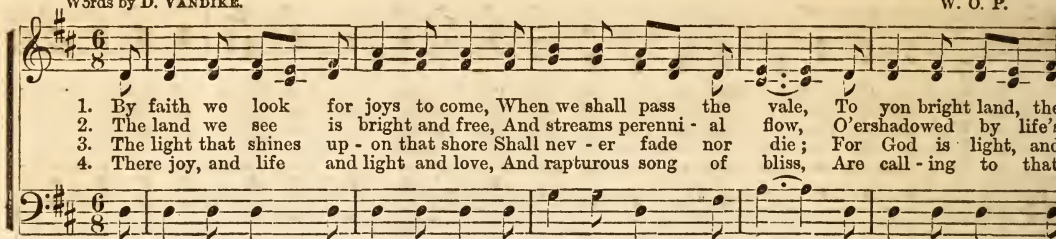


take a stand for Je - sus, Ye valiant hearts with burning zeal, Come take a stand for Je - sus.



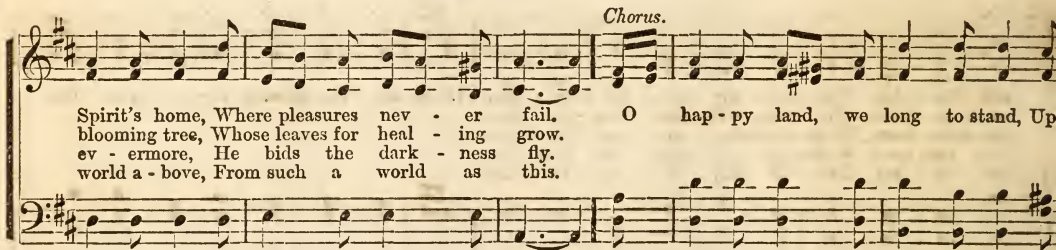
Words by D. VANDIKE.

W. O. P.



1. By faith we look for joys to come, When we shall pass the vale, To yon bright land, the
 2. The land we see is bright and free, And streams perenni - al flow, O'ershadowed by life's
 3. The light that shines up - on that shore Shall nev - er fade nor die; For God is light, and
 4. There joy, and life and light and love, And rapturous song of bliss, Are call - ing to that

Chorus.



Spirit's home, Where pleasures nev - er fail. O hap - py land, we long to stand, Up
 blooming tree, Whose leaves for heal - ing grow.
 ev - ernmore, He bids the dark - ness fly.
 world a - bove, From such a world as this.



on thy shore, and sing, With all that throng, a joy - ful song Of praise to God our King.

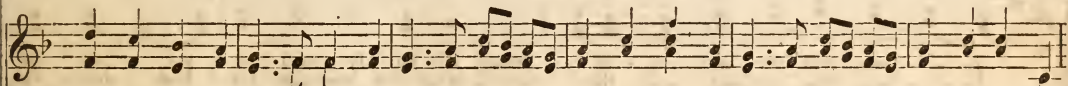
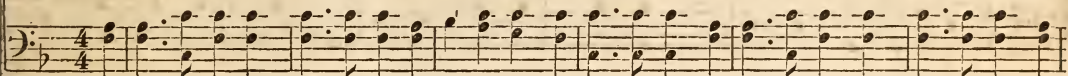
I LOVE HIM, FOR HE FIRST LOVED ME.

71

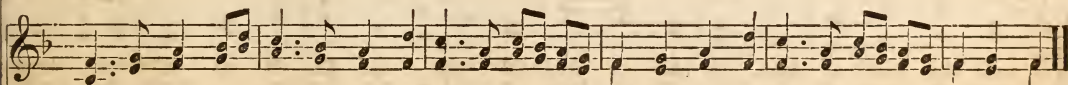
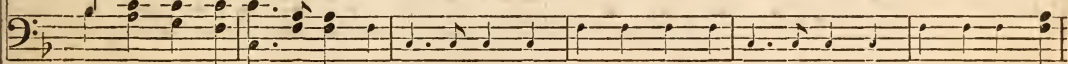
Words by MARY B. C. SLADE.



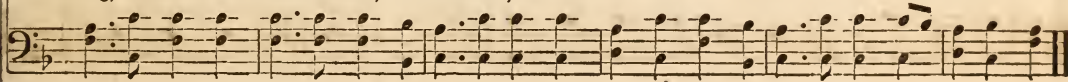
1. I love my Father, for, on high His hand hath formed the wondrous sky, The sun by day, the moon by night; The
2. I love my Father, for He gave The great and mighty ocean wave; The rills that sing, the streams that flow; The
3. I love my Father; I have heard The wondrous story of his word. I know He hears my song and prayer, I



countless stars, the rainbow bright. For me, his mighty hand hath spread, This shining glo-ry o'er my head. I
hills a - bove, the vales below. The stars, the streams, the sea, the land, Came from his kind and lov-ing hand. I
know He keeps me, everywhere. I know when I shall come to die, He'll bear me safe-ly up on high: I'll



sing when all his work I see, I love him, for He first loved me! I love him, for He first loved me!
sing when all his work I see, I love him, &c.
sing, when there his face I see, I love him, &c.



COME, LET US SING OF JESUS.

1. Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and ac - cents blend ; Come, let us sing of
 2. We love to sing of Je - sus, Who wept our path a - long, We love to sing of
 3. We love to sing of Je - sus, Who died our souls to save ; We love to sing of
 4. Then let us sing of Je - sus, While yet on earth we stay, And hope to sing of

Je - - sus, The sin - ner's on - ly friend. His ho - ly soul re - joic - es, A -
 Je - - sus, The tempted and the strong. None who besought his heal - ing, He
 Je - - sus, Triumph - ant o'er the grave ; And in the hour of dan - ger, We'll
 Je - - sus, Throughout e - ter - nal day. For those who here con - fess him, He

mid the choirs a - bove, To hear our youth - ful voic - es, Ex - ult - ing in his love.
 passed un - heed - ed by ; And still re - tains his feel - ing, For us, a - bove the sky.
 trust his love a - lone, Who once slept in a man - ger, And now sits on the throne
 will in heaven con - fess ; And faith - ful hearts that bless him, He will for - ev - er bless.

Chorus.

Then come and sing of Je - sus, The sinner's on - ly friend ; He loves to hear our voi - - es, Ho

loves to hear our voi - - - ces, In joy - ful ac - cents blend, In joy - ful ac - cents blend.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes. The first line of the chorus ends with a repeat sign, and the second line continues the melody and lyrics.

HEBRON. L. M.

DR. L. MASON. By permission.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days ; And ev'ry evening shall make known, Some fresh memorials of his grace.

2. Almighty God, to thee on high, With reverence would my spirit bow ; How frail a creature, Lord, am I, Eternal One, how great art thou.

3. Thy boundless love invites us near, And bids us look to heaven our home ; As children, then, we will not fear : With our meek offerings, Lord, we come.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in D minor (two flats) and 3/4 time. The melody is more complex than the first song, with a key signature change from D minor to B-flat major (two flats) in the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words in italics.

Words written for this work.

1. How beautiful the morning That ushers in the day, When Sabbath bells are calling all The world to praise and pray, When
 2. The bright and peaceful Sabbath, Best day of all the seven, When I may turn my wandering tho'ts Away to God and heav'n, In
 3. When all these blessed Sabbaths On earth, for me, are past, Oh ! may I join the blood-wash'd throng, And rest with Christ at last, Put

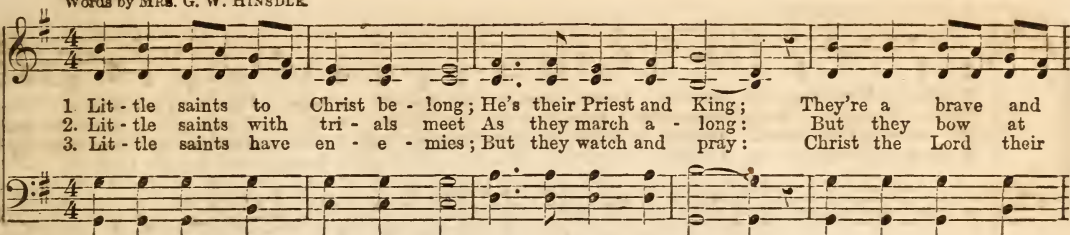
Christian homes are cheerful With God's abound-ing love, And fervent hearts are sending up Their holy songs above, Oh !
 prayerful med - i - ta-tion, I'll pass the pleasant time, And think of my dear home above, In yonder blessed clime. Oh !
 on the crown ce - les - tial, The robe of spotless white, The garment fair that angels wear In Eden's realms of light. Oh !

fair and golden morning, Oh ! sweet and ro - sy dawn, The very air proclaims to man That Christ the Lord is born !

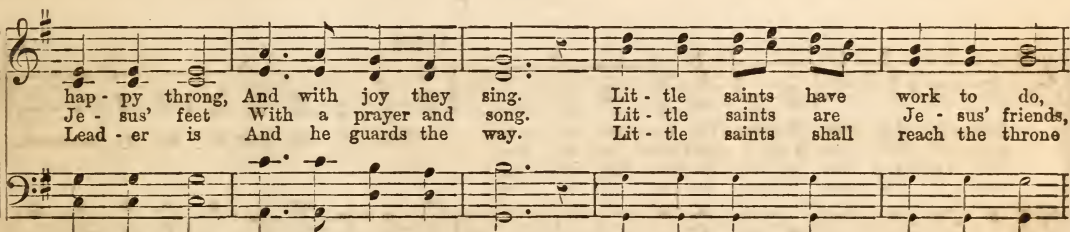
LITTLE SAINTS.

75

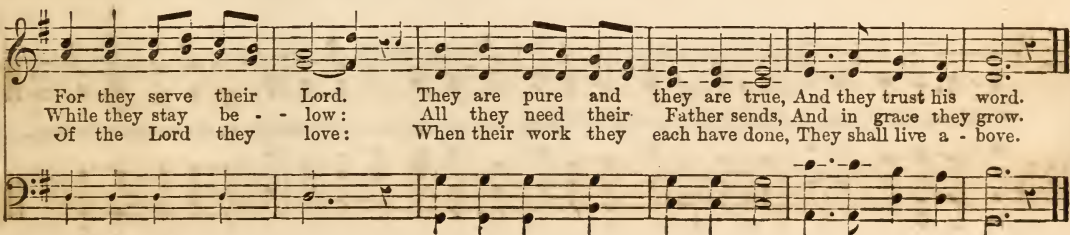
Words by MRS. G. W. HINSDEL.



1. Lit - tle saints to Christ be - long; He's their Priest and King; They're a brave and
 2. Lit - tle saints with tri - als meet As they march a - long: But they bow at
 3. Lit - tle saints have en - e - mies; But they watch and pray: Christ the Lord their



hap - py throng, And with joy they sing. Lit - tle saints have work to do,
 Je - sus' feet With a prayer and song. Lit - tle saints are Je - sus' friends,
 Lead - er is And he guards the way. Lit - tle saints shall reach the throne

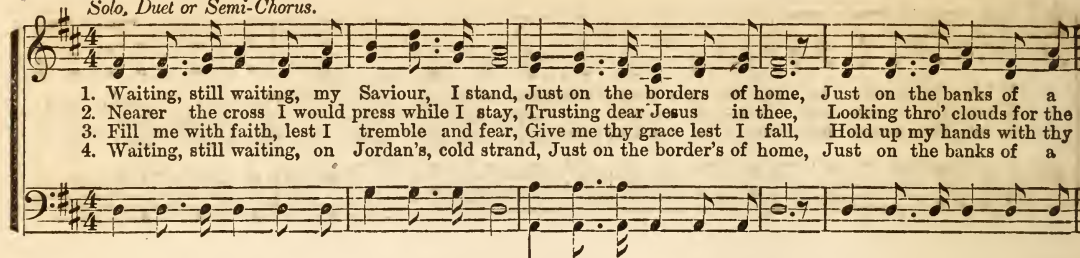


For they serve their Lord. They are pure and they are true, And they trust his word.
 While they stay be - - low: All they need their Father sends, And in grace they grow.
 Of the Lord they love: When their work they each have done, They shall live a - bove.

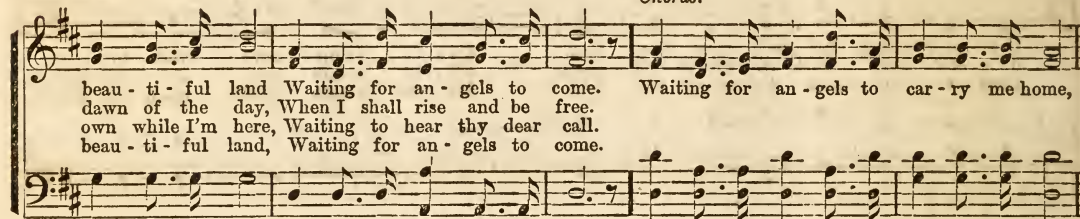
WAITING FOR ANGELS.

Words written for this work.

W. O. P.

Solo, Duet or Semi-Chorus.


1. Waiting, still waiting, my Saviour, I stand, Just on the borders of home, Just on the banks of a
 2. Nearer the cross I would press while I stay, Trusting dear Jesus in thee, Looking thro' clouds for the
 3. Fill me with faith, lest I tremble and fear, Give me thy grace lest I fall, Hold up my hands with thy
 4. Waiting, still waiting, on Jordan's, cold strand, Just on the border's of home, Just on the banks of a

Chorus.


beau - ti - ful land Waiting for an - gels to come. Waiting for an - gels to car - ry me home,
 dawn of the day, When I shall rise and be free.
 own while I'm here, Waiting to hear thy dear call.
 beau - ti - ful land, Waiting for an - gels to come.

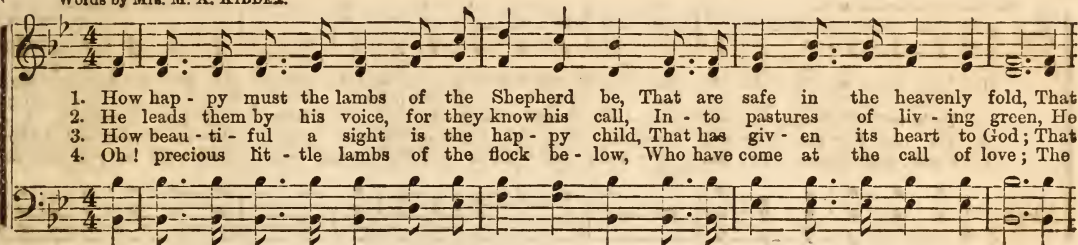


Watching and waiting, Saviour I stand, Angels to bear me on pinions of love, Up to the beau-ti - ful land.

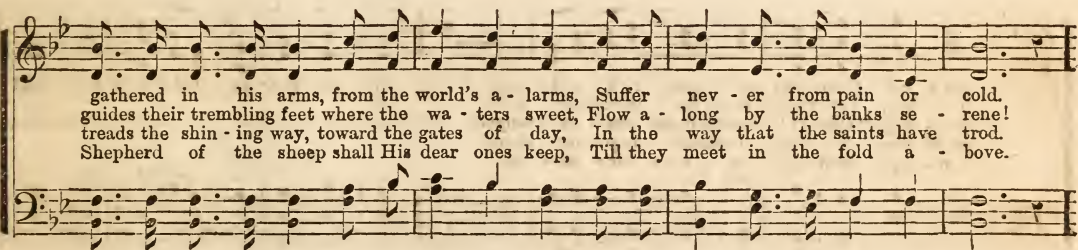
THE LAMBS OF THE FLOCK.

77

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.



1. How hap - py must the lambs of the Shepherd be, That are safe in the heavenly fold, That
 2. He leads them by his voice, for they know his call, In - to pastures of liv - ing green, He
 3. How beau - ti - ful a sight is the hap - py child, That has giv - en its heart to God; That
 4. Oh! precious lit - tle lambs of the flock be - low, Who have come at the call of love; The



gathered in his arms, from the world's a - larms, Suffer nev - er from pain or cold.
 guides their trembling feet where the wa - ters sweet, Flow a - long by the banks se - rene!
 treads the shin - ing way, toward the gates of day, In the way that the saints have trod.
 Shepherd of the sheep shall His dear ones keep, Till they meet in the fold a - bove.

Chorus.



Come, gen - tle Shepherd, oh! come in thy love, Guide the waiting lambs be - low to mansions of love.

1. Lo! the gos - pel ship is sail - ing, Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore, All who wish to sail for
 2. Thousands she has safe - ly land - ed, Far be - yond this mortal shore; Thousands still are sailing
 3. Sails well filled with heavenly breez - es Swiftly waft the ship a - long, All her com - pa - ny re -
 4. Do not fear the ship will founder, Tho' the foaming billows roar; Je - sus Christ will safely
 5. Come, poor sinners, be con - ver - ted; Sail with us o'er life's rough sea; And with us you will be

Chorus.

glo - ry, Come and wel - come, rich and poor. Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
 in her, Yet there's room for thousands more.
 joic - ing, "Glo - ry!" bursts from eve - ry tongue.
 guide her, To her' destined hap - py shore.
 hap - py, Hap - py in e - ter - ni - ty.

All her sailors loudly cry; . . . While the blissful port of glory, opens to each faithful eye.
 cry, loudly cry.

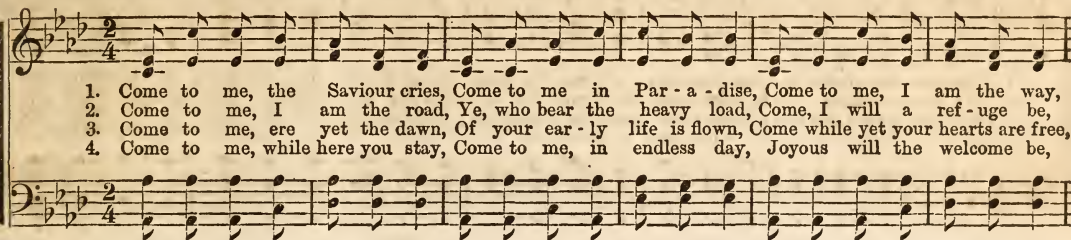
LITTLE CHILDREN, COME TO ME.

79

Words written for this work.

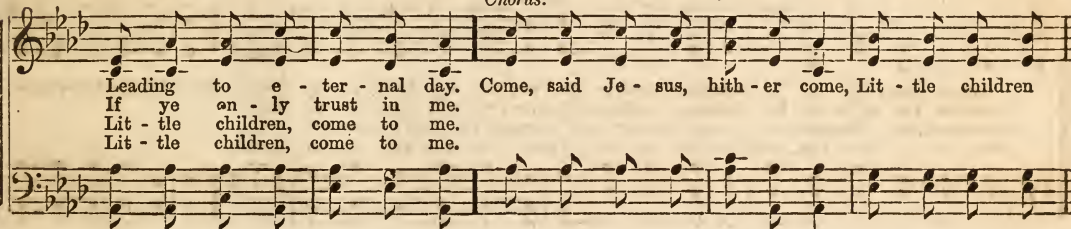
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"But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Mat., xix. 14.

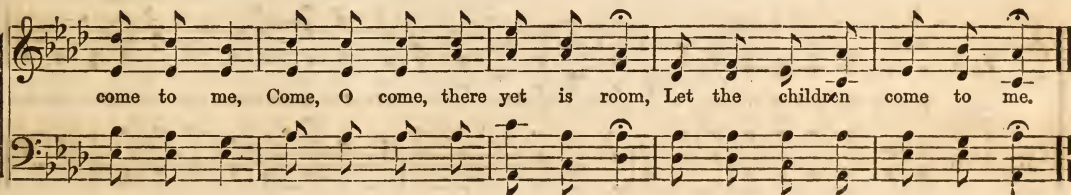


1. Come to me, the Saviour cries, Come to me in Par - a - dise, Come to me, I am the way,
 2. Come to me, I am the road, Ye, who bear the heavy load, Come, I will a ref - uge be,
 3. Come to me, ere yet the dawn, Of your ear - ly life is flown, Come while yet your hearts are free,
 4. Come to me, while here you stay, Come to me, in endless day, Joyous will the welcome be,

Chorus.



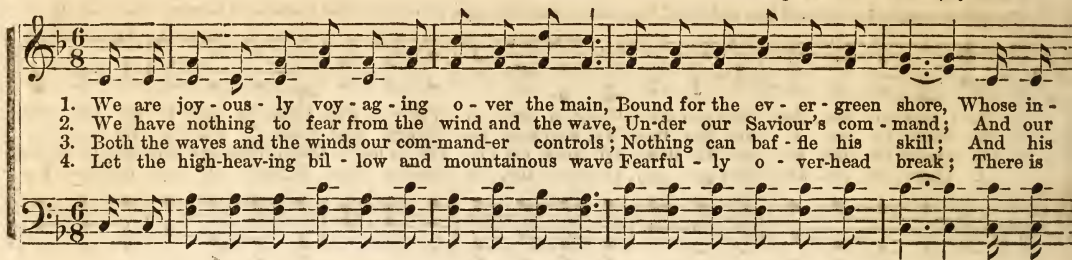
Leading to e - ter - nal day. Come, said Je - sus, hith - er come, Lit - tle children
 If ye on - ly trust in me.
 Lit - tle children, come to me.
 Lit - tle children, come to me.



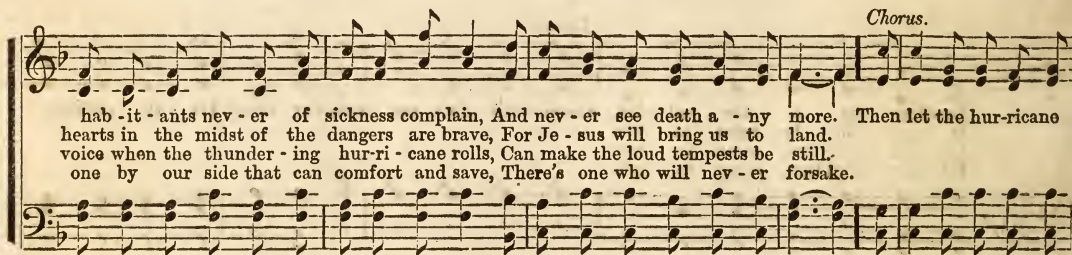
come to me, Come, O come, there yet is room, Let the children come to me.

THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

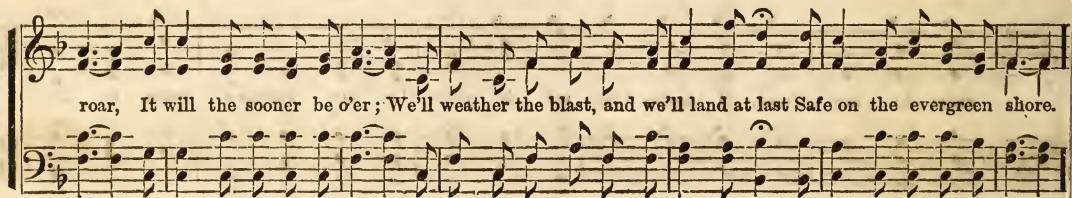
Arranged from the German, by W. O. P.



1. We are joy - ous - ly voy - ag - ing o - ver the main, Bound for the ev - er - green shore, Whose in -
 2. We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave, Un - der our Saviour's com - mand; And our
 3. Both the waves and the winds our com - mand - er controls; Nothing can baf - fle his skill; And his
 4. Let the high - heav - ing bil - low and mountainous wave Fearful - ly o - ver - head break; There is



Chorus.
 hab - it - ants nev - er of sickness complain, And nev - er see death a - ny more. Then let the hur - rican
 hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave, For Je - sus will bring us to land.
 voice when the thunder - ing hur - ri - cane rolls, Can make the loud tempests be still.
 one by our side that can comfort and save, There's one who will nev - er forsake.

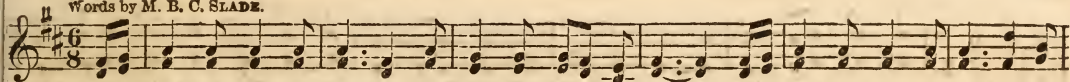


roar, It will the sooner be o'er; We'll weather the blast, and we'll land at last Safe on the evergreen shore.

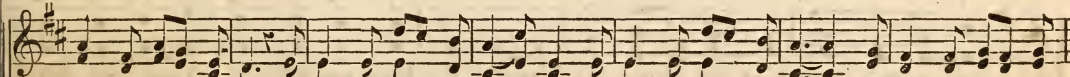
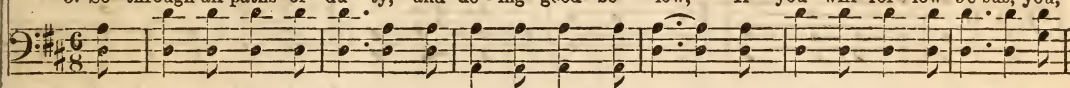
FOLLOWING JESUS.

81

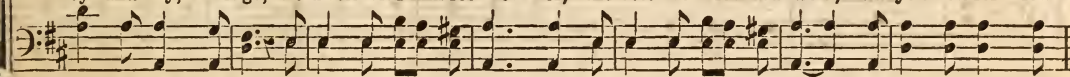
Words by M. B. C. SLADE.



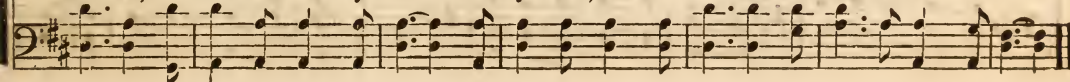
1. Come hither, lit - tle children, Oh, will you, will you go, Where Je - sus went before you, The
2. His foot-prints bright and shining, the way will sure - ly show, A - mong the poor and needy, where
3. The sick, and weak, and fee - ble, the lame, and deaf, and blind. The lov - ing heart of Je - sus was
4. The way is ver - y nar - row, the path is ver - y straight, But Je - sus went up thro' it to
5. So through all paths of du - ty, and do - ing good be - low, If you will fol - low Je - sus, you,



heavenly way to show? Until life's journey's end - ed, and all it's work is done, Oh! will you fol - low
 Je - sus used to go. The poor are al - ways with us, their doors we can - not shun, If we would fol - low
 al - ways sure to find. Oh! swift to help the suff'ring, your lit - tle feet must run. If you would fol - low
 find the pearl - y gate, The gold - en street it en - ters when here our journey's done. Where we shall walk with
 by and by, shall go, To dwell with him for - ev - er, the best be - lov - ed Son; If you will fol - low



Je - sus, the meek and low - ly one? Oh! will you fol - low Je - sus, the meek and low - ly one?
 Je - sus, the meek and low - ly one? If we would, &c.
 Je - sus, the meek and low - ly one? If you would, &c.
 Je - sus, the meek and low - ly one? Where we shall walk with, &c.
 Je - sus, the meek and low - ly one? If you will, &c.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be - neath thy con - tem
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an
 3. And they who, with their Lead - er, Have conquered in the fight, For ev - er and for
 4. Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect; Oh, sweet and bless - ed

pla - tion, Sink heart and voice to rest, I know not—Oh! I know not What
 an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng. There is the throne of Da - vid, And
 ev - er Are clad in robes of white. Oh, land that seest no sor - row, Oh,
 coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To

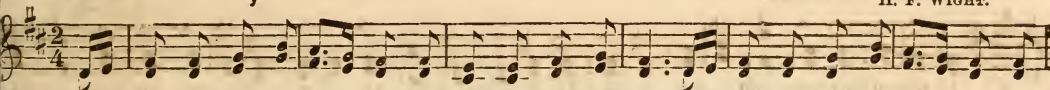
joys a - wait me there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 there, from toil re - leased, The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.
 state that fear's no strife, Oh, roy - al land of flow - ers, Oh, realms and home of life.
 that dear land of rest, Who art, with God the Fa - ther And Spir - it ev - er blest.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

83

7

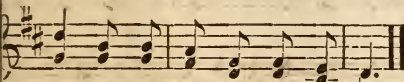
H. F. WIGHT.



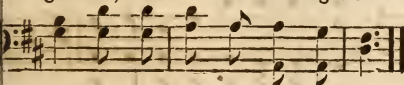
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, I languish for one gleam Of all thy glo - ry fold - en In
2. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, Methinks each flower that blows, And eve - ry bird that's sing - ing, Of
3. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, Where loft - i - ly they sing, O'er pain and sorrow's old - en For
4. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, There all our birds that flew—Our flowers but half un - fold - en, Our



distance, and in dream! My tho'ts like palms in ex - ile, Climb up to look and pray, That I may see that
the same se - cret knows! I know not what the flow - ers Can feel, or sing - ers see, But all these summer
ev - er triumph - ing, Low - ly may be thy por - tal, And dark may be the door, The mansion is im -
pearls that turned to dew, And all the glad life - mu - sic Now heard no long - er here, Shall come a - gain to



country, That lies so far a - way.
raptures, Are pro - phe - cies of thee.
mor - tal! God's palace for his poor.
greet us, As we are drawing near.



5

Jerusalem the Golden!

I toil on day by day;

Heart-sore each night with longing,

I stretch my hands and pray,

That, midst the leaves of healing,

My soul may find her nest,

Where wicked cease from troubling,—

The weary are at rest.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

W. O. P.

1. Is it well with your soul to-day, brother, Is it well with you, to-day? Are your sins all forgiven, of
 2. Have you prayed to the Lord, to-day, brother, The Lord, the Lord, to-day? Have you lift-ed your eyes to-
 3. Have you conquered a foe to-day, brother, A foe, a foe, to-day, Have you suffered one loss fo
 4. Can you look up with faith, to-day, brother, With faith, with faith, to-day? Is the ho-ri-zon clear twi
 5. Do you cherish a hope to-day, brother, A hope, a hope, to-day? That the an-gels will come, an

Chorus.

God in heaven, Is it well with your soul to-day? There's a fountain that's set for you, brother, A
 you - der skies, Is it well with your soul to-day?
 Je - sus' cross, Is it well with your soul to-day?
 heaven and here, Is it well with your soul to-day?
 bear you home, Is it well with your soul to-day?

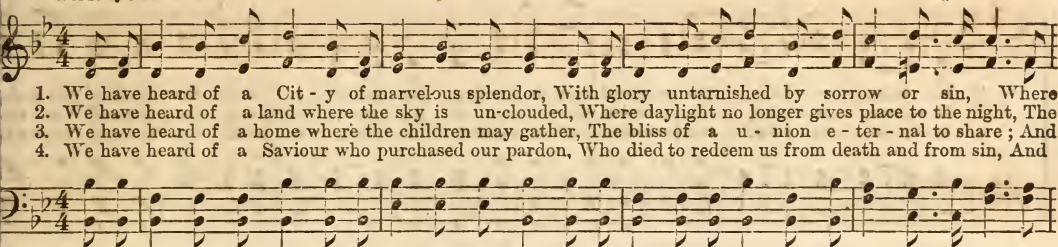
fountain of blood for you, You may wash and be clean from every stain, Is it well with your soul to-day?

THERE IS OUR HOME.

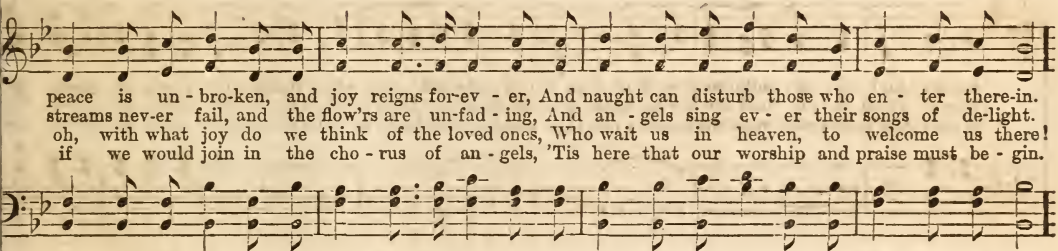
85

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

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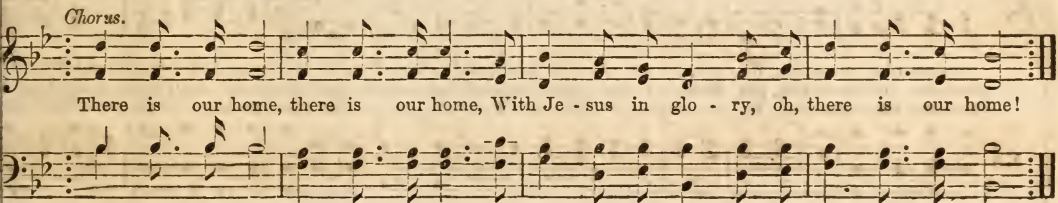


1. We have heard of a Cit - y of marvelous splendor, With glory untarnished by sorrow or sin, Where
 2. We have heard of a land where the sky is un-clouded, Where daylight no longer gives place to the night, The
 3. We have heard of a home where the children may gather, The bliss of a u - nion e - ter - nal to share; And
 4. We have heard of a Saviour who purchased our pardon, Who died to redeem us from death and from sin, And



peace is un - broken, and joy reigns for-ev - er, And naught can disturb those who en - ter there-in.
 streams nev - er fail, and the flow'rs are un-fad - ing, And an - gels sing ev - er their songs of de-light.
 oh, with what joy do we think of the loved ones, Who wait us in heaven, to welcome us there!
 if we would join in the cho - rus of an - gels, 'Tis here that our worship and praise must be - gin.

Chorus.



There is our home, there is our home, With Je - sus in glo - ry, oh, there is our home!

Spirited.

W. O. P.

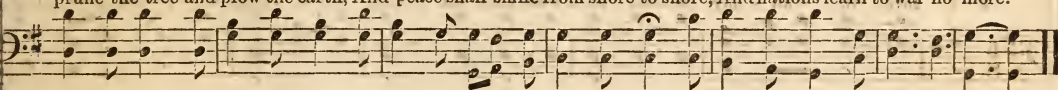
1. Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is coming, Re - joice, re - joice, the Prince of Peace shall
 2. Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is coming, Re - joice, re - joice, the Prince of Peace shall
 3. Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is coming, Re - joice, re - joice, the Prince of Peace shall

reign; And Zi - on's children then shall sing, The deserts all are blossom-ing, Re - joice, re - joice, the
 reign; From Zi - on shall the law go forth, And all shall hear from south to north: Re - joice, re - joice, the
 reign; And lambs shall with the leopard play, For nought shall harm in Zi-on's way: Re - joice, re - joice, the

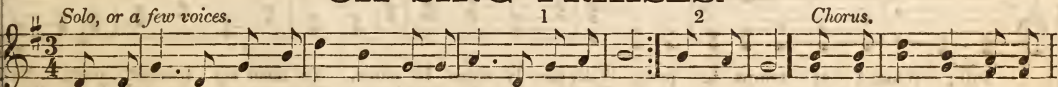
promised time is coming, Re - joice, re-joice, the Prince of Peace shall reign: The gospel banner wide unfurled, S
 promised time is coming, Re - joice, re-joice, the Prince of Peace shall reign: And truth shall sit on every hill,
 promised time is coming, Re-joice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign; The sword and spear of needless worth, S



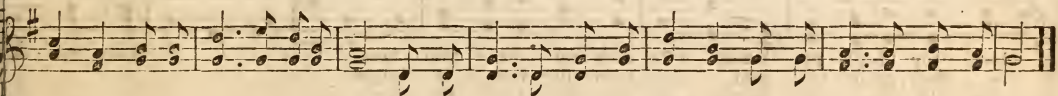
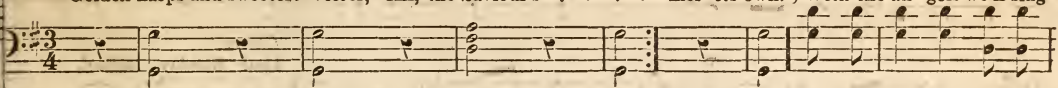
wave in triumph o'er the world, And every creature, bond and free, Shall hail the glorious ju - bi - lee.
blessings flow in eve - ry rill, And praise shall every heart employ, And every voice shall shout with joy.
prune the tree and plow the earth, And peace shall smile from shore to shore, And nations learn to war no more.



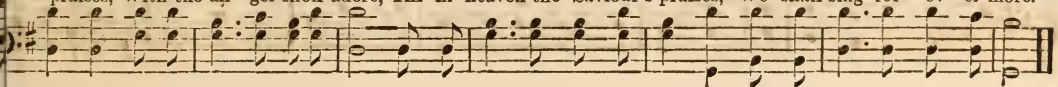
OH SING PRAISES.

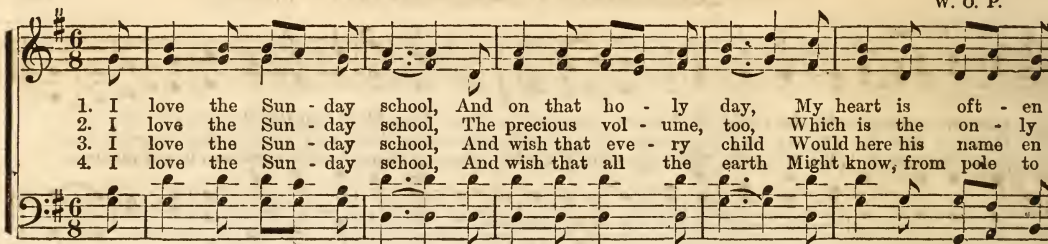


- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Oh sing praises, all ye children! Sing of Jesus' boundless love,
Who in mercy and compas-sion, Bids us come to him a - bove. | } Oh sing prais-es! oh sing
} Oh sing prais-es! oh sing
} With the an - gels we'll sing |
| 2. Oh sing praises to the Saviour, Lamb of God! for sinners slain,
Precious truth! our joy for ev - er! Tho' he died, he lives a - gain. | |
| 3. With the angels sing his praises, Saints and angels round the throne,
Golden harps and sweetest voices, All, the Saviour's mer - its own. | |

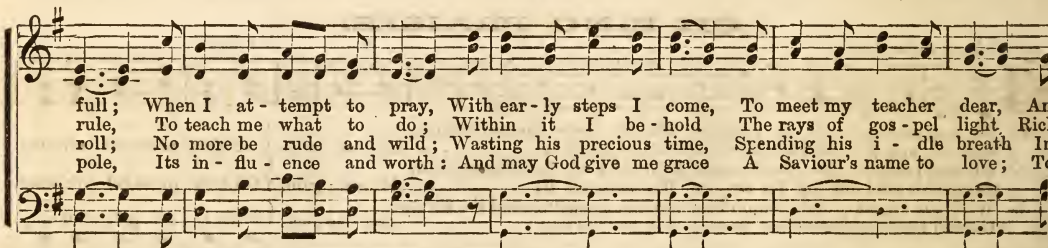


praises! Sing his praise for evermore, While we journey on as pilgrims, Till the conflict shall be o'er.
praises! Sing his praise for evermore, As we journey we'll sing praises, Till we reach the heavenly shore.
praises, With the an - gel choir adore, Till in heaven the Saviour's praises, We shall sing for ev - er-more.





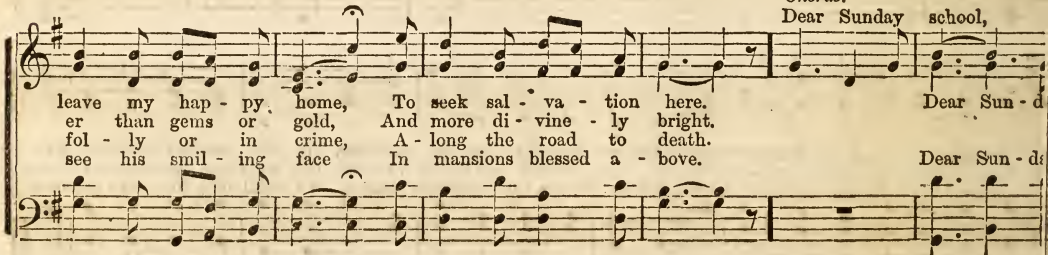
1. I love the Sun - day school, And on that ho - ly day, My heart is oft - en
 2. I love the Sun - day school, The precious vol - ume, too, Which is the on - ly
 3. I love the Sun - day school, And wish that eve - ry child Would here his name en
 4. I love the Sun - day school, And wish that all the earth Might know, from pole to



full; When I at - tempt to pray, With ear - ly steps I come, To meet my teacher dear, And
 rule, To teach me what to do; Within it I be - hold The rays of gos - pel light Rich
 roll; No more be rude and wild; Wasting his precious time, Spending his i - dle breath In
 pole, Its in - flu - ence and worth: And may God give me grace A Saviour's name to love; To

Chorus.

Dear Sunday school,



leave my hap - py home, To seek sal - va - tion here, Dear Sun - d
 er than gems or gold, And more di - vine - ly bright.
 fol - ly or in crime, A - long the road to death.
 see his smil - ing face In mansions blessed a - bove. Dear Sun - d

Dear Sun-day school, May I ev - er, &c.

Repeat ad lib.

school, Dear Sun-day school, I'll ev - er, ev - er love the dear Sun - day school.

THERE, THERE IS REST.

Allegretto.

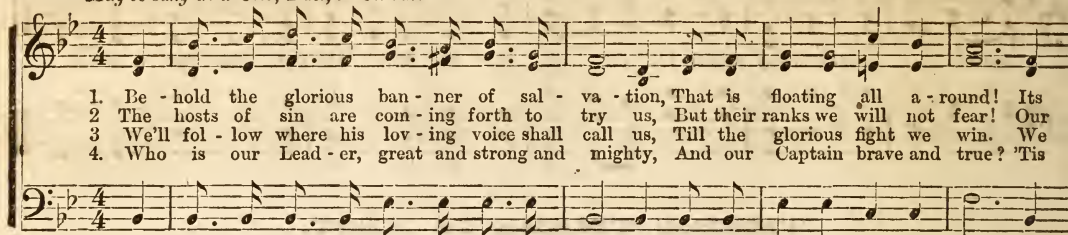
1. Come, poor pilgrim, sad and weary, Why heaves thy breast, Roaming thro' the world so dreary, Sighing for rest.
2. There is rest for thee in glo - ry, Among the blest, Listen to the joy - ful sto - ry, There, there is rest.
3. There are those who've gone before us, All who are blest, Singing now the hap-py chorus, There, there is rest.
4. There the golden harps are ringing, Harps of the blest, And the angel bands are singing, There, there is rest.
5. We shall meet where parting never Comes to the blest; And we'll safely dwell fo-rev-er in heavenly rest.

Chorus. Ad Lib.

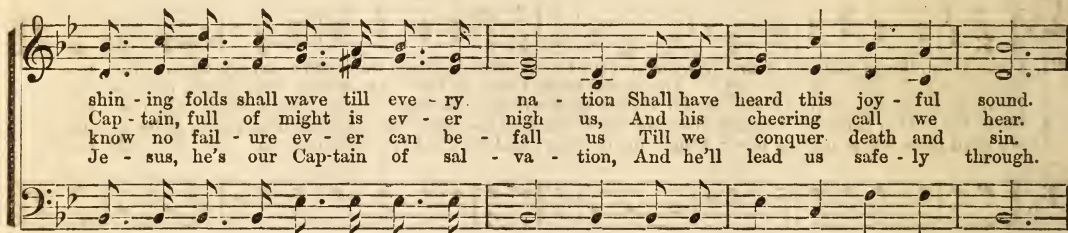
Rest, rest, sweet, sweet rest. Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.

THE BANNER OF SALVATION.

Words by M. B. C. SLADE.

May be sung as a Solo, Duet, or Chorus.


1. Be - hold the glorious ban - ner of sal - va - tion, That is floating all a - round! Its
 2 The hosts of sin are com - ing forth to try us, But their ranks we will not fear! Our
 3 We'll fol - low where his lov - ing voice shall call us, Till the glorious fight we win. We
 4. Who is our Lead - er, great and strong and mighty, And our Captain brave and true? 'Tis

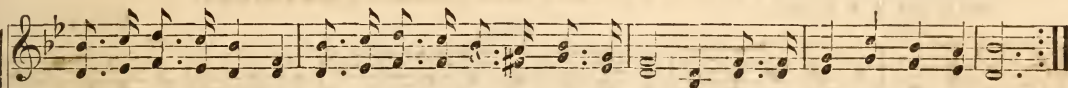


shin - ing folds shall wave till eve - ry na - tion Shall have heard this joy - ful sound.
 Cap - tain, full of might is ev - er nigh us, And his cheering call we hear.
 know no fail - ure ev - er can be - fall us Till we conquer death and sin.
 Je - sus, he's our Cap - tain of sal - va - tion, And he'll lead us safe - ly through.

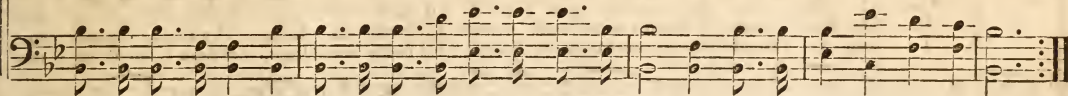
Chorus.


We're marching on, Till the shin - ing heights we see; We're marching on, Till the

Marching on, Marching on,



world from sin is free! Then ral - ly 'neath the banner of sal - va - tion, Where we'll fight for vic - to - ry.

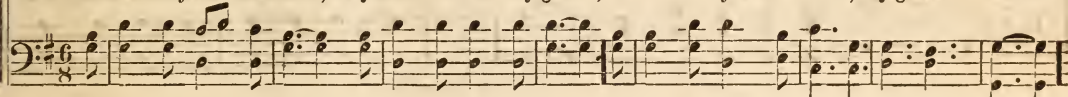


NEARER MY HOME.

Arranged from J. M. E.



1. A crown of glo - ry bright, By faith's clear eyes I see, In yonder realms of light Prepared for me.
2. Oh, may I faithful prove, And keep the crown in view, And thro' the storms of life My way pur - sue.
3. Je - sus be thou my guide, My dai - ly steps at-tend; Oh, keep me near thy side, Be thou my friend.
4. Be thou my shield and sun, My Saviour and My guard; And when my work is done, My great re - ward.

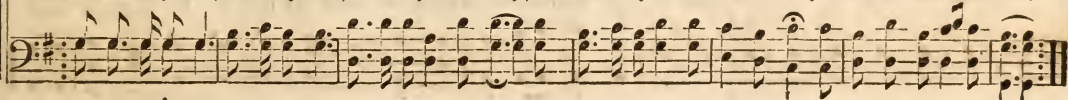


Chorus.

Repeat *pp*

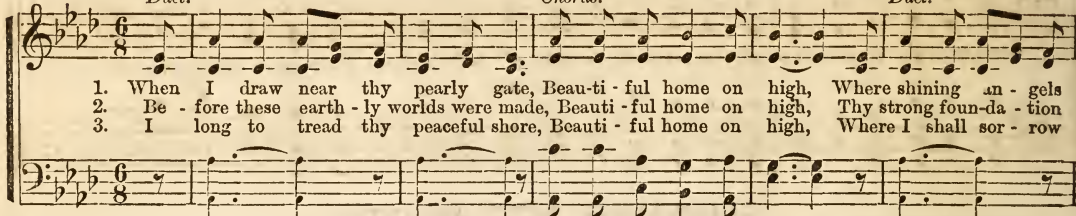


I'm nearer my home, nearer my home, nearer my home to-day; Yes! nearer my home in heaven to-day Than ever I was be - fore.

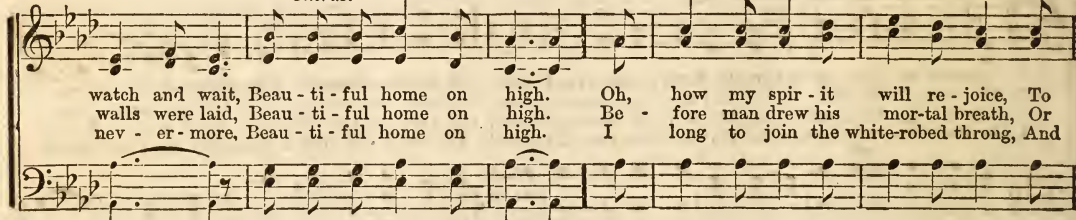


Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

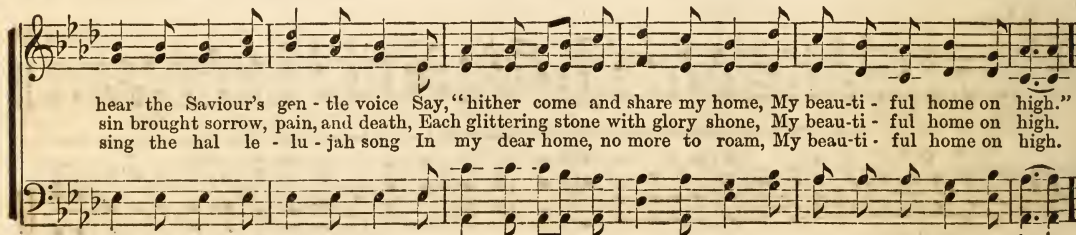
W. O. P.

*Duet.**Chorus.**Duet.*


1. When I draw near thy pearly gate, Beau-ti - ful home on high, Where shining an - gels
 2. Be - fore these earth - ly worlds were made, Beauti - ful home on high, Thy strong foun-da - tion
 3. I long to tread thy peaceful shore, Beauti - ful home on high, Where I shall sor - row

Chorus.


watch and wait, Beau - ti - ful home on high. Oh, how my spir - it will re - joice, To
 walls were laid, Beau - ti - ful home on high. Be - fore man drew his mor-tal breath, Or
 nev - er - more, Beau - ti - ful home on high. I long to join the white-robed throng, And



hear the Saviour's gen - tle voice Say, "hither come and share my home, My beau-ti - ful home on high."
 sin brought sorrow, pain, and death, Each glittering stone with glory shone, My beau-ti - ful home on high.
 sing the hal le - lu - jah song In my dear home, no more to roam, My beau-ti - ful home on high.

Chorus.

To that beau - ti - ful home, I soon shall go if I fol - low the Sa - viour

here be - low, That beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home on high.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

GREGORIAN.

1. Sweet is the work, O Lord. Thy glorious name to sing, To praise and pray, to hear thy word, And grateful offerings bring.
 2. Sweet at the dawning light, Thy boundless love to tell, And when approach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.
 3. Sweet on this day of rest, To join in heart and voice, With those who love and serve thee best, And in thy name rejoice.
 4. To songs of praise and joy Be every Sabbath given, That such may be our blest employ Eternal-ly in heaven.

JESUS, I COME TO THE FOUNT OF LIFE.

Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

ANSWER TO "WATER OF LIFE."

W. O. PERKINS.

1. Je - sus, I come to the fount of life, Gladly oh! so glad-ly! Je - sus I come to the fount of life,
Come to the wa - ters to drink and live, Gladly, oh! so glad-ly! Come to the waters to drink and live,
2. Then will I seek for my home in heaven, Gladly, oh! so glad-ly! Then will I seek for my home in heaven,
Cast-ing my bur - den of sor-row down, Gladly, oh! so gladly! Wearing the robe and the shining crown,
3. Je - sus will meet me when I get there Gladly, oh! so glad-ly! Je - sus will meet me when I get there,
Then let me hast - en to drink and live, Gladly, oh! so glad-ly! Then let me hasten to drink and live,

Duet. *Chorus.*

Glad-ly in thy dear name! The Spir - it and the Bride say come, Free - ly, free - ly,
Glad-ly in thy dear . . . name!
Glad-ly in thy dear name! name!
Glad-ly in thy dear . . . name!
Glad-ly in my dear home! life!
Drink the wa - ter of . . . life!

Duet. *Chorus.* *Chorus.*

free - ly! And he that thirsteth let him come, And drink of the water of life, Dear Saviour, I come so

glad-ly, Gladly, oh! so gladly! Dear Saviour, I come so gladly, Come to the wa - ter of life.

This musical score is for the song 'JESUS, I COME. Concluded.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'glad-ly, Gladly, oh! so gladly! Dear Saviour, I come so gladly, Come to the wa - ter of life.'

ONLY ONE CROSSING OVER.

H. L. FRISBIE.
Fine.

D.C. 1. On-ly one crossing o - ver, Waters all dark and wide, Storms on the fearful billows, Peace on the other side.
2. On-ly one crossing o - ver, Far from the cares of earth, Mansions of rest are open, There is life's newest birth
3. On-ly one crossing o - ver, Sadness, and shroud, and bier, Filling one hour of parting, Then we shall enter there.

This musical score is for the song 'ONLY ONE CROSSING OVER.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'D.C. 1. On-ly one crossing o - ver, Waters all dark and wide, Storms on the fearful billows, Peace on the other side. 2. On-ly one crossing o - ver, Far from the cares of earth, Mansions of rest are open, There is life's newest birth 3. On-ly one crossing o - ver, Sadness, and shroud, and bier, Filling one hour of parting, Then we shall enter there.'

D.C.
Only one scene of anguish, Sorrow in sad words told, Then a sweet sound of singing, Softened by harps of gold.
Look when the fond eyes closing, Speak of the sweet repose, Far from the land of mourning, Heaven shall soon disclose
On-ly one night of tri-al, Borne on the swelling tide, Then to the realms of glory Safe by the Saviour's side.

This musical score is for the song 'ONLY ONE CROSSING OVER.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'D.C. Only one scene of anguish, Sorrow in sad words told, Then a sweet sound of singing, Softened by harps of gold. Look when the fond eyes closing, Speak of the sweet repose, Far from the land of mourning, Heaven shall soon disclose On-ly one night of tri-al, Borne on the swelling tide, Then to the realms of glory Safe by the Saviour's side.'

Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

W. O. P.

1. Tho' the pathway is rough from the earth to the skies, Tho' in sor-row and sadness we roam, Yet we
 2. That fair beau-ti-ful home, where our spirits shall know All the fullness and glo-ry of love, For our
 3. For that re-gion ce-les-tial where an-gel-ic songs Sweetly ech-o thro' heaven's bright dome, Let our
 4. Let us set out for home in the season of youth, When our spir-its are ten-der and true, When the

Chorus.

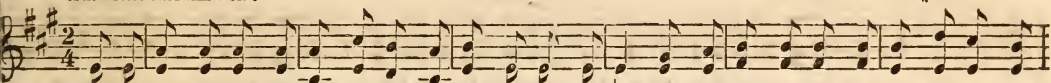
know there's a rest for the saint when he dies, So we'll set out in season for home. Je-sus come, Jesus come,
 tri-als, temptations, and conflicts below, Shall be naught to our pleasures above.
 praises ascend with the glo-ri-fied throng, As we joy-fully set out for home.
 words of the Saviour in sayings of truth, Shall descend on our hearts like the dew.

be thou our guide, While thro' the desert we roam. Jesus come, Jesus come, stand by our side, Now we have set out for home.

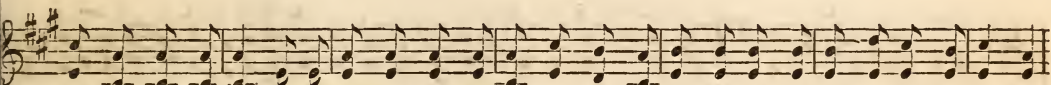
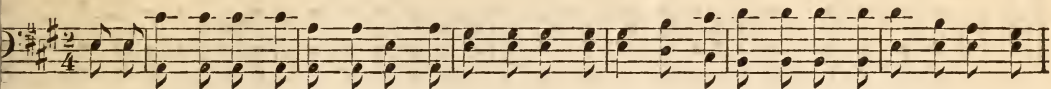
THE GOLDEN DAYS BEFORE US.

87

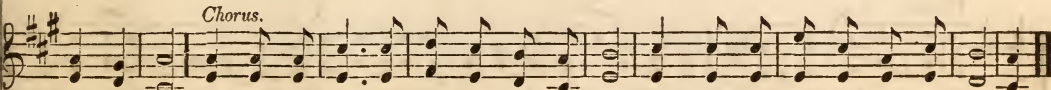
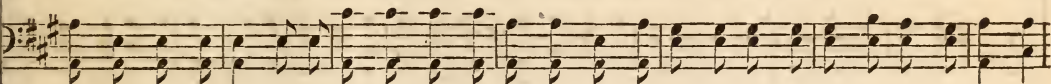
Words written for this work.



1. There are golden days before us, If we're faithful to our trust, If we la - bor in God's vineyard, And let
2. Let us nev - er stand by idle, While there's so much work to do, For the fields are white to harvest, And the
3. And the golden days before us, Shall grow brighter as they pass, As we near the heavenly mansions, And be -

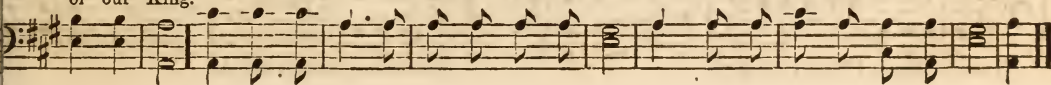


not our talents rust, There are golden days before us, For his love is brooding o'er us, So we'll la - bor
la - bor - ers are few, Let us waken all the sleepers, While we join the bus - y reapers, And so la - bor
hold the sea of glass, Till we en - ter in vic - to - rious, To the kingdom fair and glorious, To the cit - y

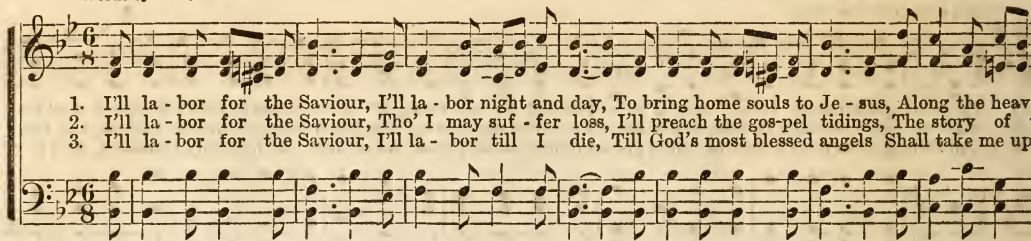


Chorus.

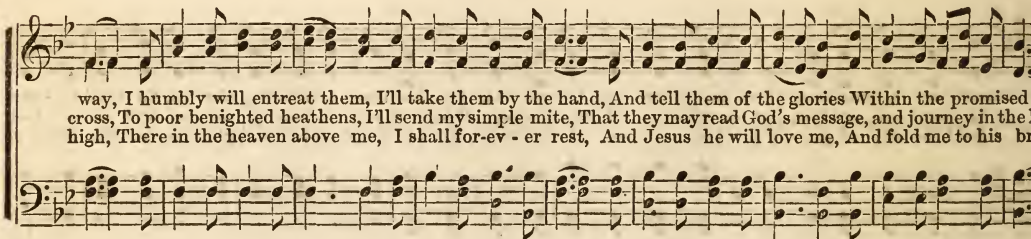
to the end. Sing, let us sing while working for the Lord, Singing and working still for Je - sus.
to the end.
of our King.



Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

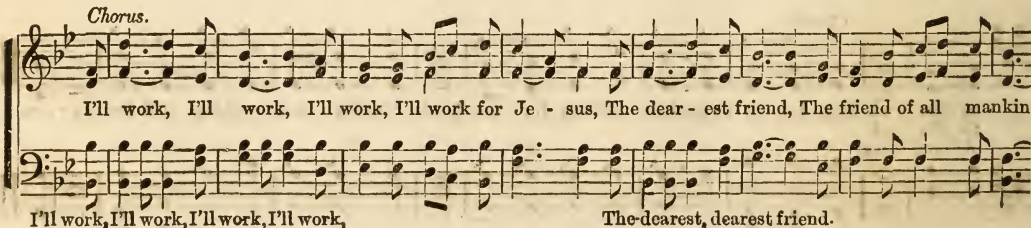


1. I'll la - bor for the Saviour, I'll la - bor night and day, To bring home souls to Je - sus, Along the heav
 2. I'll la - bor for the Saviour, Tho' I may suf - fer loss, I'll preach the gos - pel tidings, The story of
 3. I'll la - bor for the Saviour, I'll la - bor till I die, Till God's most blessed angels Shall take me up



way, I humbly will entreat them, I'll take them by the hand, And tell them of the glories Within the promised
 cross, To poor benighted heathens, I'll send my simple mite, That they may read God's message, and journey in the
 high, There in the heaven above me, I shall for - ev - er rest, And Jesus he will love me, And fold me to his br

Chorus.



I'll work, I'll work, I'll work, I'll work for Je - sus, The dear - est friend, The friend of all mankind
 I'll work, I'll work, I'll work, I'll work, The dearest, dearest friend.

JOURNEYING ON TO CANAAN.

89

Words by MRS. A. A. KIDDER.

W. O. P.

Solo or Duet.

Semi-Chorus.

Solo.

1. Sweet is the Sa - viour's voice of love, Calling me up to Ca - naan ; Smoothing the way to
 2. Je - sus, oh, call my name a - gain, Let me not lose thy fa - vor ; Here in the midst of
 3. Lord, I am weak, but thou art strong. Teach me sweet Calvary's sto - ry ; Holding thy hand I
 4. An - gels now throned the oth - er shore, Beckoning me on to Ca - naan, Where I shall sor - row

Semi-Chorus.

Chorus.

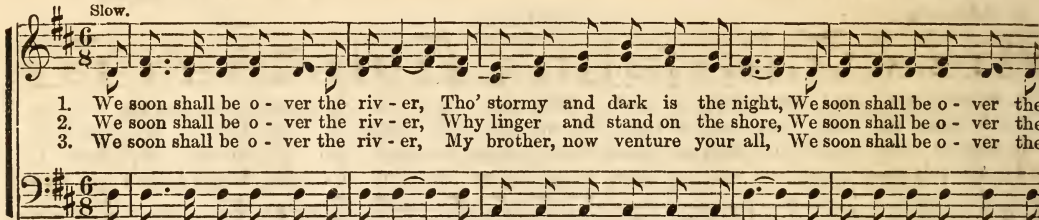
heaven a - bove, Lead - ing me up to Canaan. Jour - ney - ing on, jour - ney - ing on,
 doubt and pain, Trusting, I'd seek my Saviour.
 walk a - long, Sing - ing the songs of glo - ry.
 nev - er more, Tak - ing my rest in Canaan.

Jour - ney - ing on to Canaan, Jour - ney - ing on, we're jour - ney - ing on To Canaan's hap - py land.

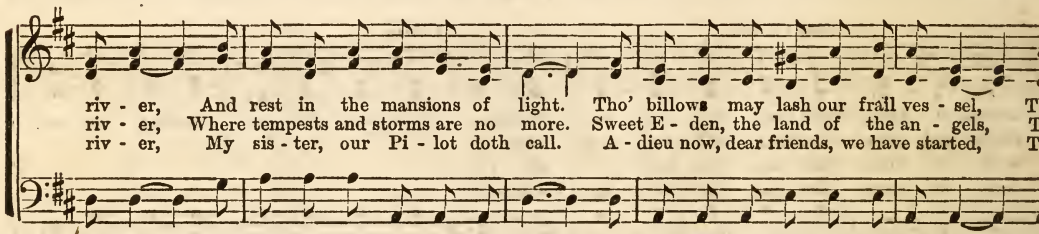
Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

W. O. P.

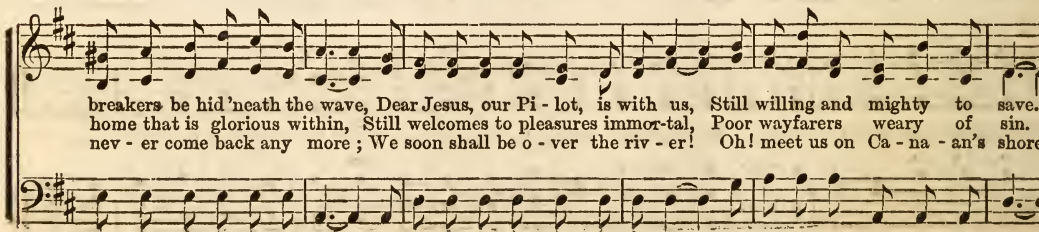
Slow.



1. We soon shall be o - ver the riv - er, Tho' stormy and dark is the night, We soon shall be o - ver the
 2. We soon shall be o - ver the riv - er, Why linger and stand on the shore, We soon shall be o - ver the
 3. We soon shall be o - ver the riv - er, My brother, now venture your all, We soon shall be o - ver the



riv - er, And rest in the mansions of light. Tho' billows may lash our frail ves - sel, T
 riv - er, Where tempests and storms are no more. Sweet E - den, the land of the an - gels, T
 riv - er, My sis - ter, our Pi - lot doth call. A - dieu now, dear friends, we have started, T

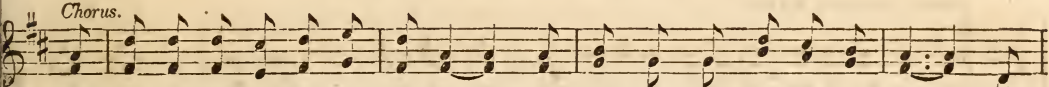


breakers be hid 'neath the wave, Dear Jesus, our Pi - lot, is with us, Still willing and mighty to save.
 home that is glorious within, Still welcomes to pleasures immor - tal, Poor wayfarers weary of sin.
 nev - er come back any more ; We soon shall be o - ver the riv - er ! Oh ! meet us on Ca - na - an's shore

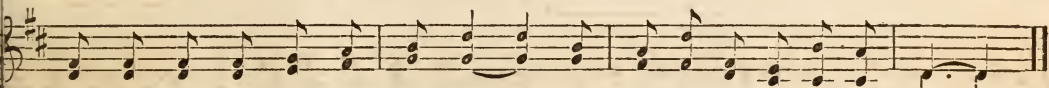
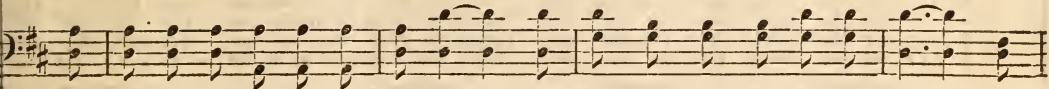
WE SOON SHALL BE. Concluded.

101

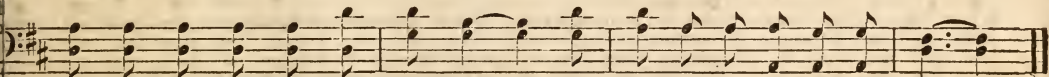
Chorus.



We soon shall be o - ver the riv - er, Though stormy and dark is the night; And

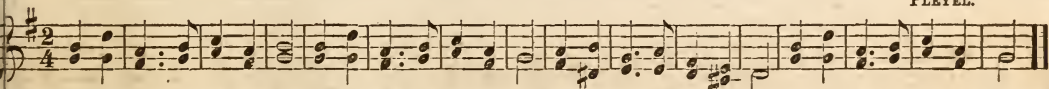


live with the Sa - viour for - ev - er, In mansions of peace and de - light.

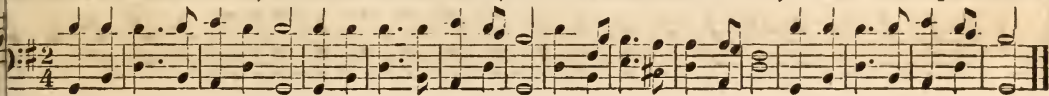


PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

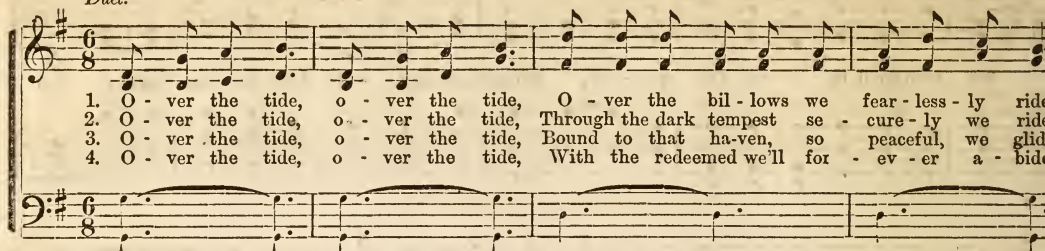
PLEYEL.



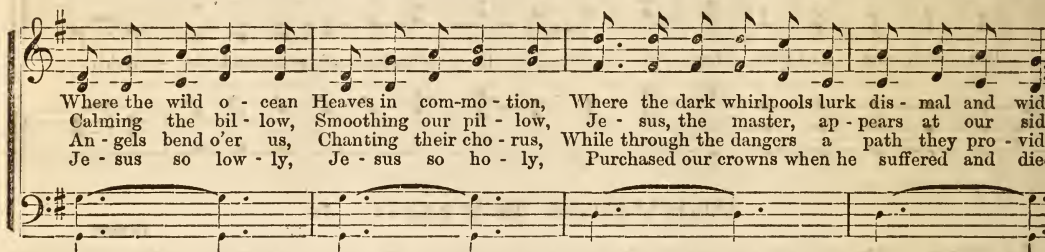
Thanks to thee, before we part, Father, rise from every heart, For the blessed Sabbath given, To prepare our souls for heaven.
Give the teaching of this hour O'er our lives a guiding power; Deep impress thy saving truth On the wavering heart of youth.
Guide and Guardian be to each, Till that safer home we reach, Where sweet Sabbaths never o'er, We shall meet and part no more.



Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Duet.


1. O - ver the tide, o - ver the tide, O - ver the bil - lows we fear - less - ly ride
 2. O - ver the tide, o - ver the tide, Through the dark tempest se - cure - ly we ride
 3. O - ver the tide, o - ver the tide, Bound to that ha - ven, so peaceful, we glide
 4. O - ver the tide, o - ver the tide, With the redeemed we'll for - ev - er a - bid



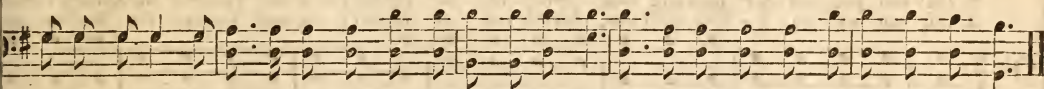
Where the wild o - cean Heaves in com - mo - tion, Where the dark whirlpools lurk dis - mal and wid
 Calming the bil - low, Smoothing our pil - low, Je - sus, the master, ap - pears at our sid
 An - gels bend o'er us, Chanting their cho - rus, While through the dangers a path they pro - vid
 Je - sus so low - ly, Je - sus so ho - ly, Purchased our crowns when he suffered and die

Chorus.


O - ver the tide, o - ver the tide, Safe - ly we journey with Je - sus our guide; He will defend u



He will befriend us, Till we have landed on Ca - na an's side, In the blest mansions far o - ver the tide.

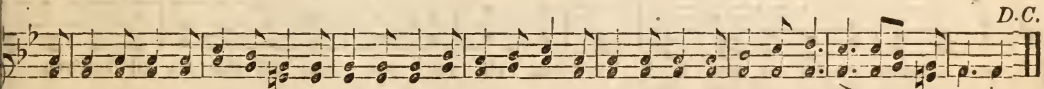
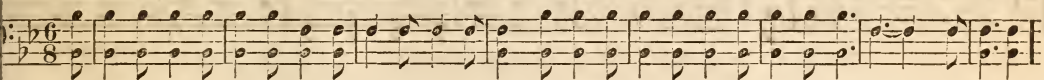


EASTER CAROL.

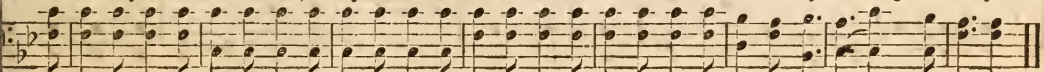
W. O. P.

Fine.

1. Ye sons and daughters of the King, Whom heavenly hosts in glory sing, To-day the grave hath lost its sting. Hallelujah!
 That night the Apostles met in fear; Amidst them came the Lord most dear, And said, "Peace be unto you here." Hallelujah!
 No longer Thomas then denied; He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side, "Thou art my Lord and God," he cried. Hallelujah!
 D. C. On this most holy Day of days, To God your hearts and voices raise In laud, and jubilee and praise. Hal - le - lu-jah!

*D. C.*

On that first morning of the week, Before the day began to break, The Marys went their Lord to seek. Hal - le - lu-jah!
 "Thomas behold My Side," said He; "My Hands, my Feet, My Body see; And doubt not, but believe in me." Hallelujah!
 Blessed are they that have not seen, And yet whose faith hath constant been. In life eternal they shall reign. Hallelujah!



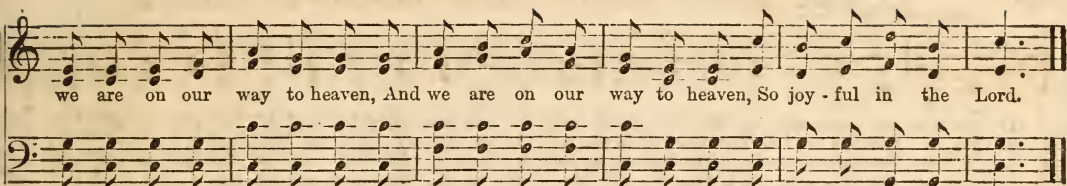
Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

1. Oh, wherefore are your hearts so light, Joyful, oh, so joy-ful; Oh wherefore are your hearts so light,
 2. Oh! can you suf-fer pain and loss, Joyful, oh, so joy-ful; And do you love the Saviour's cross,
 3. Oh, can we go a-long with you, Joyful, oh, so joy-ful; Oh, may we seek the Saviour to

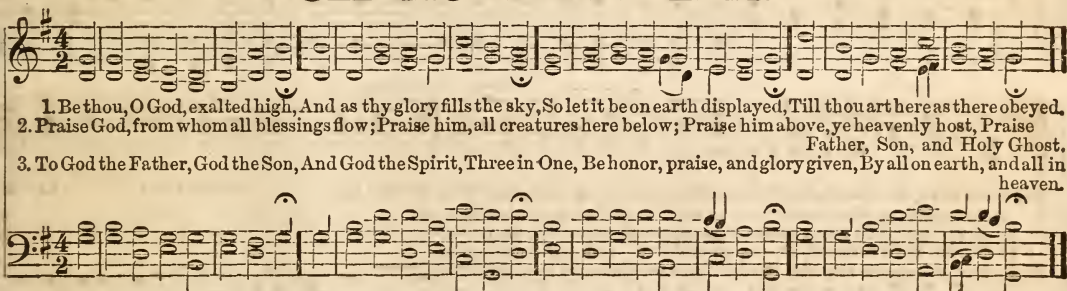
Joy-ful in the Lord. Because our sins are all forgiven, Joyful, oh, so joy-ful, And we are on our way
 Joy-ful in the Lord. We suf-fer sorrow, pain, and care, Joyful, oh, so joy-ful, Still marching toward
 Joy-ful in the Lord. Yes, you may seek his face to-day, Joyful, oh, so joy-ful, And go with us to

Chorus.

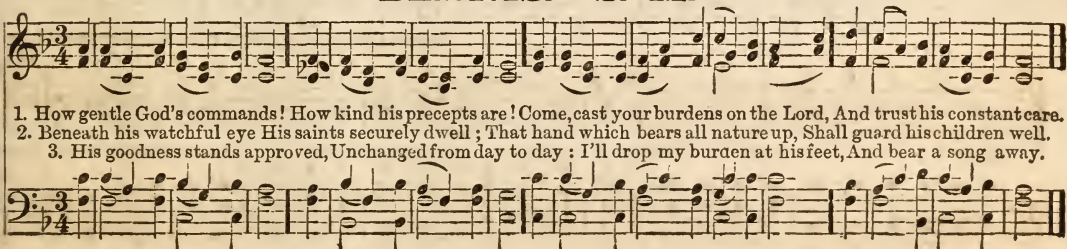
way to heaven, Joyful in the Lord. Oh yes, oh yes, yes, now our sins are all forgiven, A
 kingdom fair, Joyful in the Lord.
 realms of day, Joyful in the Lord.



OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



DENNIS. S. M.



Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

W. O. P.

1. We are on our way up Zi-on's ho-ly hill, We will work in faith, and la-bor with a will, For we
 2. 'Tis a glorious tho't while marching on the road, That our rest is sure as promised in his word, "For a
 3. As we journey on, still brighter grows the way, For above the hill we see the coming day, And we
 4. Sing, oh! pilgrims, sing, for heaven is just before: We can see our home, and see the o-pen door, Let us
 D.C. We are on our journey seeking for the light, For the blessed land be-yond our earthly sight, Come an

Fine. Chorus.

know the Lord, our Saviour's with us still, So we'll sing our happy song. To the Lord, to the Lord, Let us
 rest remains to all who serve the Lord," So we'll sing our happy song.
 know its light will never pass away, So we'll sing our happy song.
 praise the Lord fore-er, ev-er more, As we sing our happy song.
 go with us to regions fair and bright, Come and join our heaven-bound throng.

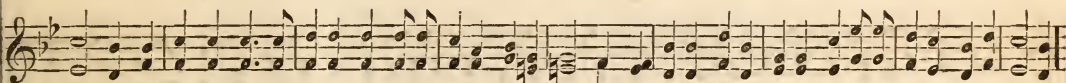
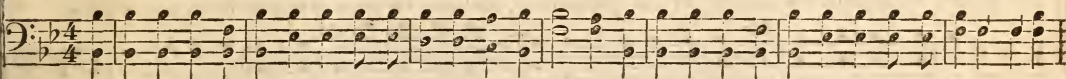
To the Lord, to the Lord, to the Lord, to the Lord Let us

D.C.

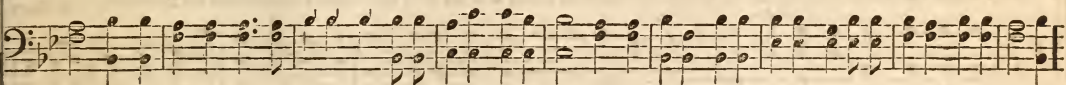
sing, let us sing, Hymns of praise, hymns of praise, As we journey to our hom
 sing, let us sing, let us sing, let us sing, Hymns of praise, hymns of praise, hymns of praise, hymns of praise As we journey to our hom



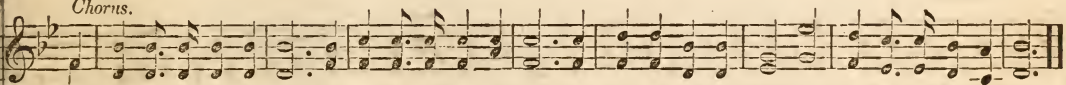
1. 'Tis sweet with true and earnest will In the Saviour's cause to labor! To love the Lord with all our hearts, And be kind to friend and
2. If we should spend our precious time, In idleness and pleasure; Tho' we might gain the fruits of sin, We'd lose the heavenly
3. Our la-bor o'er, our work well done, We'll furl our earthly banners, And join the ho-ly an-gel-choir, In loud and sweet ho-



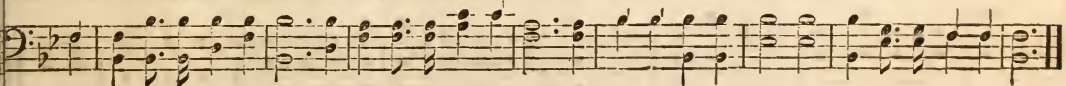
neighbor, 'Tis sweet to know where'er we go, That His care is brooding o'er us, We'll work and sing, while earth shall ring With the pilgrim's cheerful
treasure, Then help us, Lord, to heed thy word, And to do our every duty, As swift time rolls, to gather souls, For the world of peace and beauty.
sanzas, While now his love from heaven above, Is softly brooding o'er us, We'll work and sing, while earth shall ring With the pilgrim's cheerful chorus.



Chorus.



We're working with one accord, We're working with one ac-cord, We're working, working, working, working to serve the Lord.



Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

W. O. P

1. Oh! how I love the Sabbath, Fair and precious dawn, Oh! how I love the sunlight Of that golden morn.
2. We know that countless children, Having souls to save, Float daily down the current On sin's mountain wave.
3. May we improve the moments Of the Sabbath day, And pray for grace to lead us In the heav'nly way.

When to Sabbath school I hasten, Happy by my teacher's side, Learning from the Book of wisdom, Where the pure abide
Let us, ere they sink and perish, Take some wanderer by the hand, Pointing them to Christ the Saviour, In the angel land
And when this short life is ended, When our work on earth is o'er, May the blessed angels bear us To the shining shore

Chorus.

Come, Ho - ly Spirit, With thy soft and gentle rule, Bring us comfort, peace, and mercy, Bless our Sabbath School

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

109

A. C. GUTTERSON.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al
 2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o - bey; Forth to the migh - ty
 3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss! From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His
 con - flict, In this His glo - rious day. "Ye, that are men, now serve Him, A -
 bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song. To him that o - ver - com - eth, A

ar - my shall be led, Till ev' - ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 gainst un - num - bered foes, Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of Glo - ry, Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. The Lord, our God is King, He rules o'er worlds of light, In goodness, truth, and love, In majes - ty and might. Al
 2. Oh, what are earthly thrones, Or stations high and grand, To our a - bid - ing place, In Eden's joyful land! Ol
 3. Oh, let me be, dear Lord, A ser - vant while I stay, If I may reign with thee In yonder realms of day, If

they who love His cross, And fear His ho - ly name, Shall sit at His right hand on high, And ev - er with Him reign
 what are earthly crowns, That press the brow of care, To crowns of ev - er - lasting love The Saints of Je - sus wear
 I may sing the song, The ransom'd spirits' sing, And praise thy great and ho - ly name, My Saviour and my King

Chorus.

The saints of the Lord shall reign, They shall reign on high with the King, They shall
 They shall reign on high with the

reign on high with the King, And sing ho - san - na to the Lamb. san - na to the Lamb.
King, And with angels sing ho - san - na to the Lamb.

UP YONDER.

Words by WM. BAXTER.

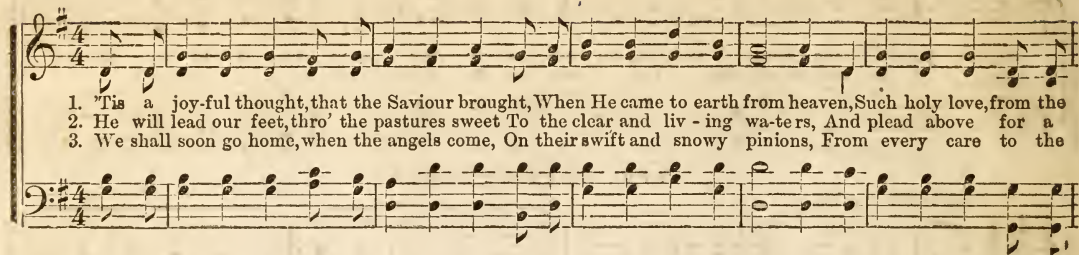
1. Why sigh at pain and sor - row here, While on the earth we wan - der?
Our journey will be end - ed soon, And there is joy up yon - der.
2. Our path may dark and drea - ry be, O'er that let us not pon - der;
Though dark, the dawn will come at last, For there is light up yon - der.
3. Let us not faint nor wea - ry be, But on the thought oft pon - der,
That those who toil for Christ on earth Shall have a rest up yon - der.
4. Our work well done, why dread to die? Why of this life grow fon - der;
When all who die in Christ shall have A bet - ter life up yon - der?

Joy, joy, up yon - der; All sor - row will for - got - ten be, When we ar - rive up yon - der.
Light, light, up yon - der; The gloom will all for - got - ten be, When we ar - rive up yon - der.
Rest, rest, up yon - der; Our toil will all for - got - ten be, When we ar - rive up yon - der.
Life, life, up yon - der; When Christ to all his saints will give E - ter - nal life up yon - der.

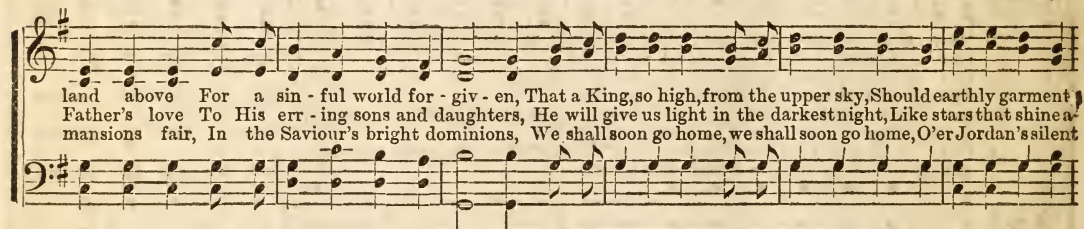
112 LET US FOLLOW OUR HEAVENLY KING.

Words written for this work.

W. O. PERKINS.

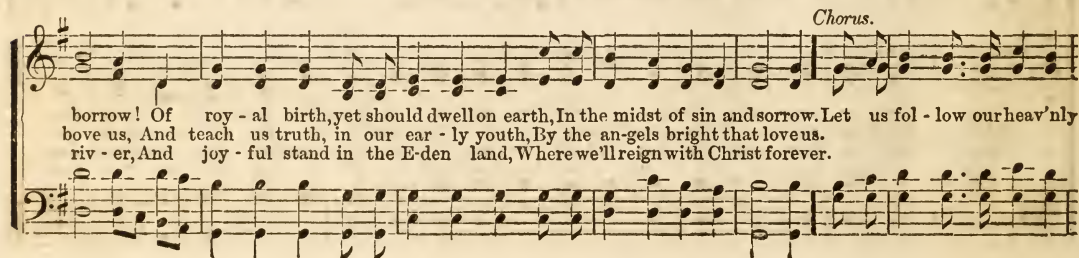


1. 'Tis a joy-ful thought, that the Saviour brought, When He came to earth from heaven, Such holy love, from the
 2. He will lead our feet, thro' the pastures sweet To the clear and liv - ing wa - ters, And plead above for a
 3. We shall soon go home, when the angels come, On their swift and snowy pinions, From every care to the



land above For a sin - ful world for - giv - en, That a King, so high, from the upper sky, Should earthly garment
 Father's love To His err - ing sons and daughters, He will give us light in the darkest night, Like stars that shine a -
 mansions fair, In the Saviour's bright dominions, We shall soon go home, we shall soon go home, O'er Jordan's silent

Chorus.



borrow! Of roy - al birth, yet should dwell on earth, In the midst of sin and sorrow. Let us fol - low our heav'nly
 bove us, And teach us truth, in our ear - ly youth, By the an - gels bright that love us.
 riv - er, And joy - ful stand in the E - den land, Where we'll reign with Christ forever.

King, Let us fol - low our heav'nly King, Let us fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, Follow our heav'nly King!

THE OTHER SIDE.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. We dwell this side of Jordan's stream, Yet oft there comes a shin-ing beam Across from yonder
 2. The Other Side! ah, there's the place Where saints in joy past times retrace, And think of tri - als
 3. The Other Side! no sin is there To stain the robes that blest ones wear, Made white in Je - sus'
 4. The Other Side! its shore so bright Is radiant with the golden light Of Zi - on's ci - ty
 5. The Other Side! oh, charming sight, Up - on its banks, Arrayed in white, For me a loved one
 6. The Other Side! the Oth - er Side! Who would not brave the swelling tide Of earthly toil and

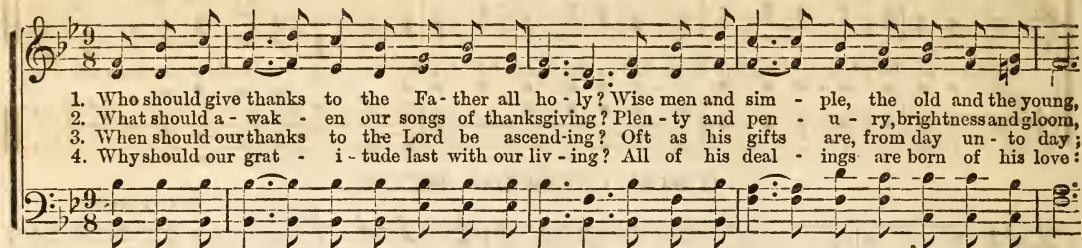
shore; While visions of a ho - ly throng, And sound of harp and ser - aph song, Seem gently waft - ed o'er.
 gone; The veil withdrawn, they clearly see That all on earth had need to be, To bring them safe - ly home.
 blood: No cry of grief, no voice of woe, To mar the peace their spirits know, Their constant peace with God.
 fair; And ma - ny dear ones gone be - fore, Al - read - y tread the hap - py shore; I seem to see them there,
 waits; O - ver the stream he calls to me, "Fear not, I am thy guide to be, Up to the pearly gates."
 care, To wake one day when life is past, Far o'er the stream, at home at last With all the blest ones there.

WHO SHOULD GIVE THANKS?

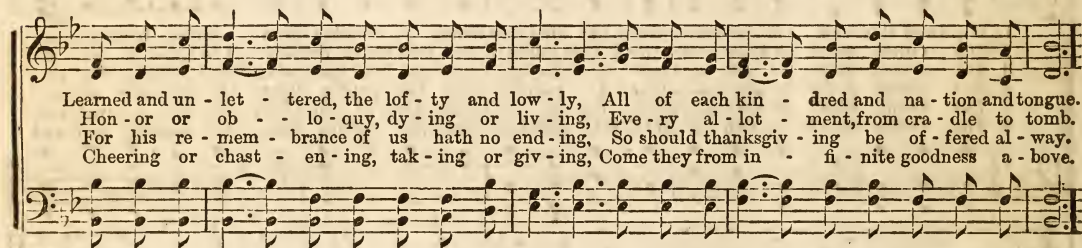
Words by REV. I. N. CARMAN.

"Giving thanks always for all things."—Eph. v: 20.

W. O. PERKINS.

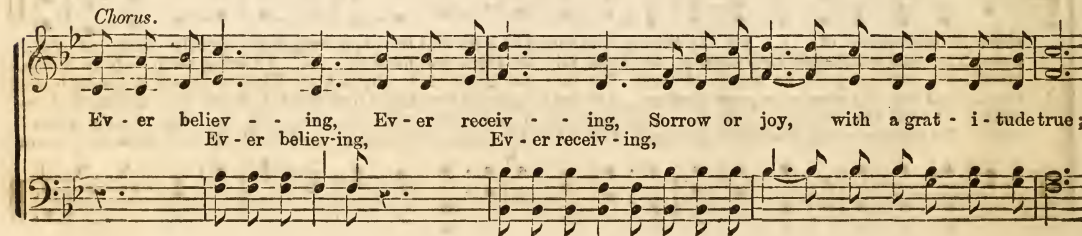


1. Who should give thanks to the Fa-ther all ho-ly? Wise men and sim-ple, the old and the young,
 2. What should a-wak-en our songs of thanksgiving? Plen-ty and pen-u-ry, brightness and gloom,
 3. When should our thanks to the Lord be ascending? Oft as his gifts are, from day un-to day;
 4. Why should our grat-i-tude last with our liv-ing? All of his deal-ings are born of his love:



Learned and un-let-tered, the lof-ty and low-ly, All of each kin-dred and na-tion and tongue.
 Hon-or or ob-lo-quy, dy-ing or liv-ing, Eve-ry al-lot-ment, from cra-dle to tomb.
 For his re-mem-brance of us hath no end-ing, So should thank-giv-ing be of-fered al-way.
 Cheering or chast-en-ing, tak-ing or giv-ing, Come they from in-fi-nite goodness a-bove.

Chorus.



Ev-er believ-ing, Ev-er receiv-ing, Sorrow or joy, with a grat-i-tude true;
 Ev-er believ-ing, Ev-er receiv-ing,

Out of all sad - - ness, Out of all glad - - ness, Learning the boun - ti - ful Giv - er to view.
 Out of all sad-ness, Out of all glad-ness,

ANGELS BRIGHT.

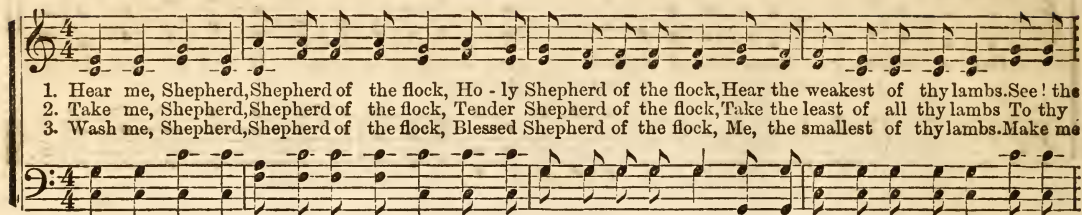
Arranged by J. W.

1. An-gels bright are hov'ring round, Hov'ring round, hov'ring round, Angels bright are hov'ring round, Then Christian nev-er fear.
 2. Spirits blest are hov'ring round, Hov'ring round, hov'ring round, Spirits blest are hov'ring round, Then Christian nev-er fear.
 3. Dearest friends are hov'ring round, Hov'ring round, hov'ring round, Dearest friends are hov'ring round, Then Christian nev-er fear.

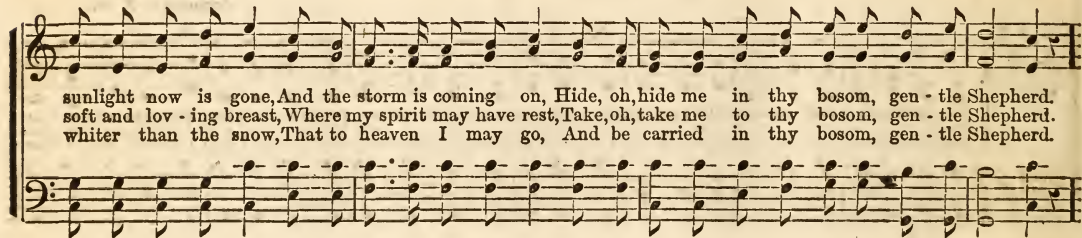
Chorus.
 Cheer up, then, Christian pilgrim, Nevermore despair, For Je-sus sends his an - gel, And he is ev - er near.

Words written for this work.

W. O. P.

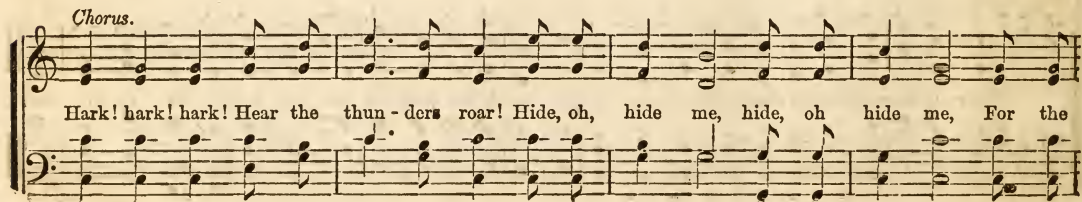


1. Hear me, Shepherd, Shepherd of the flock, Ho - ly Shepherd of the flock, Hear the weakest of thy lambs. See! the
 2. Take me, Shepherd, Shepherd of the flock, Tender Shepherd of the flock, Take the least of all thy lambs To thy
 3. Wash me, Shepherd, Shepherd of the flock, Blessed Shepherd of the flock, Me, the smallest of thy lambs. Make me

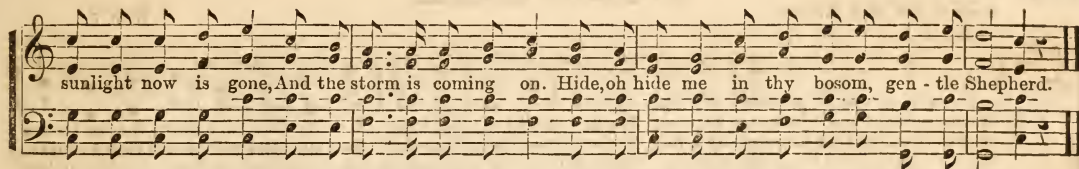


sunlight now is gone, And the storm is coming on, Hide, oh, hide me in thy bosom, gen - tle Shepherd.
 soft and lov - ing breast, Where my spirit may have rest, Take, oh, take me to thy bosom, gen - tle Shepherd.
 whiter than the snow, That to heaven I may go, And be carried in thy bosom, gen - tle Shepherd.

Chorus.



Hark! hark! hark! Hear the thun - ders roar! Hide, oh, hide me, hide, oh hide me, For the



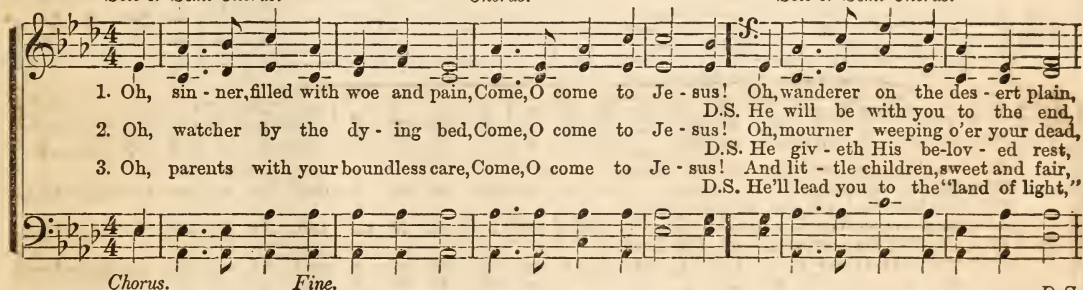
sunlight now is gone, And the storm is coming on. Hide, oh hide me in thy bosom, gen - tle Shepherd.

COME, O COME TO JESUS!

Words written for this work.
Solo or Semi-Chorus.

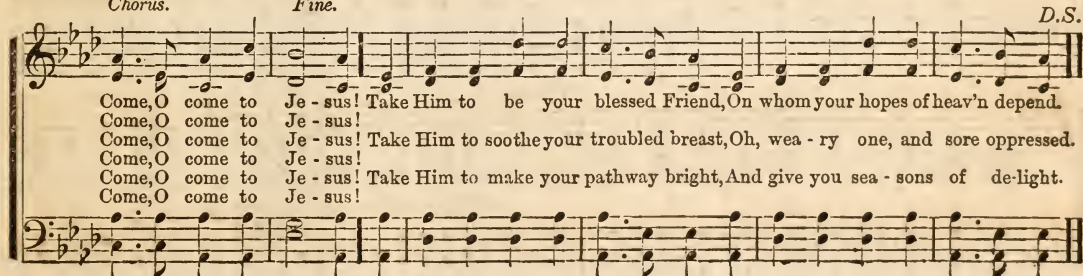
Chorus.

Solo or Semi-Chorus. *



1. Oh, sin - ner, filled with woe and pain, Come, O come to Je - sus! Oh, wanderer on the des - ert plain,
D.S. He will be with you to the end,
2. Oh, watcher by the dy - ing bed, Come, O come to Je - sus! Oh, mourner weeping o'er your dead,
D.S. He giv - eth His be - lov - ed rest,
3. Oh, parents with your boundless care, Come, O come to Je - sus! And lit - tle children, sweet and fair,
D.S. He'll lead you to the "land of light,"

Chorus. Fine.



Come, O come to Je - sus! Take Him to be your blessed Friend, On whom your hopes of heav'n depend.
Come, O come to Je - sus!
Come, O come to Je - sus! Take Him to soothe your troubled breast, Oh, wea - ry one, and sore oppressed.
Come, O come to Je - sus!
Come, O come to Je - sus! Take Him to make your pathway bright, And give you sea - sons of de - light.
Come, O come to Je - sus!

D.S.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

W. O. P.

Spirited.

1. We have heard the call from Zi - on, We have heard the call from Zi - on, We have heard the call from
 And we'll march with banners fly - ing, And we'll march with ban - ners fly - ing, And we'll march with banners
 2. What tho' sin's loud thunders rat - tle, What tho' sin's loud thunders rat - tle, What tho' sin's loud thunders
 We've en - list - ed for the bat - tle, We've en - list - ed for the bat - tle, We've en - list - ed for the
 3. Don't you hear the call, my broth - er, Don't you hear the call, my sis - ter, Don't you hear the call from
 Come and go with us to glo - ry, Come and go with us to glo - ry, Come and go with us to

Zi - on, To the ar - my of the Lord.
 fly - ing,.....As we take the roy - al road. As we take the king's high -
 rat - tle, And tho' viv - id lightnings rend,
 bat - tle,.....And we'll hold out to the end. As we take the king's high -
 Zi - on, To the ar - my of the Lord.
 glo - ry,.....As we take the roy - al road. As we take the king's high -

Chorus.
 way, Marching to the gold - en realms of day. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, That our ears have heard sweet
 Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

ZION'S CALL. Concluded.

119

Sing this ending, if preferred.

Zion's call. Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord, That our ears have heard sweet Zion's call. [Zion's call.
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, That our ears have heard sweet

BEYOND THE SUNSET.

Words written for this work.

W. O. P.

1. In the daylight must I la - bor, Ere the shadows gath - er nigh,
Ere the som - bre hues of evening, Dark - en all the glowing sky.
2. Soon my jour - ney will be o - ver; Soon from earth I'll pass a - way;
Far be - yond the sun - set glo - ry, I shall greet e - ter - nal day.

Chorus.

Far beyond the gold - en sunset, There's a brighter world a - bove;
Where we'll spend a blest for - ev - er, Hap - py in our Sa - viour's love.

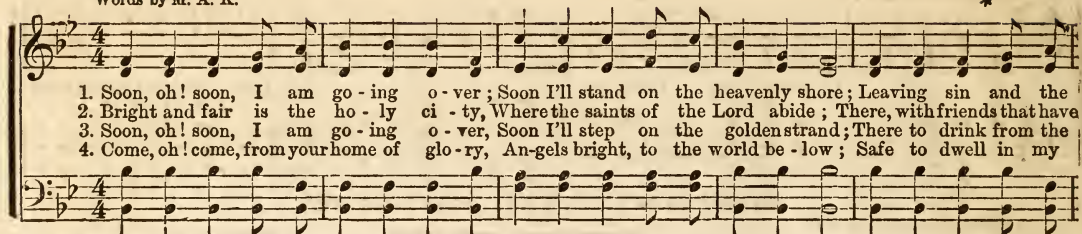
3. Yes, beyond the sunset glory,
Lighting all the glowing west,
||: There's a land of life eternal,
Where the saints are ever blest. ||:

4. Jesus calls me, and I'm going,
Where the shadows never come;
||: Now the desert lies behind me,
And I hasten to my home. ||:

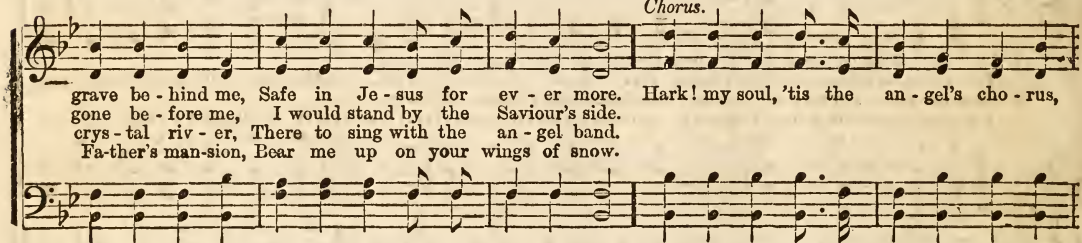
5. To my home beyond the sunset,
Far beyond the day's decline,
||: Where the glory is unfading,
Where the golden portals shine. ||:

Words by M. A. K.

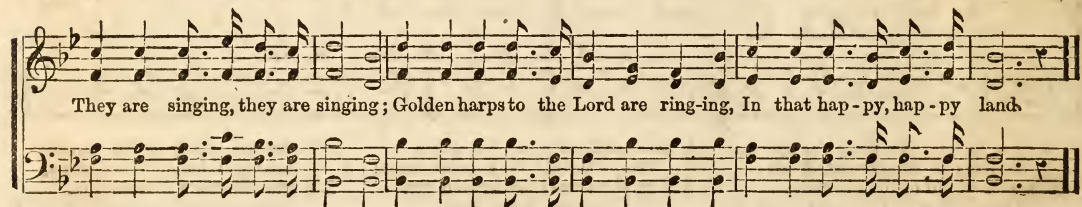
*



1. Soon, oh! soon, I am go-ing o-ver; Soon I'll stand on the heavenly shore; Leaving sin and the
 2. Bright and fair is the ho-ly ci-ty, Where the saints of the Lord abide; There, with friends that have
 3. Soon, oh! soon, I am go-ing o-ver, Soon I'll step on the golden strand; There to drink from the
 4. Come, oh! come, from your home of glo-ry, An-gels bright, to the world be-low; Safe to dwell in my

Chorus.


grave be-hind me, Safe in Je-sus for ev-er more. Hark! my soul, 'tis the an-gel's cho-rus,
 gone be-fore me, I would stand by the Saviour's side.
 crys-tal riv-er, There to sing with the an-gel band.
 Father's man-sion, Bear me up on your wings of snow.



They are singing, they are singing; Golden harps to the Lord are ring-ing, In that hap-py, hap-py land.

Words written for this work.

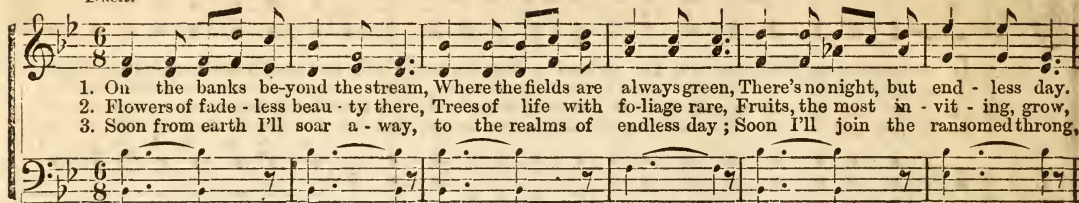
W. O. P

1. As we jour-ney on to Zi - on, Let us lend a helping hand, To the weak and trembling pilgrims, Who have
 2. If we say, "I'll do to oth-ers As I'd have them do to me," Know, our prom-i - ses and actions Should at
 3. Let us nev - er be dis-cour-aged, Or be "Wea-ry doing well;" For the thing that most may prosper, On - ly
 4. Ae we jour-ney on to Zi - on, (Then, still sing-ing as we go, Let us la - bor in the high ways, And the

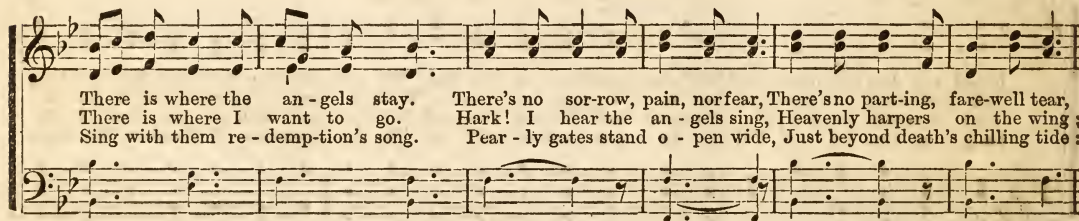
joined our hap - py band. Tho' but babes ourselves in wis-dom, We may do some good each day, Lead-ing
 all times well a - gree. Let us ev - er then be read - y With a pleas - ant cheerful mind, In the
 God him-self can tell; Tho', 'tis prom - ised in the Gos - pel, We shall meet with our re - ward, If we
 hodg - es here be - low, Till the an - gels come to call us To the man-sions of the blest, Where the

precious souls to Jesus, In the straight and narrow way, Leading precious souls to Jesus, In the straight and narrow way.
 cause of our dear Saviour To do good as we may find, In the cause of our dear Saviour To do good as we may find.
 give a cup of wa-ter, In the name of Christ the Lord, If we give a cup of wa-ter In the name of Christ the Lord.
 wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

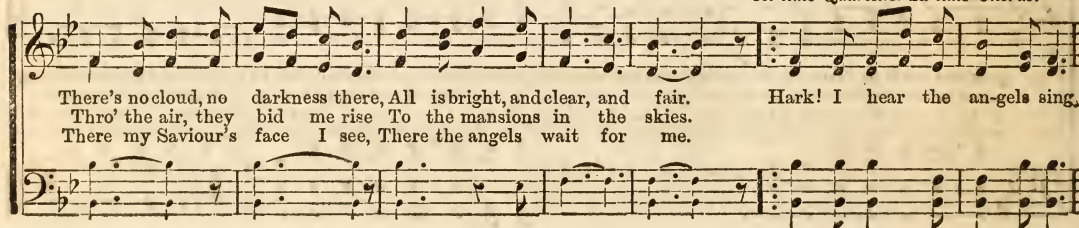
J. WRIGHT.

Duett.


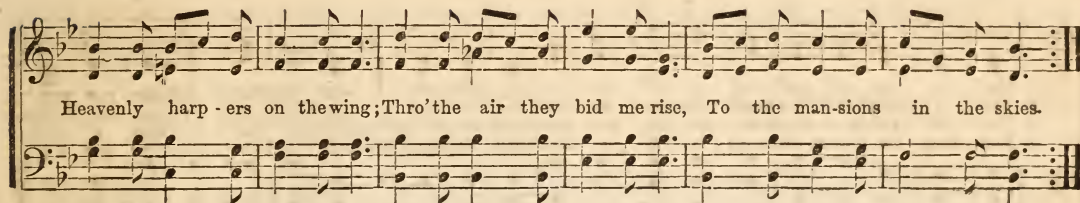
1. On the banks be-yond the stream, Where the fields are always green, There's no night, but end - less day.
 2. Flowers of fade - less beau - ty there, Trees of life with fo - liage rare, Fruits, the most in - vit - ing, grow,
 3. Soon from earth I'll soar a - way, to the realms of endless day; Soon I'll join the ransomed throng,



There is where the an - gels stay. There's no sor - row, pain, nor fear, There's no part - ing, fare - well tear,
 There is where I want to go. Hark! I hear the an - gels sing, Heavenly harpers on the wing;
 Sing with them re - demp - tion's song. Fear - ly gates stand o - pen wide, Just beyond death's chilling tide:

1st time Quartette. 2d time Chorus.


There's no cloud, no darkness there, All is bright, and clear, and fair. Hark! I hear the an - gels sing,
 Thro' the air, they bid me rise To the mansions in the skies.
 There my Saviour's face I see, There the angels wait for me.



Heavenly harp-ers on the wing; Thro' the air they bid me rise, To the man-sions in the skies.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL'S CALL

Tune, "Tramp, tramp."

1. Little children do you hear, on the Sabbath day, so dear,
How our Sunday school cries, Children, come to me?
Just as Jesus, long ago, blessed the little ones, you know,
Now he wants you all his tender lambs to be.
Sweet the Sabbath bells are ringing!
Welcome here for all awaits.
If our doors you enter in, then the journey you begin,
That shall end on high inside the pearly gate.
2. And this glad and earnest call of the Sunday school, shall fall
On the ear, and in the heart, of happy youth;
Will you come and take your seat, at the blessed Saviour's feet,
And, like Mary, learn of Him the words of truth?
Sweet the Sabbath bells, &c.
3. Once again the call shall sound, to the waiting laborers round,
In our vineyard there are vines for you to dress!
Lest a starless crown, at last, down before the throne you cast,
Come and lead the young in paths of righteousness.
Sweet the Sabbath bells, &c.
4. Hither come, with willing mind, noble work for God to find,
Ye, to whom the Lord hath precious talents given.
Gladly, you yourselves believed, freely give as ye received;
Let your shining light illumine the way to Heaven.
Sweet the Sabbath bells, &c.
5. There are faithful ones, to-day, whom we only ask to stay;
They have toiled with us since first the day begun;
Till the heat and burden's past, and the work is done at last,
Brothers, sisters, let us win our Lord's "Well done!"
Sweet the Sabbath bells, &c.
6. Young and old, and rich and poor, do you see the open door!
Do you love the Sunday school, and will you come?
Oh! we only wish you would, and we'll do each other good,
Till the Lord shall bid us all, at last, Come home!
Sweet the Sabbath bells, &c. MARY B. C. SLADE.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

*

1. Dark is my sky, and hid its sil - ver lin - ing, How can I find the straight and nar - row way?
 2. Lest I should fall, His hands they will up - hold me, Lead - ing me on, thro' glo - ry and thro' shame.
 3. Ten - der and kind, He sent His Son our Saviour Down, from His throne of ho - li - ness a - bove,
 4. Low hang the clouds, but God is up a - bove them, Lending His spir - it, light - ing up my way.

How can I climb, un - less the sun be shin - ing, Up the hill of Zi - on, to the gates of day?
 Lest I should faint, His arms they will en - fold me, While I sing sweet praises to His ho - ly name.
 That sin - ners lost might seek His face and fa - vor, Wash - ing in the foun - tain of His dy - ing love.
 Spir - it and Son, gi - vine, oh! how I love them, Leading me to Zi - on thro' the gates of day.

Chorus.

With God a - bove the clouds I may go my way with pleasure; Tho' the sunlight fade, I may run the race.
 With God a - bove the clouds I may find my gold - en treasure; Trusting in His mer - cy, till I see His face.

HOME AND HEAVEN.

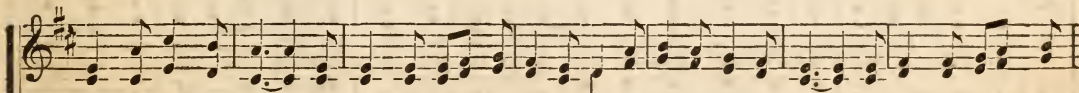
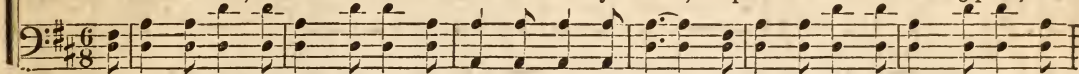
125

Words written for this work.

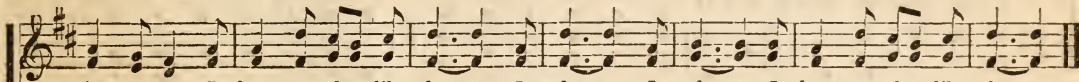
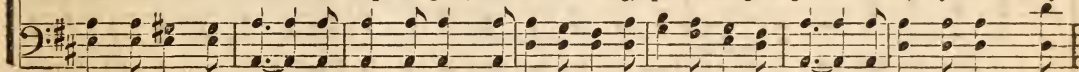
W. O. PERKINS.



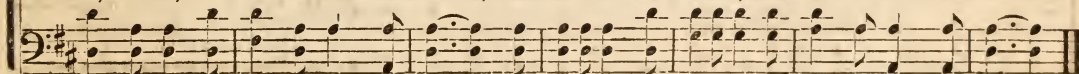
1. I asked a lit - tle prattling child, Within the pa - rent nest, Of all the pla - ces in the world, What
 2. I asked a man of Christian faith, A pil - grim by the way, Where he would rest his care-worn brow, When
 3. I asked a saint, who answered me From God's most Ho - ly Word, To point to me a rest-ing-place, For



place it loved the best. It raised its lit-tle angel face, Whose cheeks with roses bloom, And whispered sweetly
 closed the wea - ry day. He turn'd his tear-ful eyes a-bove, To heaven's celestial dome, And cried, in ac - cents
 chil-dren of the Lord. On harps of gold, to Christ the King, A perfect song was given: "Come, all ye wea - ry



in my ear, I love no place like home, I love, I love, I love no place like home.
 full of faith, I seek no place but home, I seek, I seek, I seek no place but home.
 ones, and rest," There is no home like heaven, There is no home, there is no home like heaven.



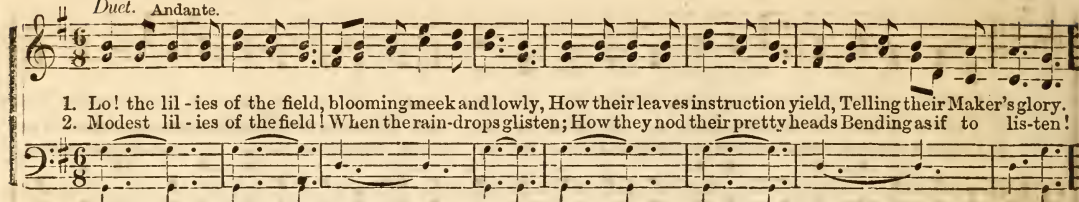
I love, I love, I love, I love,
 I seek, I seek, I seek, I seek,
 There is, there is, no home, no home,

LO! THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

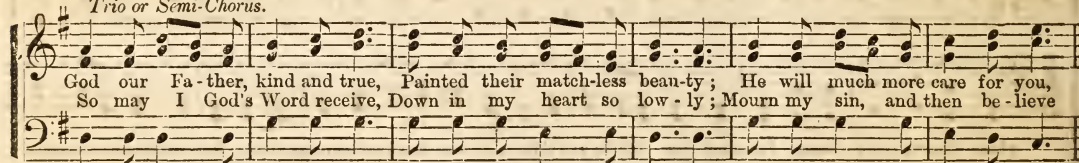
Words written for this work.

"Consider the lilies of the field."—Matt. vi. 28.

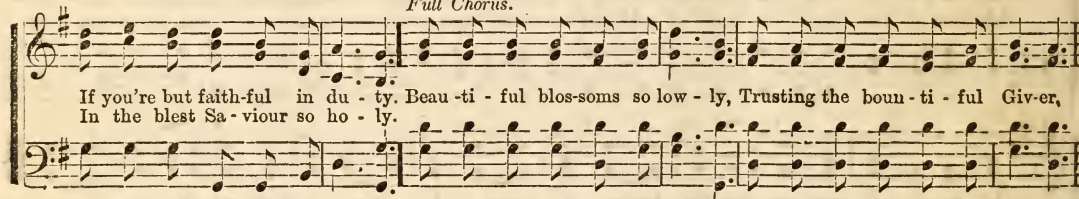
W. O. PERKINS.

Duet. Andante.


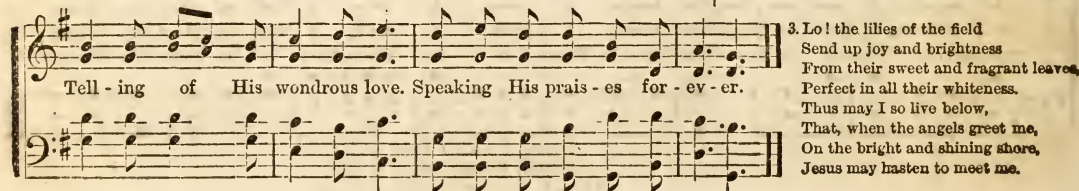
1. Lo! the lil-ies of the field, blooming meek and lowly, How their leaves instruction yield, Telling their Maker's glory.
2. Modest lil-ies of the field! When the rain-drops glisten; How they nod their pretty heads Bending as if to lis-ten!

Trio or Semi-Chorus.


God our Fa-ther, kind and true, Painted their match-less beau-ty; He will much more care for you,
So may I God's Word receive, Down in my heart so low-ly; Mourn my sin, and then be-lieve

Full Chorus.


If you're but faith-ful in du-ty. Beau-ti-ful blos-soms so low-ly, Trusting the boun-ti-ful Giv-er,
In the blest Sa-viour so ho-ly.



Tell-ing of His wondrous love. Speaking His prais-es for-ev-er.

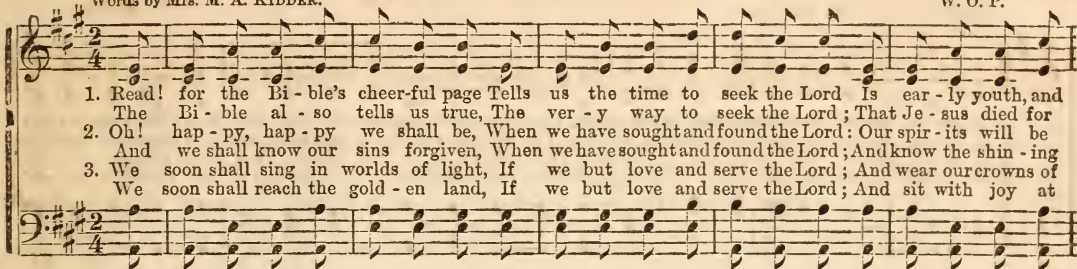
3. Lo! the lilies of the field
Send up joy and brightness
From their sweet and fragrant leaves,
Perfect in all their whiteness.
Thus may I so live below,
That, when the angels greet me,
On the bright and shining shore,
Jesus may hasten to meet me.

SEEK THE LORD.

127

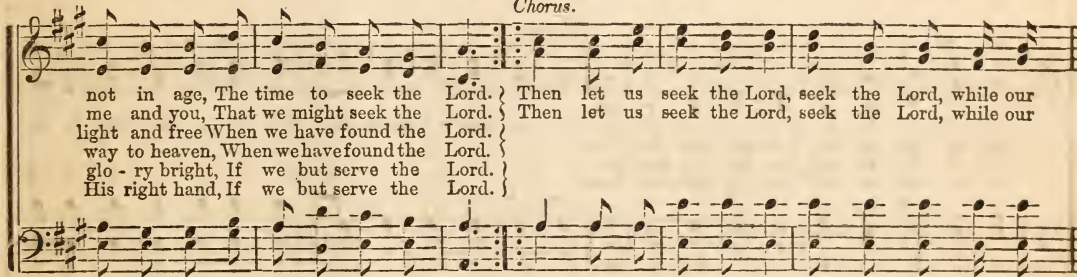
Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

W. O. P.

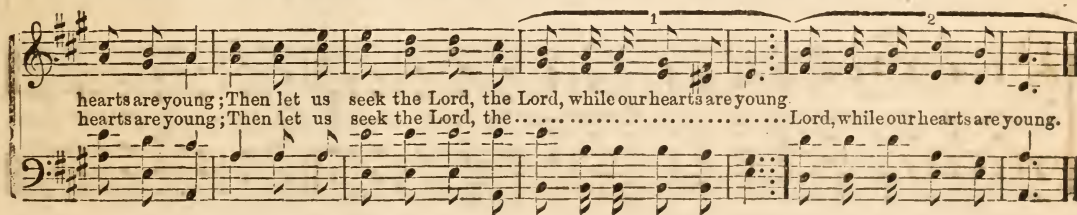


1. Read! for the Bi-ble's cheer-ful page Tells us the time to seek the Lord Is ear-ly youth, and
The Bi-ble al-so tells us true, The ver-y way to seek the Lord; That Je-sus died for
2. Oh! hap-py, hap-py we shall be, When we have sought and found the Lord: Our spir-its will be
And we shall know our sins forgiven, When we have sought and found the Lord; And know the shin-ing
3. We soon shall sing in worlds of light, If we but love and serve the Lord; And wear our crowns of
We soon shall reach the gold-en land, If we but love and serve the Lord; And sit with joy at

Chorus.



not in age, The time to seek the Lord. } Then let us seek the Lord, seek the Lord, while our
me and you, That we might seek the Lord. } Then let us seek the Lord, seek the Lord, while our
light and free When we have found the Lord. }
way to heaven, When we have found the Lord. }
glo-ry bright, If we but serve the Lord. }
His right hand, If we but serve the Lord. }



hearts are young; Then let us seek the Lord, the Lord, while our hearts are young.
hearts are young; Then let us seek the Lord, the..... Lord, while our hearts are young.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

W. O. P.

1. A - rouse! arouse! from your slumbers a-wak-ing, Has - ten now your part to do; The Mas - ter calls all His
 2. A - rouse! arouse! there are souls that are waiting, For the light that you may bear; And you may teach them the
 3. A - rouse! arouse! for the fountain is flowing, From the throne of God above; They thirst no more, who shall
 4. A - rouse! arouse! from the sleep of the sluggard, Lest you meet the Saviour's frown; If Sa - tan finds you an

Chorus.

chil-dren to la - bor, There is work for you. Oh! we must not spend the time in i - dle play, In the
 way of sal - va - tion, Leading them in prayer.
 drink of the wa - ters, Fed by Je - sus' love.
 ea - sy dis - ci - ple, You may lose your crown.

paths of sin we'll nev - er, nev - er stray, But we'll work for Je - sus eve - ry day, And win a gold - en crown.

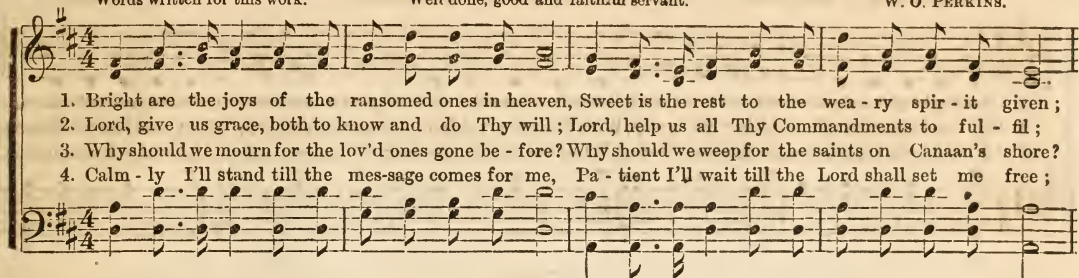
COME, "WELL DONE."

129

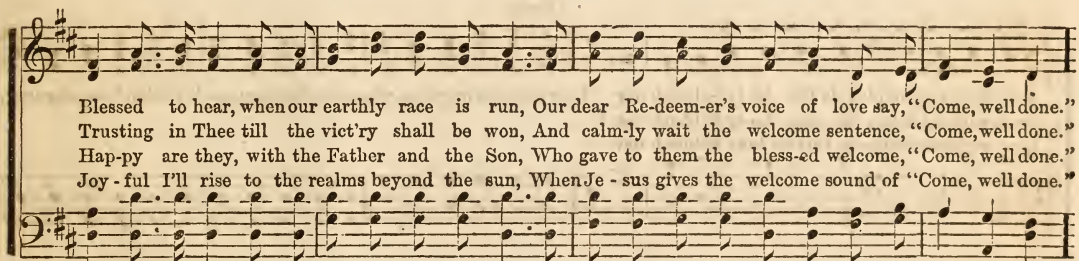
Words written for this work.

"Well done, good and faithful servant."

W. O. PERKINS.

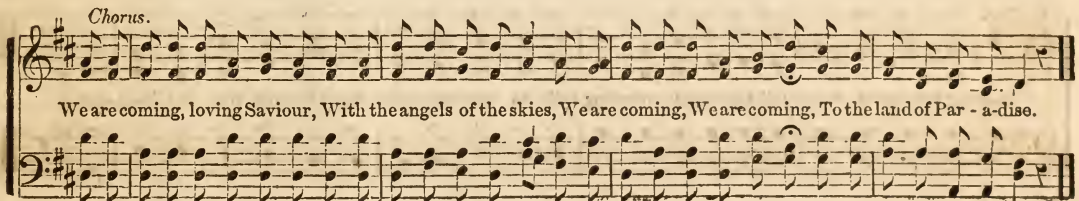


1. Bright are the joys of the ransomed ones in heaven, Sweet is the rest to the wea-ry spir-it given;
 2. Lord, give us grace, both to know and do Thy will; Lord, help us all Thy Commandments to ful-fill;
 3. Why should we mourn for the lov'd ones gone be-fore? Why should we weep for the saints on Canaan's shore?
 4. Calm-ly I'll stand till the mes-sage comes for me, Pa-tient I'll wait till the Lord shall set me free;



Blessed to hear, when our earthly race is run, Our dear Re-deem-er's voice of love say, "Come, well done."
 Trusting in Thee till the vic-t'ry shall be won, And calm-ly wait the welcome sentence, "Come, well done."
 Happy are they, with the Father and the Son, Who gave to them the bless-ed welcome, "Come, well done."
 Joy-ful I'll rise to the realms beyond the sun, When Je-sus gives the welcome sound of "Come, well done."

Chorus.

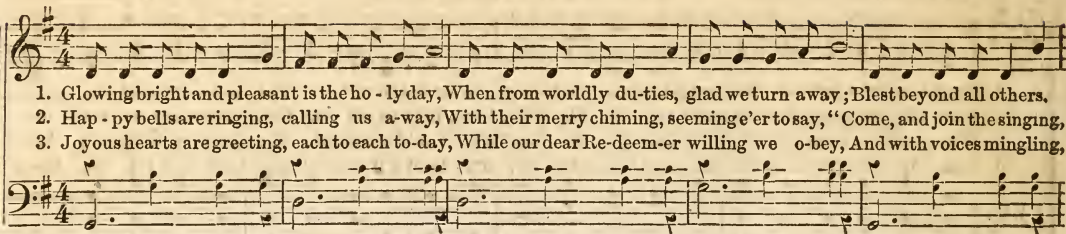


We are coming, loving Saviour, With the angels of the skies, We are coming, We are coming, To the land of Par-a-dise.

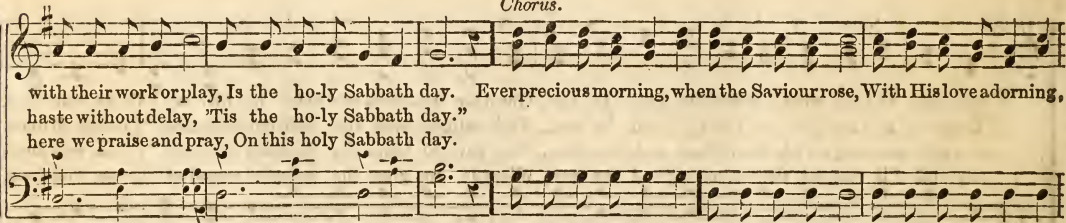
Words by DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

From "PALMER'S S. S. Songs," by permission.

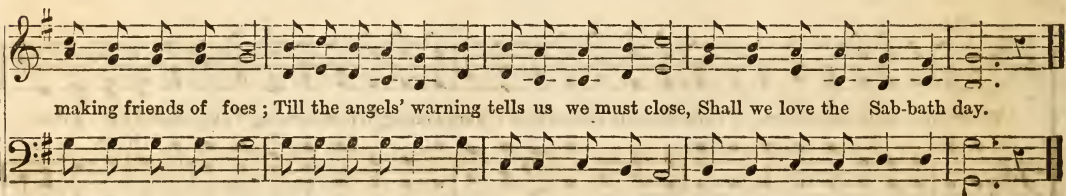
H. R. PALMER.



1. Glowing bright and pleasant is the ho - ly day, When from worldly du - ties, glad we turn away ; Blest beyond all others,
 2. Hap - py bells are ringing, calling us a - way, With their merry chiming, seeming e'er to say, "Come, and join the singing,
 3. Joyous hearts are greeting, each to each to-day, While our dear Re-deem-er willing we o-bey, And with voices mingling,

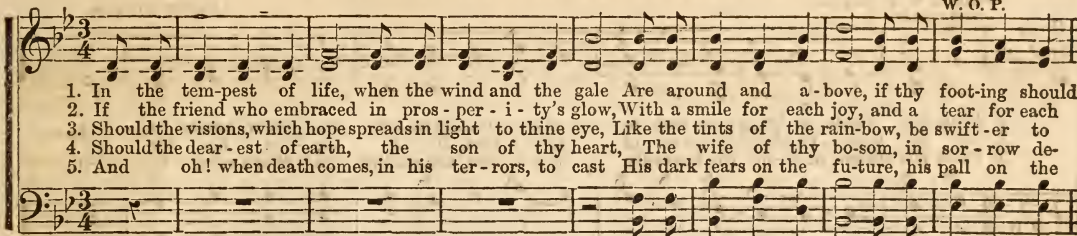
Chorus.


with their work or play, Is the ho - ly Sabbath day. Ever precious morning, when the Saviour rose, With His love adorning,
 haste without delay, 'Tis the ho - ly Sabbath day."
 here we praise and pray, On this holy Sabbath day.

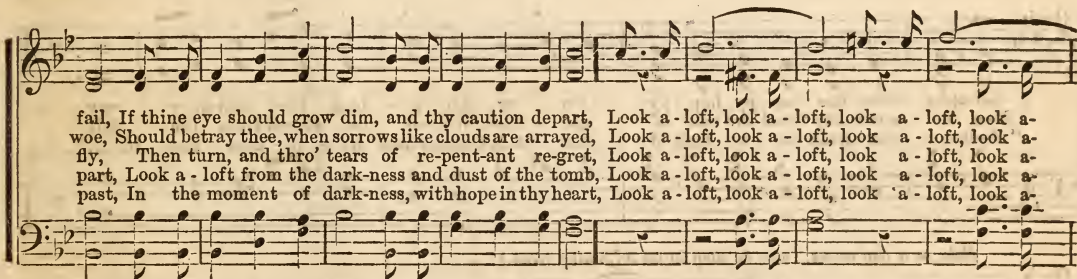


making friends of foes ; Till the angels' warning tells us we must close, Shall we love the Sab - bath day.

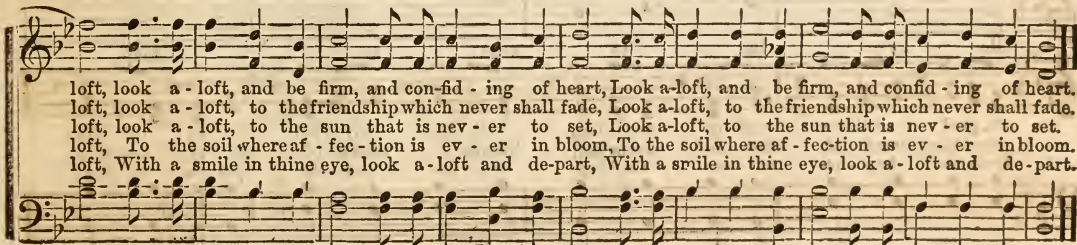
W. O. P.



1. In the tem-pest of life, when the wind and the gale Are around and a - bove, if thy foot-ing should
 2. If the friend who embraced in pros - per - i - ty's glow, With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each
 3. Should the visions, which hopespreads in light to thine eye, Like the tints of the rain-bow, be swift - er to
 4. Should the dear - est of earth, the son of thy heart, The wife of thy bo - som, in sor - row de-
 5. And oh! when death comes, in his ter - rors, to cast His dark fears on the fu - ture, his pall on the



fail, If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart, Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a - loft, look a -
 woe, Should betray thee, when sorrows like clouds are arrayed, Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a - loft, look a -
 fly, Then turn, and thro' tears of re - pent - ant re - gret, Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a - loft, look a -
 part, Look a - loft from the dark - ness and dust of the tomb, Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a - loft, look a -
 past, In the moment of dark - ness, with hope in thy heart, Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a - loft, look a -



loft, look a - loft, and be firm, and con - fid - ing of heart, Look a - loft, and be firm, and con fid - ing of heart.
 loft, look a - loft, to the friendship which never shall fade, Look a - loft, to the friendship which never shall fade.
 loft, look a - loft, to the sun that is nev - er to set, Look a - loft, to the sun that is nev - er to set.
 loft, To the soil where af - fec - tion is ev - er in bloom, To the soil where af - fec - tion is ev - er in bloom.
 loft, With a smile in thine eye, look a - loft and de - part, With a smile in thine eye, look a - loft and de - part.

Words by W. O. BAKER.
with energy.

HENRY TUCKER.

1. From the tomb, in brightness and in glo - ry, Christ, our Sa - viour, comes to - day ;
 2. Lo! He comes, proclaim the news of glad - ness, He, a sac - ri - fice for all :
 3. From His throne, with-in the heavenly por - tals, Comes the Fa - ther's voice to earth,

Ser-aphs chant the hap - py, hap - py sto - ry, All a - long the heaven-ly way.
 Man no more may tread the vale of sad - ness, We are ran - somed from the fall.
 "Welcome, Son! from the a - bode of mor - tals Come where ho - li - ness has birth!"

Solo, or a few voices, (may be sung in an adjoining room.)

Glo - ry be to God on high.
 In glad an-thems sweet - ly swell-ing, All the joy - ful sto - ry tell - ing ;
 See! the work of love re - deem-ing, 'Neath a crown of glo - ry beam-ing ;
 Hear the hap - py voi - ces sing-ing, Hear the ho - ly poe - ans ring-ing ;

From "Nine O'clock in the morning."



In the choir of an - gel voi - ces, All the heavenly host re - joic - es, Glo - ry be to God on high ;
 Wreaths of light, in glo - ry shin - ing, On His brow of love are twin - ing, Glo - ry, etc.
 From the grave, and soul's dark prison, Christ, our Priest and Lord, is ris - en, Glo - ry, etc.

Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, is risen to - day.

WAITING CHILDREN.

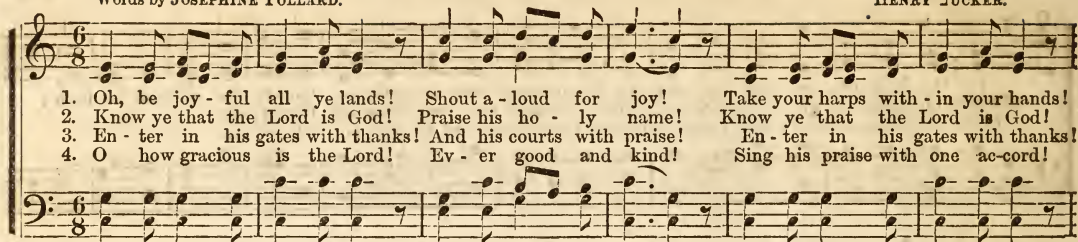
S. S. Anniversary Hymn.—TUNE, "Marching along."

1. The children are waiting, the story to know,
 Of God's tender watch-care, begun long ago.
 Of how He hath watered and nurtured, in love,
 This vine of His planting, with dews from above.
 Oh! sing a song! let it be glad and strong!
 Tell how, in wisdom, He hath led us along;
 To him shall our praises forever belong,
 Where goodness and mercy always lead us along.
2. The children are waiting, a story to tell,
 Of friends who have led them so long and so well;
 And grateful affection they offer, to-day,
 To those who have shown them the Truth and the Way.
 Oh! sing, &c.
3. The children are waiting, and learning, until
 God's spirit shall lead them to do all His will;
 Then, strong in the grace, He will help them to win;
 Their hands shall, in turn, other children lead in.
 Oh! sing, &c.
4. We all, all are waiting to go, by and by,
 Through fair pearly gates to the city on high,
 To learn, in the Temple of God, up above,
 The unending story of infinite love.
 Oh! sing, &c.

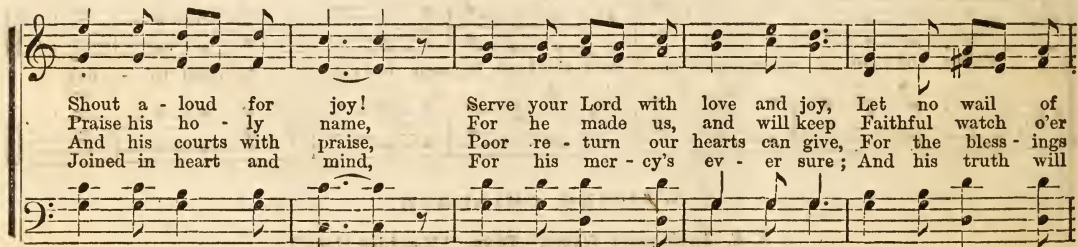
MARY B. C. SLADE

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

HENRY TUCKER.

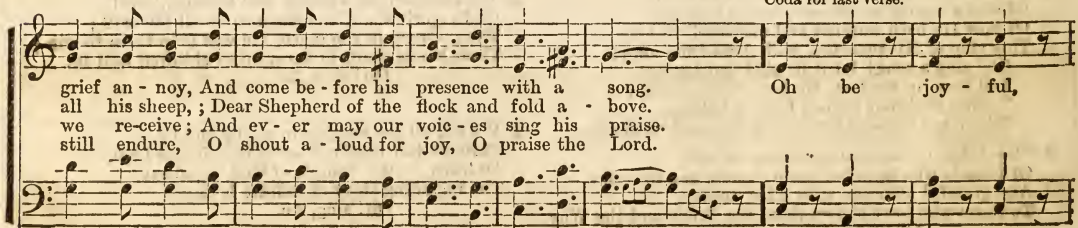


1. Oh, be joy - ful all ye lands! Shout a - loud for joy! Take your harps with - in your hands!
 2. Know ye that the Lord is God! Praise his ho - ly name! Know ye that the Lord is God!
 3. En - ter in his gates with thanks! And his courts with praise! En - ter in his gates with thanks!
 4. O how gracious is the Lord! Ev - er good and kind! Sing his praise with one ac - cord!



Shout a - loud for joy! Serve your Lord with love and joy, Let no wail of
 Praise his ho - ly name, For he made us, and will keep Faithful watch o'er
 And his courts with praise, Poor re - turn our hearts can give, For the bless - ings
 Joined in heart and mind, For his mer - cy's ev - er sure; And his truth will

Coda for last verse.



grief an - noy, And come be - fore his presence with a song. Oh be joy - ful,
 all his sheep; Dear Shepherd of the flock and fold a - bove.
 we re - ceive; And ev - er may our voic - es sing his praise.
 still endure, O shout a - loud for joy, O praise the Lord.

From "Nine O'clock in the Morning."

Shout a - loud for joy, Oh be joy - ful, shout a - loud for joy.

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The melody is written in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

GOOD NIGHT.

Andante.

1. Kind friends, we meet again; Too soon to part; May friendship bless this hour, And warm each heart.
2. Then friends, once more farewell, Time bids us part; Fond mem'ry long shall dwell A - round each heart.

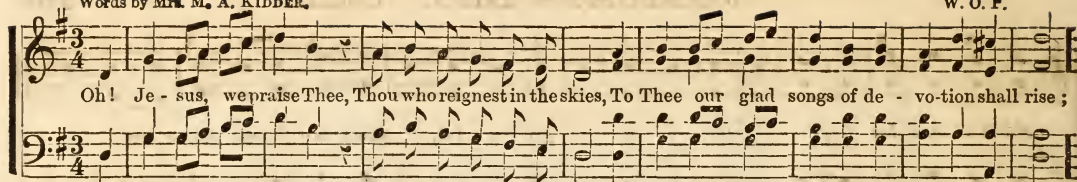
The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The melody is written in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Tones that we love to hear, Shall dwell upon the ear, As we in ac - cents clear, Re - peat, Good night!
May heav'n its blessings send, And peace your paths attend, Until we meet a - gain, Farewell, Good night!

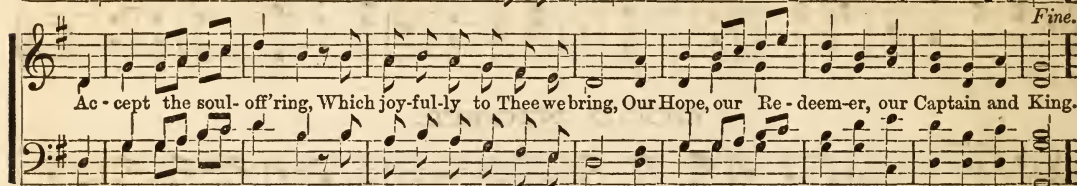
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Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

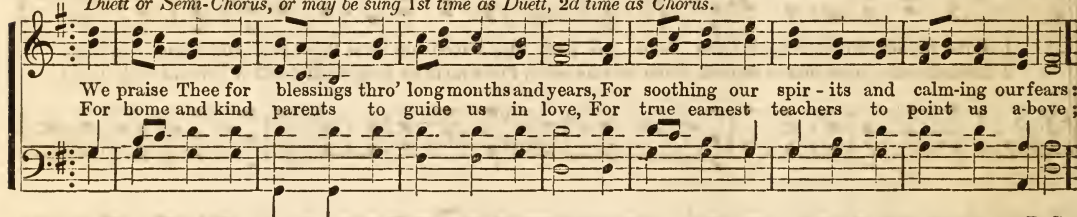
W. O. F.



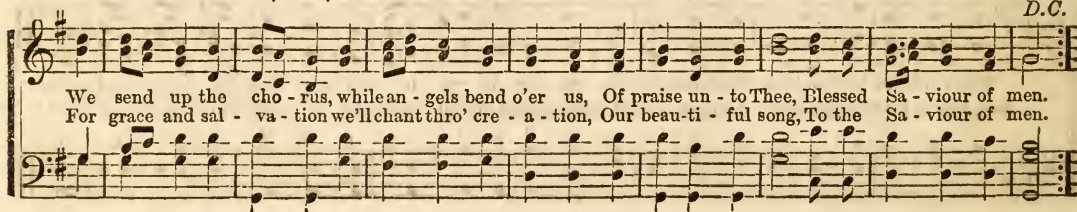
Oh! Je - sus, we praise Thee, Thou who reignest in the skies, To Thee our glad songs of de - vo - tion shall rise;



Ac - cept the soul-off'ring, Which joy-ful-ly to Thee we bring, Our Hope, our Re - deem-er, our Captain and King.

Duett or Semi-Chorus, or may be sung 1st time as Duett, 2d time as Chorus.


We praise Thee for blessings thro' long months and years, For soothing our spir - its and calm - ing our fears:
For home and kind parents to guide us in love, For true earnest teachers to point us a - bove;



We send up the cho - rus, while an - gels bend o'er us, Of praise un - to Thee, Blessed Sa - viour of men.
For grace and sal - va - tion we'll chant thro' cre - a - tion, Our beau - ti - ful song, To the Sa - viour of men.

*Fine.**D.C.*

*Solo.**Ad lib.*

Rejoice, oh ye people, rejoice in our King, Lift up your glad voices, and joy-ful - ly sing
The song of redemption again and a - gain, The anthem of praise To the.....Saviour of men.

The first system of the musical score features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with a solo section marked 'Solo.' and an ad libitum section marked 'Ad lib.' The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C).

Rejoice, all ye children, rejoice in our King, Lift up your glad voices, and joy-ful-ly sing!
With an - gels in glo - ry repeat the glad strain, The anthem of love To the.....Saviour of men.

The second system continues the musical score with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with a solo section marked 'Solo.' and an ad libitum section marked 'Ad lib.' The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C).

Re-joice! hal - le - lu - jah! re-joice in our King! Rejoice! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A-men.

The third system concludes the musical score with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with a solo section marked 'Solo.' and an ad libitum section marked 'Ad lib.' The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C).

Words written for this work.

W. O. PERKINS.

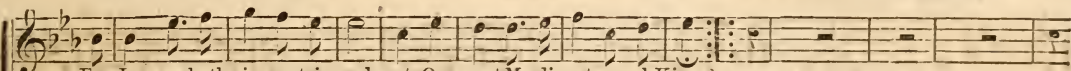
1. Re-joyce in the Lord, oh ye righteous, And praise him with harp and with voice. }
 His law it is ho - ly and per - fect, } Beglad in the Lord and re-

joice. Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na to Him who hath died on the tree; Ho-san-na, ho-san-na to Je-sus,

A few soprano voices.

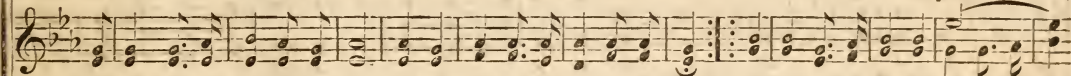
"Oh! sing to the Lord all ye people," Oh! gladly and joyful - ly sing;
 Accord Him your heart's ad-o-ration, Who left His bright glory a - bove

Whosuffered that we might be free. "Oh! sing to the Lord all ye people," "Oh! gladly and joy-ful-ly joy-ful-ly sing.
 Accord Him your heart's ad-o-ration, Who left His bright glory bright glory above.

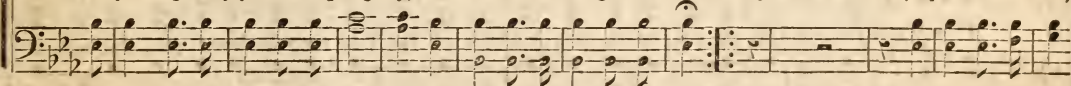


For Je - sus hath ris - en triumph - ant, Our great Me - di - a - tor and King. }
That you might enjoy that bright glo - ry With him in the kingdom of love. }

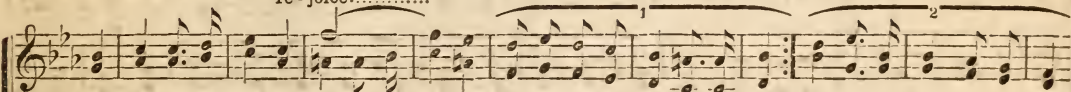
re-joyce.....



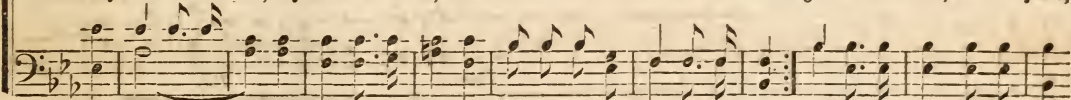
For Je - sus hath ris - en triumphant, Our great Me - di - a - tor and King } Rejoice in the Lord, rejoice in the Lord,
That you might enjoy that bright glory, With Him in the kingdom of love. } Rejoice in the Lord, rejoice in the Lord,



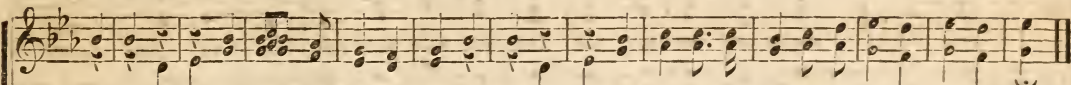
re - joyce.....



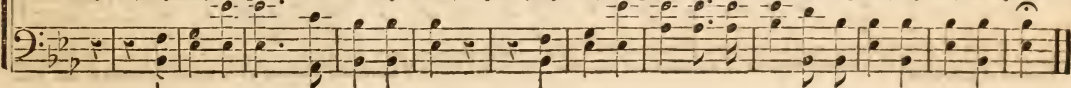
rejoice in the Lord, rejoice in the Lord, And praise him with the timbrel and voice.
rejoice in the Lord, rejoice in the Lord, Be glad in the Lord, and re - joyce,



re - joyce.....



Rejoice, rejoice, and praise his ho - ly name, Rejoice, rejoice ; Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, rejoice, re - joyce.



From the "Church Bell."

W. O. PERKINS.

Come un - to me, all ye that la - bor, and are heav - y la - den, And I will give you rest,
 I will give you rest. Take my yoke up - on you, and learn of me, Take my yoke upon you, and learn of
 me, For I am meek and low - ly of heart, And ye shall find rest un - to your souls.
 Come un - to me, come un - to me, And ye shall find rest un - to your souls.

Dim. *Rit.*

* Pieces of this character may be made very effective, by a little careful practice, with the whole or a part of the school. The author heard this piece sung with beautiful effect by a select choir from the "Home for Little Wanderers," Boston, a few weeks previous to the publication of this work.

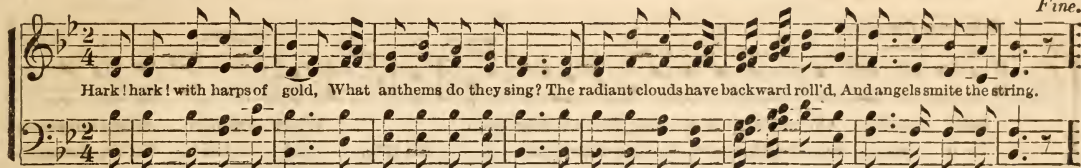
CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

141

Words by Rev. Dr. CHAPIN.

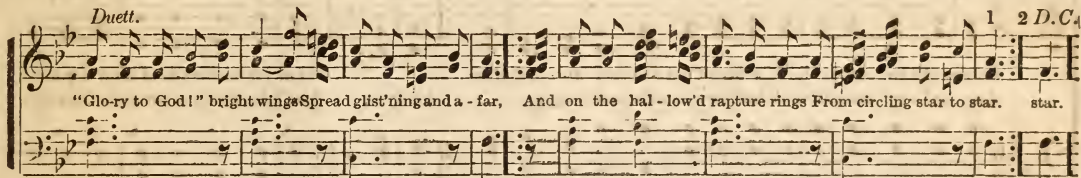
W. O. P.

Fine.



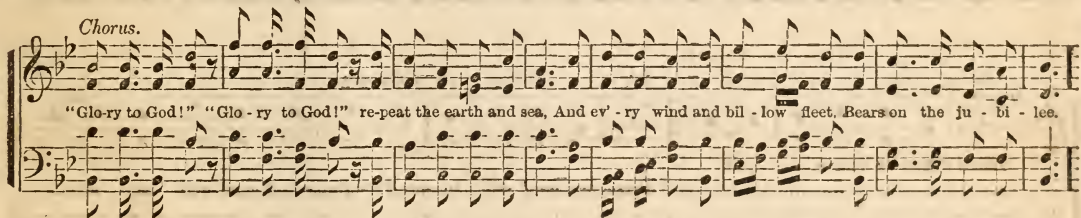
Hark! hark! with harps of gold, What anthems do they sing? The radiant clouds have backward roll'd, And angels smite the string.

Duet.



"Glo-ry to God!" bright wings spread glist'ning and a - far, And on the hal - low'd rapture rings From circling star to star. star.

Chorus.



"Glo-ry to God!" "Glo-ry to God!" re-peat the earth and sea, And ev' - ry wind and bil - low fleet, Bears on the ju - bi - lee.

Slower.



Where Hebrew bard hath sung, Or an - cient proph - et trod, Each ho - ly spot hath found a tongue, "Let Glo-ry be to God!"

Solo, or a few voices.

Soft swells the music now A - long that shining choir. What words of heav'nly birth
Each ser - aph bends his brow, And breathes upon.....his lyre, And fall un - to the earth.

Soft swells the mu - sic now a - long That shining an - gel choir. What joyous words of heav'nly birth,
And ev' - ry seraph bends his brow, And breathes upon.....his lyre, And falls like dewdrops to the earth.

1st. Thrill deep our hearts a - gain. *2d.* "Peace and good will to men!" *Rit e dim.* "Peace and good will to men!"

Thrill deep our hearts a - gain. "Peace and good will to men!" "Peace and good will to men!"

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM. Concluded.

143

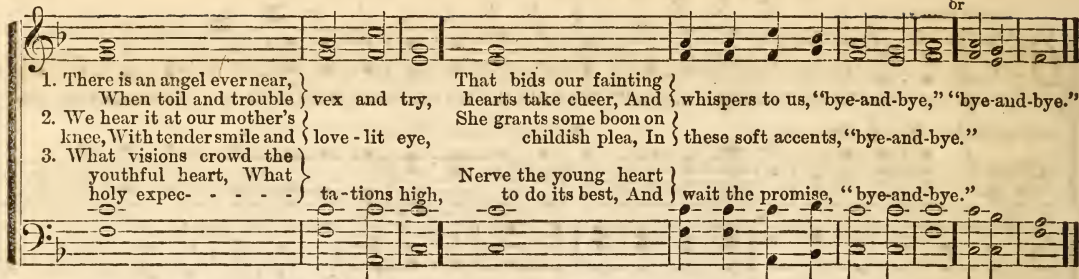
Tempo primo.

“Glo - ry to God!” “Glo - ry to God!” We hail the joy - ful morn With ev - ry gold-enstring; For

un - to us is born, For un - to us is born A Sa-viour and a King! “Glo - ry! Glo - ry!

Glo - ry to God!” “Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry to God!” For un - to us is born A Sa-viour, a

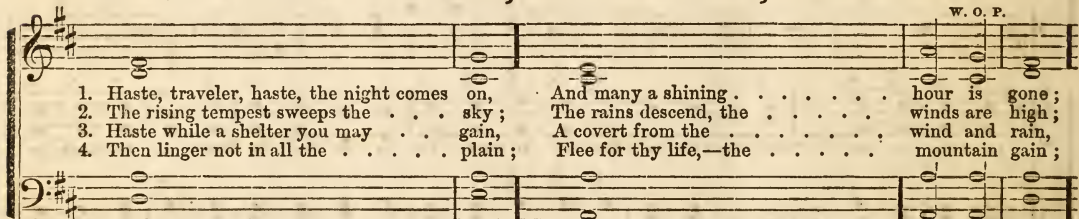
Sa-viour and a King! A Sa - viour and a King! “Glo - ry to God!” “Glo - ry to God!”



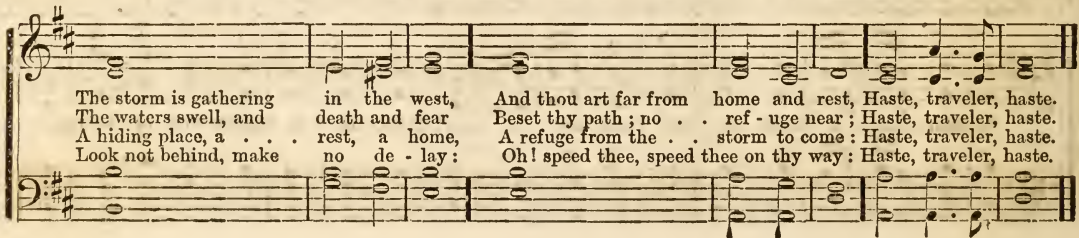
1. There is an angel ever near,
When toil and trouble } vex and try,
2. We hear it at our mother's } hearts take cheer, And } whispers to us, "bye-and-bye," "bye-and-bye."
knee, With tendersmile and } She grants some boon on } childish plea, In } these soft accents, "bye-and-bye."
3. What visions crowd the } love-lit eye,
youthful heart, What } Nerve the young heart }
holy expect - - - } to do its best, And } wait the promise, "bye-and-bye."
ta-tions high,

CHANT. HASTE, TRAVELER, HASTE.

W. O. P.



1. Haste, traveler, haste, the night comes on, And many a shining hour is gone;
2. The rising tempest sweeps the . . . sky; The rains descend, the . . . winds are high;
3. Haste while a shelter you may gain, A covert from the wind and rain;
4. Then linger not in all the plain; Flee for thy life,—the mountain gain;



The storm is gathering in the west, And thou art far from home and rest, Haste, traveler, haste.
The waters swell, and death and fear Beset thy path; no . . . ref-uge near; Haste, traveler, haste.
A hiding place, a . . . rest, a home, A refuge from the . . . storm to come: Haste, traveler, haste.
Look not behind, make no de-lay: Oh! speed thee, speed thee on thy way: Haste, traveler, haste.

Teachers, or 1st Division.

Scholars, or 2d Division.

Antiphonal.

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the } hills, from whence } cometh my help. My help cometh from the } Lord, who made } heaven and earth.

2. He will not suffer thy foot to } be moved; he that keepeth thee } will not slumber. Behold, he that keepeth } Israel shall not } slumber nor sleep.

3. The Lord is thy keeper; the } Lord is thy shade upon thy } right — hand. The sun shall not smite } thee by day, nor the } moon by night.

4. The Lord shall preserve thee } from all evil; he shall pre- } serve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy } going out, and thy coming } in, from this time forth, } and even for- . . . ev - er more. A - men.

CHANT. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1. Our Father who art in } heaven, hallowed } be thy name, Thy kingdom come, thy } will be done in } earth as it is in heaven.

2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread, And forgive us our tres- } passes as we forgive } those who trespass against us.

3. And lead us not into } temptation, but de- } liver us from evil, For thine is the king- } dom, and the power, } and the . . . glory, for - ever and ever. A - men.

1. With tearful eyes I look around, }
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea : Yet, 'midst the gloom I hear }
 2. It tells me of a place of rest — }
 It tells me where my soul may flee; Oh! to the weary, faint, op- }
 3. When nature shudders, loth to }
 part from all I love, en- joy, and see, prest, how sweet the }
 4. Come, for all else must fail and }
 die, earth is no resting place for thee; my heart, a sweet voice ut - ters, come to me. }
 5. O voice of mercy! voice of love! }
 In conflict, grief, and ag - o - ny, Support me, cheer me from }
 above! and gently } whisper, come to me.

CHANT. THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

Words by H. W. LONGFELLOW.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. There is a Reaper whose name is }
 Death, and with his sickle keen, He reaps the bearded grain }
 at a breath, and the flowers that grow between.

2. "Shall I have naught that is fair," said he,
 "Have naught but the bearded grain;
 Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
 I will give... them | back... a | gain."

3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
 He kissed their drooping leaves;
 It was for the Lord of Paradise,
 He | bound them | in his | sheaves.

4. "My Lord hath need of these flowerets gay,"
 The Reaper | said, and | smiled;
 Dear tokens of the earth are they,
 Where | he was | once a | child.

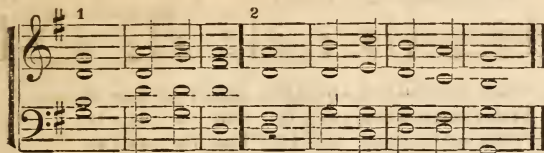
5. They shall all bloom in fields of light,
 Transplanted | by my | care;
 And saints, upon their garments white,
 These | sacred | blossoms | wear.

6. And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
 The flowers she | most did | love;
 She knew she should find them all again
 In the | fields of | light a - | bove.

7. O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
 The Reaper | came that | day:
 'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
 And | took the | flowers... a - | way.

The questions are to be read by the pastor or teacher, and the answers chanted by the scholars.

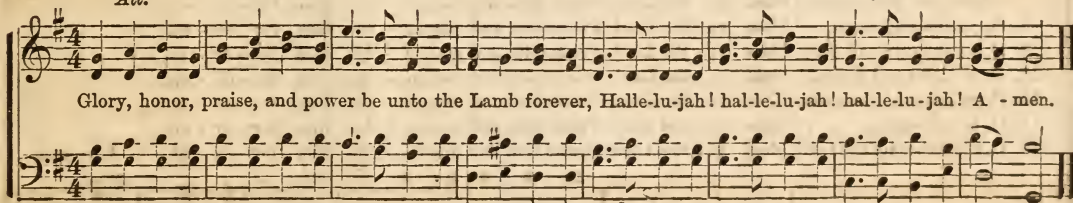
W. O. P.



1. { *Ques.* How shall man be just with God?
 { *Cho.* Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our | Lord...Jesus | Christ.
2. { *Ques.* What shall I do to be saved?
 { *Cho.* Believe on the Lord Jesus, Christ, and | thou— | shall be | saved.
1. { *Ques.* What son is he whom the father chasteneth not?
 { *Cho.* The Lord loveth whom he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom | he re- | ceiveth. |
2. { *Ques.* What man is he that liveth and shall not see death?
 { *Cho.* It is appointed unto men once to die, and | after | death, the | judgment.
1. { *Ques.* For what is your life?
 { *Cho.* It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little moment, and then | vanish...eth a- | way.

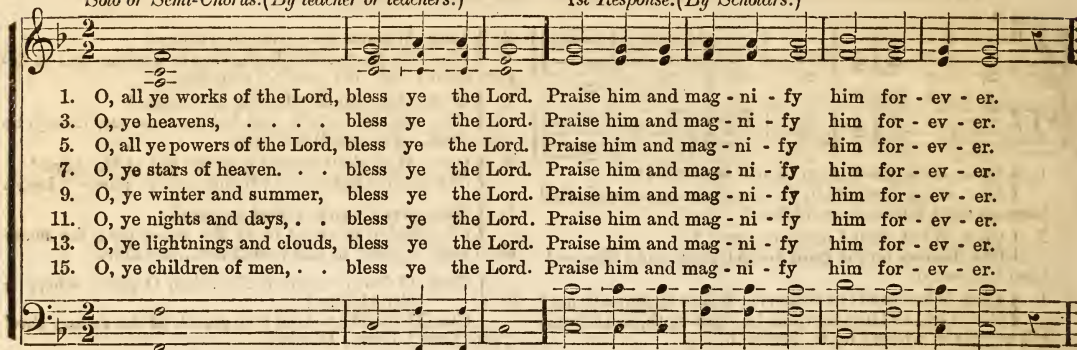
2. { *Ques.* Whence then cometh wisdom?
 { *Cho.* The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from | evil...is | under- | standing.
1. { *Ques.* If a man die shall he live again?
 { *Cho.* He that liveth and believeth in me, though he were dead, | yet...shall he | live.
2. { *Ques.* Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
 { *Cho.* He that hath clean | hands...and a | pure— | heart.
1. { *Ques.* Are there few that be saved?
 { *Cho.* Strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many shall seek to enter in and | shall not...be | able.
2. { *Ques.* O death, where is thy sting, O grave, where is thy victory?
 { *Cho.* Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory thro' | our Lord | Jesus | Christ.
1. { *Ques.* Who are these that are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?
 { *Cho.* These are they which came up out of | great...tribu- | lation.
2. *Cho.* And have washed their robes, and made them | white...in the | blood...of the | Lamb.

All.

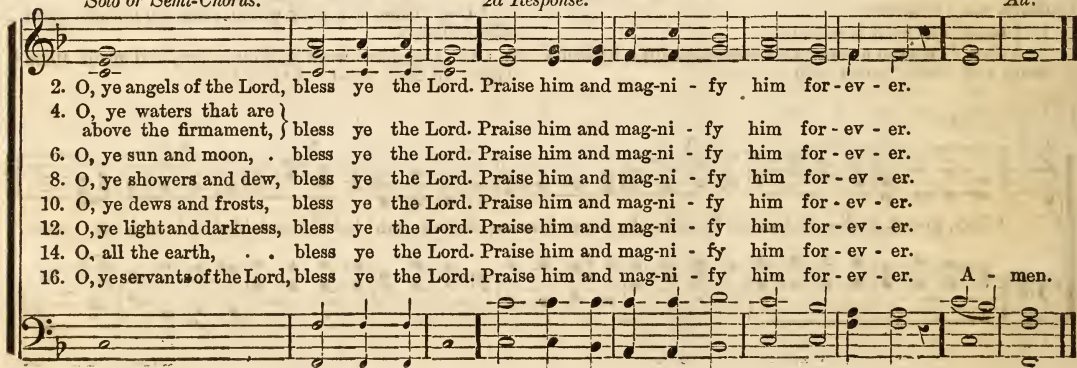


Glory, honor, praise, and power be unto the Lamb forever, Halle-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A - men.

W. O. PERKINS.

*Solo or Semi-Chorus. (By teacher or teachers.)**1st Response. (By Scholars.)*


1. O, all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord. Praise him and mag - ni - fy him for - ev - er.
 3. O, ye heavens, . . . bless ye the Lord. Praise him and mag - ni - fy him for - ev - er.
 5. O, all ye powers of the Lord, bless ye the Lord. Praise him and mag - ni - fy him for - ev - er.
 7. O, ye stars of heaven. . . bless ye the Lord. Praise him and mag - ni - fy him for - ev - er.
 9. O, ye winter and summer, bless ye the Lord. Praise him and mag - ni - fy him for - ev - er.
 11. O, ye nights and days, . . . bless ye the Lord. Praise him and mag - ni - fy him for - ev - er.
 13. O, ye lightnings and clouds, bless ye the Lord. Praise him and mag - ni - fy him for - ev - er.
 15. O, ye children of men, . . . bless ye the Lord. Praise him and mag - ni - fy him for - ev - er.

*Solo or Semi-Chorus.**2d Response.**All.*


2. O, ye angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord. Praise him and mag - ni - fy him for - ev - er.
 4. O, ye waters that are }
 above the firmament, { bless ye the Lord. Praise him and mag - ni - fy him for - ev - er.
 6. O, ye sun and moon, . . . bless ye the Lord. Praise him and mag - ni - fy him for - ev - er.
 8. O, ye showers and dew, bless ye the Lord. Praise him and mag - ni - fy him for - ev - er.
 10. O, ye dews and frosts, bless ye the Lord. Praise him and mag - ni - fy him for - ev - er.
 12. O, ye light and darkness, bless ye the Lord. Praise him and mag - ni - fy him for - ev - er.
 14. O, all the earth, . . . bless ye the Lord. Praise him and mag - ni - fy him for - ev - er.
 16. O, ye servants of the Lord, bless ye the Lord. Praise him and mag - ni - fy him for - ev - er. A - men.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

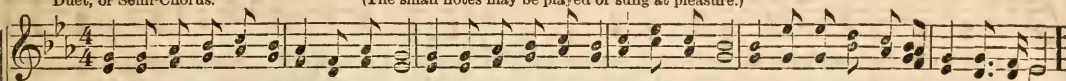
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WATER FOR ME.

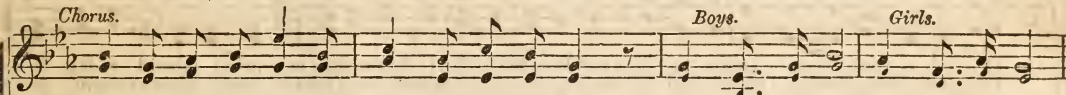
Words by Rev. J. B. C.
Duet, or Semi-Chorus.

(The small notes may be played or sung at pleasure.)

W. O. PERKINS.

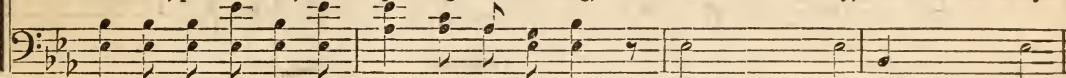


1. What say the joyous birds Warbling in glee? Hark to their cheerful words, Water for me; Hark to their cheerful words, Water for me.
2. What say the tiny flowers, Silvered with dew, Unfolding eve-ry hour Beauties to view? Unfolding every hour Beauties to view.
3. What cries the waving grain, Up to the skies! Give us the blessed rain, Soon or we die, Give us the blessed rain Soon or we die.
4. What say the girls and boys, Ruddy and fair? Give us pure healthy joys, Found only there, Give us pure healthy joys, Found only there.

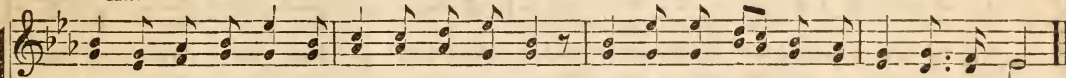


Wa - ter, pure wa - ter, fresh sparkling and gushing, Wa - ter for me, Wa - ter for me.
Chorus for 3d verse.

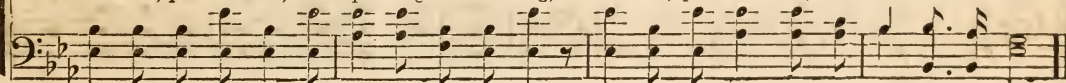
Wa - ter, pure wa - ter, fresh sparkling and dashing, Down from the sky, Down from the sky.



All.

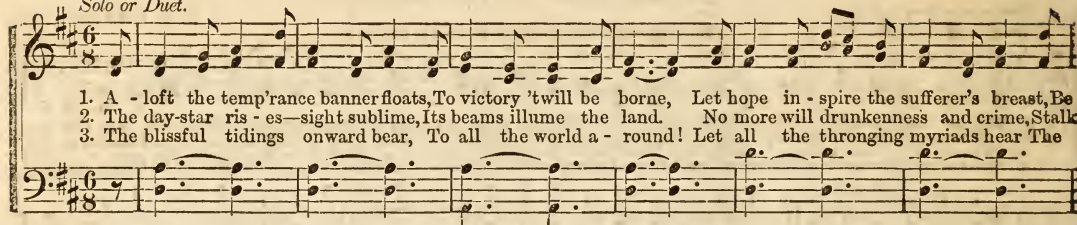


Wa - ter, pure wa - ter, fresh sparkling and gushing, Wa - ter, pure wa - ter, fresh wa - ter for me.
Wa - ter, pure wa - ter, fresh sparkling and dashing, Wa - ter, pure wa - ter, fresh wa - ter for me.

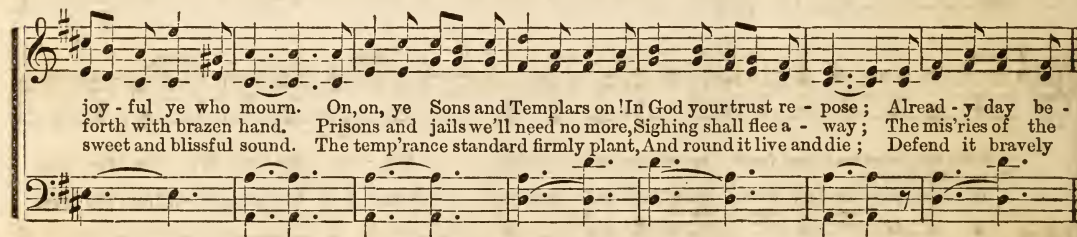


Words by G. W. T.

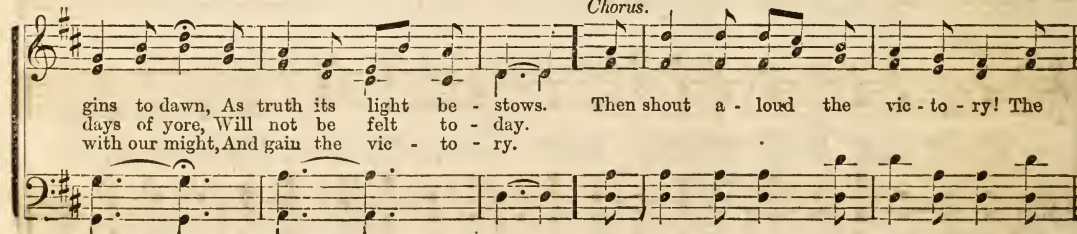
W. O. P.

Solo or Duct.


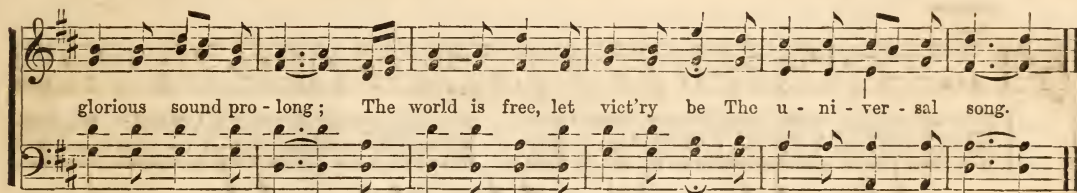
1. A - loft the temp'rance banner floats, To victory 'twill be borne, Let hope in - spire the sufferer's breast, Be
 2. The day-star ris - es - sight sublime, Its beams illumine the land. No more will drunkenness and crime, Stalk
 3. The blissful tidings onward bear, To all the world a - round! Let all the thronging myriads hear The



joy - ful ye who mourn. On, on, ye Sons and Templars on! In God your trust re - pose; Ahead - y day be -
 forth with brazen hand. Prisons and jails we'll need no more, Sighing shall flee a - way; The mis'ries of the
 sweet and blissful sound. The temp'rance standard firmly plant, And round it live and die; Defend it bravely

Chorus.


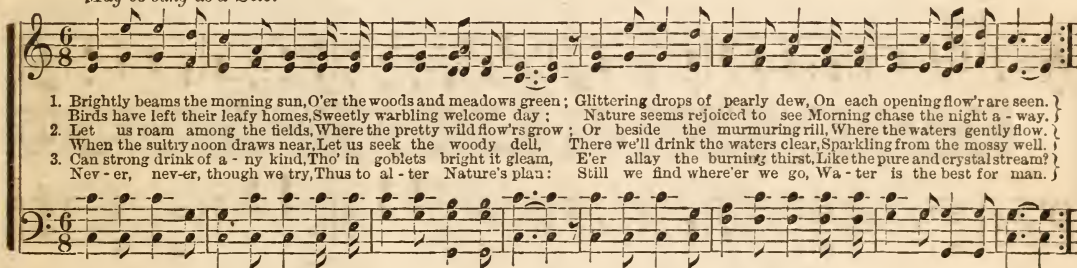
gins to dawn, As truth its light be - stows. Then shout a - loud the vic - to - ry! The
 days of yore, Will not be felt to - day.
 with our might, And gain the vic - to - ry.



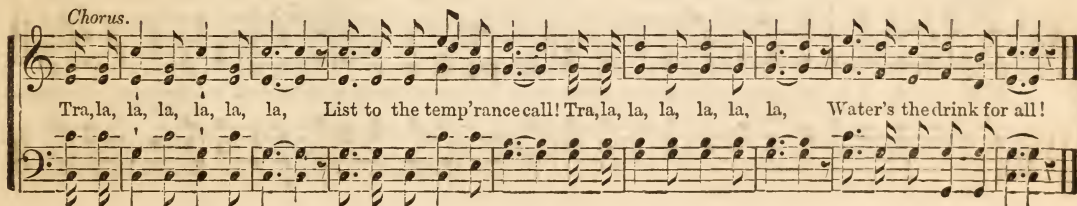
glorious sound pro - long ; The world is free, let vict'ry be The u - ni - ver - sal song.

WATER'S THE DRINK FOR ALL.

W. O. P.

May be sung as a Solo.


1. Brightly beams the morning sun, O'er the woods and meadows green ; Glittering drops of pearly dew, On each opening flow'r are seen. }
 Birds have left their leafy homes, Sweetly warbling welcome day ; Nature seems rejoiced to see Morning chase the night a - way. }
 2. Let us roam among the fields, Where the pretty wild flow'rs grow ; Or beside the murmuring rill, Where the waters gently flow. }
 When the sultry noon draws near, Let us seek the woody dell, There we'll drink the waters clear, Sparkling from the mossy well. }
 3. Can strong drink of a - ny kind, Tho' in goblets bright it gleam, E'er allay the burning thirst, Like the pure and crystal stream? }
 Nev - er, nev - er, though we try, Thus to al - ter Nature's plan : Still we find where'er we go, Wa - ter is the best for man. }

Chorus.


Tra, la, la, la, la, la, List to the temp'rance call! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Water's the drink for all!

Words by H. L. FRISBIE.

W. O. F.

Moderato.

Solo.

1. The songs my gentle mother sang, In childhood's sunny morn,
 2. The brook that by our cottage door, Went singing in its glee,
 3. The flowers that in the lowly dell, In modest beauty grew,
 4. We onward press to reach that land, To see its glories beam.

Were sweeter than the summer birds' That sang at early dawn;
 We thought of all the streams of earth, The brightest one must be,
 Methought the fairest ones that drank The crystal drops of dew,
 We long to gather fadeless flowers Beside that flowing stream,

Duet.

But sweeter far those heavily strains, That earthly pilgrims raise. When safely entered in - to rest, Where prayer is turned to praise.
 But brighter far that liv - ing stream, That from beneath the throne, Bursts forth and gladdens Salem's plains, With radiance all its own.
 But those that in the land of peace, Drink in the heavenly light, Are fair - er than the flowers of earth, As day outshines the night.
 We soon shall hear those songs of joy, Those hal - le - lu - jahs sweet, That burst from angel harps and tongues, In Salem's golden streets.

Chorus.

Oh! the glo - ry of that radiant home, — Be endless praises giv'n, To him who saves us by his blood, And gives us homes in heav'n.

SOLDIER'S MEMORIAL DAY-

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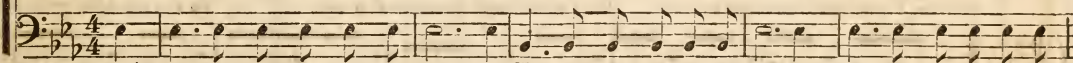
Words by M. B. C. S.
Solo or Duet.

May 30th, the day set apart for strewing flowers over the graves of fallen soldiers.
Moderato.

W. O. P.



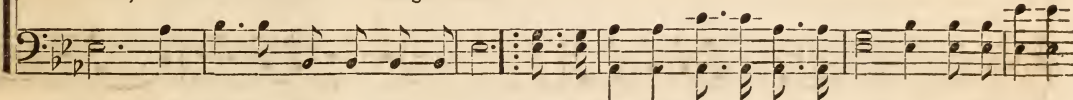
1. When flowery summer is at hand, And spring has gemm'd the earth with bloom, We hither bring with loving
2. They died our country to re-deem, And from the lov-ing earth we bring The wealth of hill and vale and
3. With snowy hawthorn, clus-ters white, Fair vi-o-lets of heav'nly blue, And ear-ly ros-es, fresh and
4. But pur-er than the fair-est flow'rs, We strew above the honored dead The ten-der, changeless love of
5. We bend and kiss the precious sod, Swift fall our tears, the graves above, Oh! brothers! from the hills of



Chorus.



hand, Bright flow'rs to deck our soldier's tomb. Gentle birds a-bove are sweetly singing, O'er the graves of
stream, Our grateful land's best of-fer-ing.
bright, We wreath the red and white and blue.
ours, That deck the soldier's low-ly bed.
God, Look down and see our changeless love.



Repeat pp.



heroes brave and true ; While the sweetest flow'rs we are bringing, Wreath'd in garlands of red, white and blue.
brave and true,



From the "Golden Robin," by permission of O. Ditson & Co.

154 MOTHER, I HAVE HEARD SWEET MUSIC.

Words by P. E. ISAACS.

W. O. PERKINS.

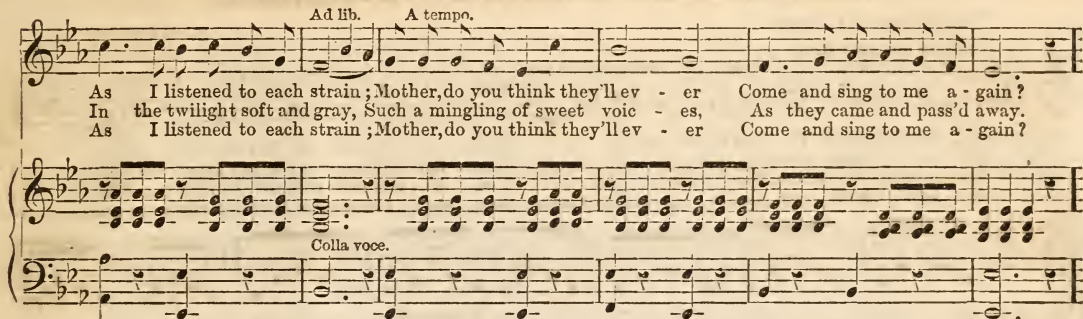
Andante.

1. Mother, I have heard sweet mu - sic Float ing round me as I lay, Like the song of angels
 2. Mother, I have heard sweet mu - sic, Not like that we sometimes hear; But so full of tender
 3. Mother, I have heard sweet mu - sic That would melt the hardest heart, To the tried, the worn and

sing - ing From the bright land far a-way: And I felt such joy and glad - ness
 feel - ing, Com - ing forth so soft and clear, As I lay so calm and si - lent
 wea - ry, Would a soothing balm impart; And I felt such joy and glad - ness

MOTHER, I HAVE HEARD SWEET MUSIC. Concluded. 155

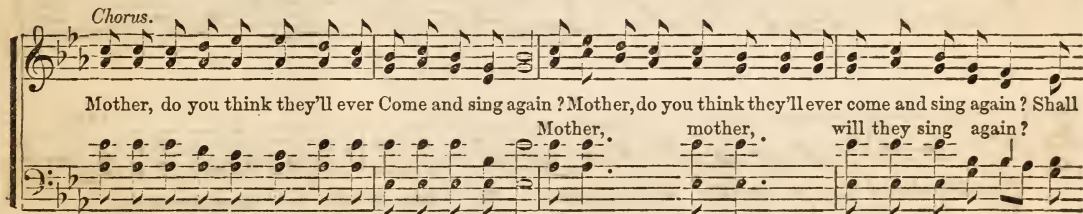
Ad lib. *A tempo.*



As I listened to each strain ; Mother, do you think they'll ev - er Come and sing to me a - gain?
 In the twilight soft and gray, Such a mingling of sweet voic - es, As they came and pass'd away.
 As I listened to each strain ; Mother, do you think they'll ev - er Come and sing to me a - gain?

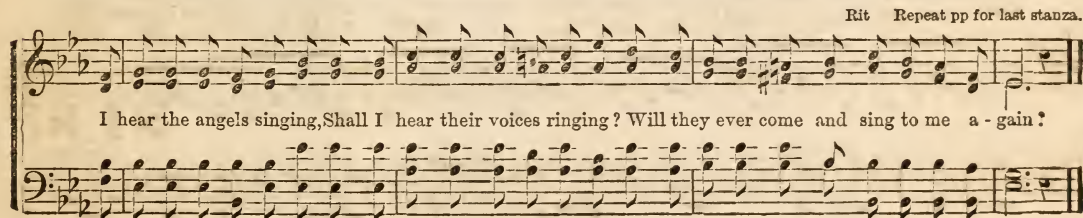
Colla voce.

Chorus.



Mother, do you think they'll ever Come and sing again ? Mother, do you think they'll ever come and sing again ? Shall
 Mother, mother, will they sing again ?

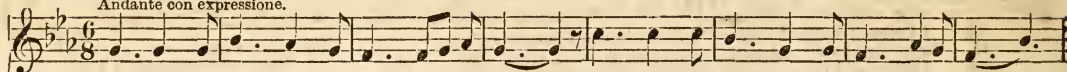
Rit Repeat *pp* for last stanza.

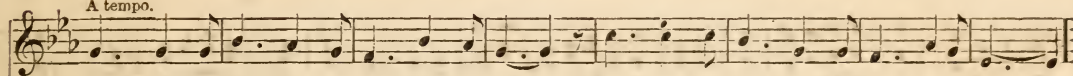


I hear the angels singing, Shall I hear their voices ringing ? Will they ever come and sing to me a - gain ?

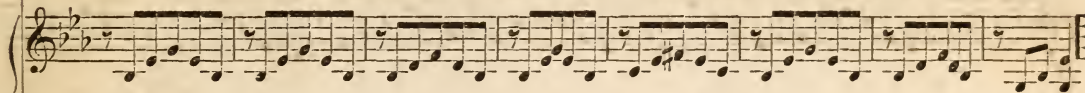
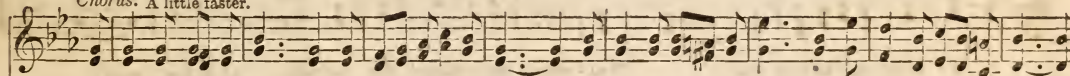
Words by MARY B. C. SLADE.

W. O. PERKINS.

Andante con espressione.

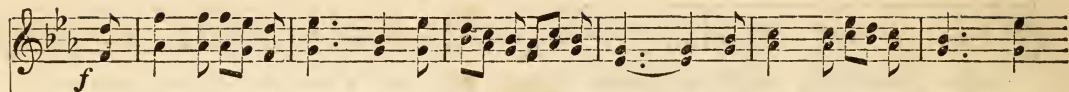
A tempo.

Sing; brother, sing, for the night hastes a - long; Win us a shel - ter with song, happy song!
 But we must sing, for the night hastes a - long; We must win shel - ter with song, happy song!
 You must have food, and the night hastes a - long; So let us car - ol our song, happy song;
 Sing, sis - ters sing! ere my soul flies a - long; Once more I'd join you with song, happy song!

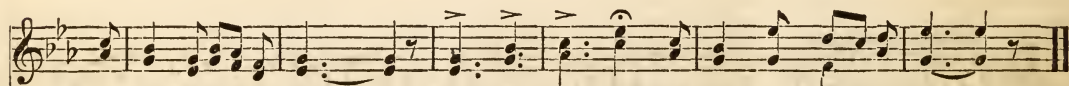
*A tempo.**Chorus. A little faster.*

BOTH. The ro - sy new-year morning is on its joyous way; The glad new-year is dawning, The world is bright and gay.



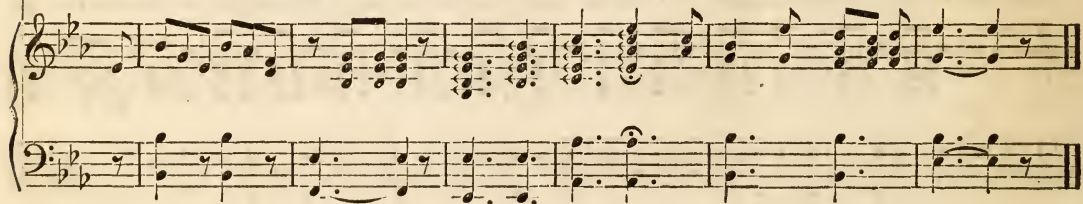


A - way! a-way with sad - ness! With on - ly thoughts of cheer, And mer - ry tones of glad - ness,



We welcome glad new-year!

Wel - come! wel - come! We welcome glad new - year!



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